

CHATELAIN



*For Canadian
Holiday Number*

“Live and Learn, Beautiful . . . ‘Pink Tooth Brush’ doesn’t just happen!”



“**N**O, LITTLE ONE — you’ve had this coming to you. ‘Pink tooth brush’ isn’t one of those things Fate just hands out to starry-eyed Oomph girls! Usually it’s your own fault.

“I know you brush your teeth after every meal. But that’s not enough—put a little time on your gums too! Now don’t get panicked—‘pink tooth brush’ doesn’t always mean serious trouble. But don’t you try to decide that!

“Go and see the dentist . . . and do what he tells you to! Don’t risk that pretty smile of yours, Sis. And if he suggests ‘the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage’—obey, little girl, obey!”

**Help guard against “pink tooth brush”
— help keep your gums healthier.**

It’s foolish—sometimes even tragic—to ignore that tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush! The minute you see it—see your dentist!

He may simply tell you your gums have become tender . . . because today’s soft, creamy foods have denied them the exercise they need for health. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage”!



For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That exclusive invigorating “tang” means that gum circulation is improving, helping gums to become stronger, firmer.

Get Ipana Tooth Paste today. Start now the daily use of Ipana and massage . . . for the sake of brighter teeth and a more radiant smile!

Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling with Ipana and Massage.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MADE IN CANADA



Better make plenty!

**That MIRACLE WHIP
flavor will bring everyone
back for more!**

This summer let your motto be: "Every salad a success!" Let *Miracle Whip* work its famous magic on your family and guests.

There are reasons . . . sound reasons . . . why *Miracle Whip* steadily outsells the next twenty leading salad dressings combined. In a word, it's **QUALITY**. Quality ingredients and skill in combining them according to a unique recipe known only to Kraft. Inimitable smoothness. And finally—the freshness assured by the rapid Kraft delivery system.

**TOP QUALITY INGREDIENTS AND
A FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN HAVE
MADE IT CANADA'S FAVORITE**



GRAND, TOO, ON SANDWICHES . . . SNACKS . . . COLD CUTS . . . SEA FOOD

YOUR HOLIDAY BACKGROUND

By **ALMEDA GLASSEY**

YOUR HOLIDAY'S bound to be much more successful if you know something about the place you're visiting. One of the easiest ways is to read books or leaflets on the subject before you go—don't wait till you get there! Besides the books you will find in your library, you will be surprised at the amount of free material available—historical booklets issued by the provinces and any amount of practical information distributed by tourist bureaus and travel agencies.

Gordon Brinley, in his "Away" series, has covered most of the provinces and in an informal and amusing style tells about everything worth seeing in the places he and the "Duchess" have visited—the Gaspé, Nova Scotia, Quebec and B. C. are some of them. Also for the Maritimes there is Clara Dennis' "Down in Nova Scotia," in which she describes her motor tour of the province—a tour you might enjoy following. In her travels she ran across many old-timers' tales of the early days. In "In New Brunswick We'll Find It," Lowell Thomas and Rex Barton, agreeably surprised by the abundant holiday attractions of N. B., pass on their discoveries to their readers. And if it's the romantic setting that appeals to you, recapture the atmosphere of early Acadia with Evelyn Eaton's "Quietly My Captain Waits."

Books about Quebec range all the way from the austere picture of habitant life in Hemon's classic "Maria Chapdelaine," down to the colorful story of adventure and intrigue under the Old Regime, found in E. C. Woodley's "Canada's Romantic Heritage." In "Quebec Patchwork" two people and their dog go trailering up and down the province, each chapter contributing a patch to the gay pattern of their experiences. Or if your interest is a strictly practical one, there is Wilfred Bovey's informative "The French-Canadian of Today."

Ontario, too, has many chroniclers, both of fact and fiction. For the holiday traveller Katherine Hale's "This Is Ontario" covers the province thoroughly, from the historic Niagara Peninsula to the newest northern mining camp. McDowell's "Champlain Road," and the prize-winning epic, "Brebeuf and His Brethren," by E. J. Pratt, record the heroic story of the Jesuit martyrs, and will intensify your appreciation of a trip to the ancient Indian Empire of "Huronian" in the Georgian Bay district. To bring back the flavor of yesterday, there is A. E. Howse's "With a Glance Backward," while "The Loon Feather," Iola Fuller's story of Tecumseh's daughter, would make ideal campfire reading.

Lovers of the rolling prairie and stories of pioneer life will enjoy re-reading Kathleen Strange's "With the West in Her Eyes," or "Over Prairie Trails," by Frederick Philip Grove. "Mine Inheritance," by Frederick Niven, is a recent novel dealing with the Red River Settlement. If your journey to the Far North must be purely an armchair adventure, try Philip Godsell's "The Vanishing Frontier," or "Sick Heart River," by John Buchan.

"The Glamour of British Columbia" will introduce you to the spectacular scenic beauty of the coast province, while "Away to British Columbia," one of the Brinley series already mentioned, also describes the attractions of a journey from the Rockies to the sea.

On a broader canvas is "Canada Cavalcade," the enthusiastic tribute of Bob Davis, the famous American editor, who rates Canada as his favorite vacationland. Finally there is Larry Nixon's "See Canada Next." Although this book is primarily for the American tourist, it will be equally useful for the Canadian who is seeing Canada first. It covers Canada from coast to coast, from Southern Ontario to the Yukon, tells you what to see, how long it will take and how much it will cost, and even deals with train and bus schedules—in short it gives you helpful information, with costs, on every type of holiday.



—Books courtesy The T. Eaton Company Ltd.



WHAT COULD YOU DO WITH A \$1,000⁰⁰ BILL RIGHT NOW?



ENTER NOW! Canada's Greatest 1941 Contest
28 BIG CASH PRIZES EVERY WEEK
SIX \$1,000⁰⁰ BILLS
1ST PRIZES ONE EACH WEEK FOR 6 WEEKS
ALL FOR CANADIANS ONLY



JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS!

"Oxydol is the best laundry soap I have ever used because _____"

ENTER NOW! Get entry blank at your store or write on plain paper and mail to Oxydol, Dept. CH, 1600 Delorimier, Montreal, Que. Enclose Oxydol box-top or facsimile. First contest closes Midnight, June 8, with another contest each week through July 13.

PURPOSE OF CONTEST: To introduce more women to Canada's amazing new whiter-washing, work-saving laundry soap — High-Test Oxydol.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER

Here's a golden opportunity, a new contest so simple that even a child may enter! A contest limited to residents of Canada only — that offers you 28 opportunities to win each week. A thrilling contest each and every week for 6 consecutive weeks.

Just imagine! Free each week for 6 weeks: \$1,000 cash 1st prize, \$100 cash 2nd prize, \$50 cash 3rd prize — and 25 other prizes of \$10 in cash! Awarded in Canada exclusively — no entries eligible from the States.

THESE FACTS WILL HELP

In finishing your sentence "Oxydol is the best laundry soap I have ever used because..." in 25 additional words or less, remember these important points: (1) Oxydol gets white clothes as much as 9 to 11 Tintometer shades whiter than many popular soaps! (2) Soaks out dirt in just ten minutes. No scrubbing — a few quick rubs for extra dirty spots, a good douse, rinse and you're through!

Yet, High-Test Oxydol is so safe for washable colors that gay cotton prints, given the equivalent of a whole year's washing, came out brilliant, sparkling, fresh.

Ideal for tub washing, High-Test Oxydol also works wonders in washing machines, old or new. Its rich, thick suds soak out dirt while the washer is running — gives double-action wash.

Money-saving, too! Oxydol goes so much farther than less economical soaps, it can cut laundry soap bills as much as one-fourth.

Remember, there is a new contest each week for 6 weeks — 28 opportunities each week to win up to \$1,000. Start now — and enter as many times as you wish!

Ask for High-Test Oxydol at your grocer's. Mail your entry today. Procter & Gamble. **MADE IN CANADA**

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN

First, decide what things you like best about Oxydol. Then complete the sentence in 25 additional words or less to include your points. For example, if you like the way Oxydol gets clothes whiter and cuts washing time, you might say: "Oxydol is the best laundry soap I have ever used because it gets my clothes so much whiter, saves time on wash-day, and is safe for washable colors and hands."

Or, if you like the way Oxydol saves work, as well as clothes, you

might say: "Oxydol is the best laundry soap I have ever used because it soaks dirt loose without scrubbing and this saves my clothes from washboard wear and tear."

These are merely examples. Sincere, original statements are what the judges want. No fancy writing. For additional hints and ideas, read descriptive matter on package of Oxydol.

But act fast! Send your entry in now and let the judges decide.

Is It Easy to Win?

Just listen to 2 of Oxydol's 296 lucky Canadian winners in recent contests:



Miss Olive Newcombe, 39 Park Street, East, Dundas, Ontario



Mrs. James Small, Brooks, Alberta

"It was so easy to write about High-Test Oxydol, and that thousand dollar prize meant so much to me! For the first time in my life, I felt really independent, and that's a glorious feeling! Have now purchased a War Loan Bond to help Canada in her great War Effort. Thanks to your contest and to new High-Test Oxydol."

"I never dreamed that what I wrote about Oxydol would be worth a thousand dollars. For the first time I was able to get the things I longed for. New furniture... new clothes... and countless other things! Here's hoping for more Oxydol contests. That Oxydol with the easy white washes it gives me is worth writing about every day!"

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

- Complete this sentence: "Oxydol is the best laundry soap I have ever used because..." in 25 additional words or less. Write on entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper. Sign your name and address.
 - Mail to Oxydol, Dept. CH, 1600 Delorimier, Montreal, Que. You can enter each contest as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by one Oxydol box-top, any size (or facsimile.)
 - Prizes in each weekly contest are: First prize — \$1,000 cash; second prize — \$100.00 cash; third prize — \$50.00 cash; 25 additional prizes — each \$10.00 cash.
 - There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of cash prizes. Opening and closing dates:
- | | Opens | Closes |
|-------------|---------------|--------------------------|
| 1st contest | Mon., June 2 | Sun., June 8 (or before) |
| 2nd contest | Mon., June 9 | Sun., June 15 |
| 3rd contest | Mon., June 16 | Sun., June 22 |
| 4th contest | Mon., June 23 | Sun., June 29 |
| 5th contest | Mon., June 30 | Sun., July 6 |
| 6th contest | Mon., July 7 | Sun., July 13 |

- Entries received before Monday, June 2, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final contest must be postmarked before Sunday midnight, July 13, and received by July 26.
- Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein, become the property of Procter & Gamble.
- Any resident of the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of the Procter & Gamble Co., Ltd., their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests subject to all Dominion regulations.
- First prize winner will be announced approximately two weeks after the close of each contest on Oxydol's radio programs, "Ma Perkins" and "Woman in White." All winners will be notified by mail. A complete list of winners may be obtained after the close of the final contest by addressing your request to Oxydol, 1600 Delorimier, Montreal, after August 4.

WINNERS announced every day over the radio. For further details of Oxydol's all-Canada \$1,000-a-week contest — tune in "Ma Perkins" or "Woman in White." Winners will be announced daily on both of these programs, beginning about Monday, June 23rd. See local newspapers for exact time of broadcast.



Many dealers are now featuring OXYDOL CONTEST SALE

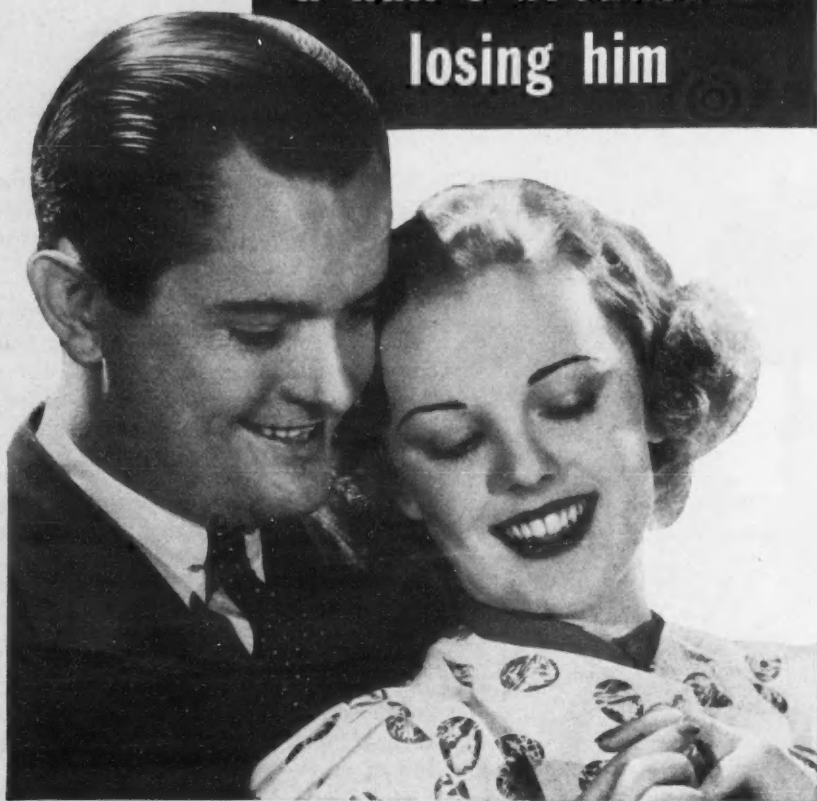
Take advantage of this special sale to stock up on Oxydol now...



GET ENTRY BLANKS AT YOUR STORE

Reminder: More entries give you more opportunities to win. Enter today.

I came within a hair's breadth of losing him



Want others to like you?

Whether we're sixteen or sixty, we don't want to lose out on life's pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath) . . . not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep breath sweeter, purer—the Listerine Antiseptic way!

For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. That's why, when you rinse

your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine—it pays!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.



Let LISTERINE look after your breath!

MADE IN CANADA



THE GREEN HORNET See your local newspaper for time and station

On Canadian Waters

By Captain Frank Reid

THERE ARE many interesting holiday ideas to be found among the Canadian cruises. You may travel up the beautiful B. C. coastline; around Vancouver Island. You may find your rest-cure on one of the comfortable Great Lakes steamers, or sail down the St. Lawrence River. Perhaps the Gaspé coast is what would appeal to you this year?

Where do these cruises sail? How much do they cost? What can you see? For information, go to your travel and tourist agents—and you'll probably be astonished at the variety and scope of the boat cruises you can take on Canadian waters.

Consider the British Columbia coastline, for instance. Starting from Vancouver there are the delightful "Sunset Cruises" around Vancouver Island, which last eight days. The cost is about \$45. Or you can travel the Triangle Route on the same "Princess" line, two days to Victoria and Seattle for about \$15. The cruise up to Prince Rupert and other places on the B. C. coastline is a memorable experience. Another line, with their "Prince" steamships, also have five-day cruises to Northern British Columbia and the Portland Canal, the cost being around \$50, including meals and stateroom accommodation.

Alaska and the Yukon are served by both Canadian Pacific and Canadian National coastal vessels. These attractive and popular trips resemble Norwegian cruises as the fjordlike character of the coastline, the sheltered waters, and the opportunity to view the Midnight Sun are similar. The cost of the round trip, including meals and berth, averages \$125. Extension trips to the Yukon and the Klondike are available.

The Great Lakes offer plenty of variety. First-class steamers sail to Sault Ste. Marie and thence to Port Arthur and Fort William at the head of the lakes. One line leaves Port McNicoll on the Georgian Bay and another line makes the trip from Sarnia. For the whole trip, lasting about six days, the cost is a little over \$60, including meals and berth. Another line operates five- or six-day all-expense cruises from Owen Sound to Manitoulin Island and into Lake Superior for as low as \$35, and an extension of this trip—a six days stay in a camp—can be arranged for about another \$25. Week-end cruises from Owen Sound may be had for as low a cost as \$10, and from Midland there is a 30,000 Islands, all-expense cruise of 120 miles for \$7.75 and a 200-mile cruise for \$11.25.

Quite a number of trips are to be had along the St. Lawrence River, sailing from Montreal. The Richelieu Cruise on the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay is an all-expense, personally conducted proposition, lasting seven days and costing approximately \$75. Another less luxurious steamer gives a choice of a seven-day cruise to the Saguenay for \$56. The same line offers a twelve-day cruise to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, including the Island of Anticosti and the Gaspé Peninsula for from \$68 to \$95 according to the season. As an extra inducement, honeymoon couples get a ten per cent reduction on this line. "Vagabond Cruises" of five and a half days to Gaspé coast ports, costing \$44 to \$55; seven days to the Gaspé coast and Magdalen Islands in the Gulf, costing \$56 to \$70; and twelve days to and around the Gulf, including a call at Newfoundland, costing \$76 to \$95, are offered by another well-known line—the variation in cost on these trips is according to season.

Boat trips to Montreal and intermediate points on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, from Niagara Falls or Toronto and the lake trips from Port Dalhousie to Toronto are also very delightful.



—Photo courtesy Canada Steamship Lines.

CHATELAINÉ
for JUNE



Voyage of the HEART

By RICHARD HECKMAN

The mate said boldly, "You shouldn't be out tonight, ma'am. But don't fear, we'll bring her through."

TWO MEN in the Eaglesway, a tavern on the road down to the wharves of Shelburne harbor, saw the woman first. One was the tavern keeper and one was the black-haired giant drinking down his ale. The tavern keeper looked through his latticed doors and said, "Hish, it's Evie going!" and left the brown juice of the tap flowing down to the floor. The drinking man saw the reflection in the mirror across the teakwood bar, and he said, "Gor, so she is!" and his glass tinkled on the rail and ale splashed his boots.

The minister at Godsave saw the woman next. He was in the parsonage writing his Sunday sermon when she passed beneath his window. He laid down his pen and said, "Bless us all, it's Evie going!" and did not pick up the pen again.

Out where the channel passes between the needle cliffs, the master of the *Victoria* picked up the woman in his glass. He took a long look and said, "There's Evie coming on the wharf," and handed the glass to his pilot. The next minute the captain cried, "Lord save the headlands!" and the pilot sheepishly swung the wheel and sheered the schooner back into the channel.

"She's all made up to go," the pilot said.

"Go, go," said Cap'n Compo. "Does she think I'll sail her down to her Halifax man? And with a gale coming up in the bargain?"

The pilot said, "Lord knows, but there she is." And there was a sound in his voice that made the captain sigh and nod.

The lady who had drawn such exclamations from the five men stood now by a pile on the wharf and waited for the fluttering *Victoria* to sheer off the rocks and come in like a good ship. The lady was tall and nicely rounded, and wore the golden hair that had caught the minister's eye, piled up without a hat, crowning her rose-colored face. She was the handsomest woman in Nova Scotia, and hearts fell like sea anchors before her smile. If she was older now than once, her beauty and bearing transcended years; no man who had seen her face and figure ever thought much of her age. At times she had been promised in marriage to five varied men of Shelburne, but wedlock was never consummated and the clasp still remained unclosed. In another this might have been scandalous, but some ashen gentleness in her

held tongues still. Or perhaps it was because the five men were the powers of Shelburne; indeed, they were the very five who so carefully noted her progress to the wharf—the tavern keeper, the giant, the minister, the master and the pilot.

A moment with her past: the tavern keeper had been first to know her fickleness; she had promised to marry him because his place was good and warm and his business steady, and then she had left him for the great, dark ne'er-do-well she saw so often at the bar; she dropped the giant for the pilot and she dropped the pilot for Cap'n Compo the first night he came clomping up the road; then the minister decided to marry her to save her from herself, but she dropped him for the banking man who came through in the spring.

It was to the black-suited banking man in Halifax that she was going now. She was bound away from the hearts in sea-washed Shelburne for one with gold around it. And in this last hour the five still trailed her with their eyes, like a following wind, hoping somehow they could overtake her and bring her back before she was lost forever to the Halifax man and his fine big wallet.

Treat yourself to Lollipop and Butterscotch New Nail Shades by CUTEX



Like a tingling splash of salt spray is the new Cutex Butterscotch—it has such dash and gleam and gorgeous stimulation. Stunning with suntan!



Luscious Lollipop, looking for all the world like iced claret cup! Slither it onto those fun-faring fingertips and watch the lads "come about"!



Frothy frills or clinging crepes do more for you, sweetened up with Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch! And does HE love it!

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its *burnt-sugar* cast is positively delectable!

Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, gay Tulip, Old Rose, lovely Laurel, Clover and delicate Cameo. And all nearly **twice as porous** as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don't grow longer and more beautiful this summer!

Northam Warren, Montreal, New York, London

Tops for Flair and Wear

Made in Canada



When he looked at her again he saw that she was crying. "Are you feeling the weather, ma'am?"

"Oh, no."

"You know Bridgewater . . . the country there?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"It isn't like the coast. It doesn't teem. A woman would rather go to Halifax, I guess."

Hannah said, "No, no! Some day I dream of coming back upriver."

"Then why—"

"Aunt Evie says I must."

They looked at the sea until the mate said, "You're all atremble, ma'am. Come back with me." They passed into the companionway and Evie's voice came through the door where she was dining.

"She'll love Halifax," Evie was saying. "What woman wouldn't love a teeming place?"

The *Victoria's* timbers were groaning. Compo heaved up, muttering of the rising gale.

"Gale, gale," Evie laughed. "As though a gale could stop a woman's love!"

The mate had brought Hannah to the master's cabin and held her icy hand as long as he dared. He was just taking leave when the door broke open across the passage and Evie flew out crying, "What gale can rock a woman's heart?" She slung to the rail and cried the words to the wind. The five men came tumbling after her. The *Victoria* was fighting the wind, close hauled. Mountains of water came around her in the troughs; she rode into the sky on the crests.

"Come away from the rail!" Compo shouted. "Fetch yourself out, Mr. Hall. What's the mate doing mooning in the companionway when the master's at his meals?"

The five men ranged around Evie. But the words weren't out before the *Victoria* heeled. Her canvas emptied and she plunged. The sea came crying over the rail. When she came out, it was swept clear of all but the dripping giant Murray, and the watch and the mate were shouting hoarsely, and the four other men and Evie were gone.

THEY GOT a boat over, but the sea splintered it against the side, and it would have broken up the second, too, when Murray took a hand. The giant let himself down the lines and got the helmsman's oar just as the sea was knocking the fellow's senses out. The boat went up on end and tumbled out her crew and they were lucky to find lines back to the ship. But

Murray held on and all alone, with the sweep bending, he kept heading into the sea. Some light-colored stuff was floating off his bow. It was Evie's hair, and Murray kept his eyes on it. When he got his breath he saw the pilot and the tavern keeper swimming in the sea. They were keeping Evie up between them and they were near the end of their strength, but Murray held the boat until they reached over the gunwale and dragged themselves in. They pulled Evie after them, and then the pilot took the steering oar and Murray bent the sweeps and it was easier to keep their way.

A dark thing came rolling down a wave ahead of them, and they sighted Compo, lolling on his back. They got him in and set a course, and the pilot took to bailing. The boat was leaking and the locker was stove in and the compass lost. The pilot guessed them just offshore and running east. The *Victoria* was gone. The storm was high and he thought the current was carrying them toward the open sea.

When Compo moved, his first words were, "The girl, the old girl, where is she?"

Murray said, "Evie's in the bow."

"Not her—My ship—The Vic!"

Murray said, "They broke out boats but couldn't get them clear. I saw one go up in slivers. She came about but couldn't hold. A wave went over her, and I didn't see her again."

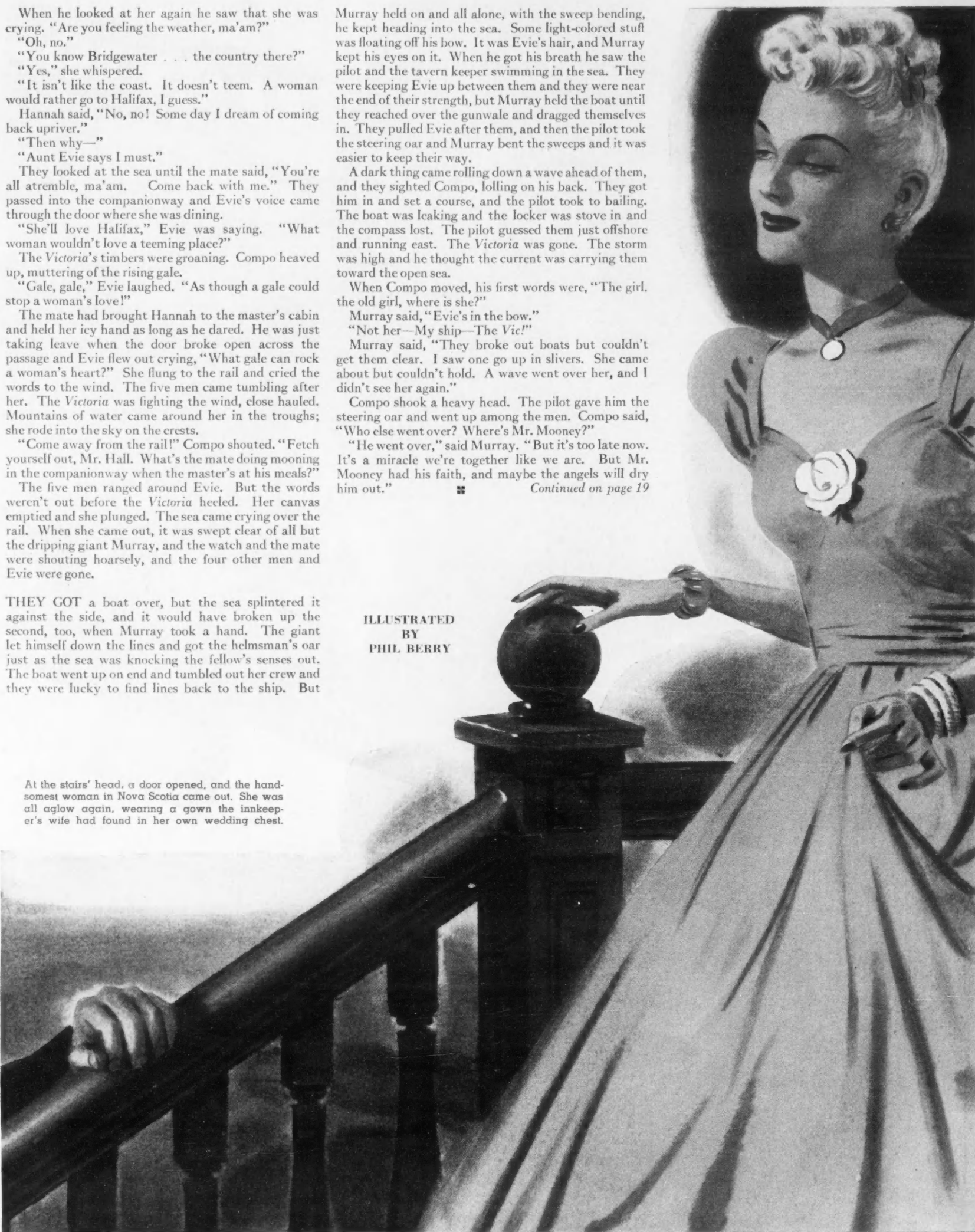
Compo shook a heavy head. The pilot gave him the steering oar and went up among the men. Compo said, "Who else went over? Where's Mr. Mooney?"

"He went over," said Murray. "But it's too late now. It's a miracle we're together like we are. But Mr. Mooney had his faith, and maybe the angels will dry him out."

Continued on page 19

ILLUSTRATED
BY
PHIL BERRY

At the stairs' head, a door opened, and the handsomest woman in Nova Scotia came out. She was all aglow again, wearing a gown the innkeeper's wife had found in her own wedding chest.



Until a shipwreck demonstrated the type of loveliness she really had. .

WHEN THE *Victoria* made the wharf at last, Evie went aboard and down to the master's cabin. The mate was a young man down from Bridgewater, and he halted her in the companionway. Evie said, "Compo knows," and swept on by. The mate would have said more, but he looked beyond her, and for the first time a man's eyes saw that Evie was not alone. A girl was with her; a girl who had been with her from the moment they passed the Eaglesway, but had not been seen before. She was not beautiful; beside Evie no Acadian girl could be. She was smaller, slenderer and darker, and her skin still wore the softness the foggy land brings to the young. The mate's eyes lingered on her so long Evie got into Compo's cabin without another word.

Compo was posed at his log. Evie said, "Compo, I'm going down with you. Passage for two."

"Down where?" Compo said the second time he tried. "Halifax, on the tide."

Compo said, "The Vic is in and a gale is coming. She won't leave Shelburne tonight."

"Compo, Compo, what have they done to your hair? It's blackening up like a storm, like a little boy's hair."

He flamed at her touch. "Compo, Compo," Evie said. "Just like a little boy! Such black hair! Such eyes! No wonder you took my heart."

Her laugh was a bell. "We'll go on the tide, Compo. They're punctual in Halifax. And there'll be two of us. Hannah! Hannah! Where is the girl? Talking to your mate on the rail! Put that scub in the scuppers, Compo, he tried to keep me out of here. Hannah, come and meet the master, dove. I'm taking her down to find a Halifax man, for there's none in Shelburne for such a dove as she is."

"We won't sail," Compo said again.

"Hannah, this is Cap'n Compo. Once I nearly became his wife. We'll wait in your cabin, Compo. Set those things down here, child. I think I'll rest a while on this couch now. Compo, can we put in by tomorrow night?"

Compo said, "I'm master of this ship. If Cleopatra came with a silver ticket in each hand, we wouldn't put out tonight." And he closed the door and stamped onto deck and gave the watch such a cursing the fellow nearly went over the side.

Toward twilight the wharf began to ring with footsteps. Three men came marching aboard the *Victoria*. Mr. Mooney, the minister, led the way, and behind him came Murray, the black-haired giant, and last of all came the tavern keeper, smelling of the Eaglesway.

Compo said, "Gor', what's the crowd for?"

"There's a soul afloat here, Compo," the minister said. "And I'll see it reaches a safe haven."

"Nothing's going to haven yet," the captain said. "The Vic's staying fast at her wharf."

The tavern keeper piped, "Evie's as much ours as yours, Compo. She promised and broke with us all. If she goes away, we'll see she goes fair, with all our eyes on her."

Compo said, "Get off my deck, y' pair of scubs. You'll have to go too, Mr. Mooney. This ship's no blasted dredge."

Murray, the giant, looked at his knuckles. Compo turned and they measured off, but a voice stopped the blows before they fell.

"All my men," it said, and Evie came after it around the companionway. "Oh, it's good to be among you these last hours. Compo, the tide is running. Why aren't we out to sea?"

"The Vic is staying fast."

"Compo," Evie said. "How stubborn you are!"

WHEN THE sun falls behind the headlands, the sea outside the needle cliffs shines awhile longer at Shelburne harbor, while the sea inside darkens up with night. The *Victoria* went through in just the last light, with the swells carrying her high. The crew and the

upriver mate cursed, but after a while, when the mate talked to Hannah at the rail again, he didn't mind so much.

They all ate in the mate's cabin, for the swells had put Hannah down on the couch in the master's, with Evie between Compo and Mr. Mooney and all the men on tenterhooks, for though she was going away forever, Evie still played her game of hearts.

"Poor Hannah, poor dove," she was saying. "It's good she has me to lead her heart. The child's no sense of marriageways. Why a month ago she would have thrown herself to a Prince Edward Islander, if I hadn't caught her corset strings in time."

The men blushed and Evie sighed, "But she'll learn, she'll learn. Ah, dear heart, she'll learn—"

The seas rocked the dishes against the table rails, but the men only looked at Evie, caught in her toils. She touched her pink cheek, and they sighed and pictured Dennis, the banker, claiming her as she came down the *Victoria's* side, and there was no room in their minds for Hannah, as Evie knew all too well. But Hannah was in a fresh upriver mind, for she had just come out to rail for some air, and the mate had seen her there.

The mate, Mr. Hall, had been watching Shelburne light fall behind. The wind whipped all Hannah's hair back from her face, and he had to lean close to hear her voice.

"Hold tight to the rail, ma'am. It's blowing hard." Hannah looked at him. "I like the wind!"

He said boldly, "You shouldn't be out tonight, ma'am. But don't fear the Vic. We'll bring her through."

"Aren't you cold?" Hannah said, with her eyes on the sea. "Standing here so long—"

"Not very, ma'am, and thank you for your concern. Have you gone to Halifax before?"

"I lived in the upriver country. I never went out of sight of Shelburne before."

"It's a teeming place—"

She said sadly, "I like the upriver country." "I'm from upriver too. And some day when I'm through with the sea I'm going back to settle in a hemlock grove. You know where? Not far from Bridgewater."



Evie was a beauty in the eyes of five gallant men of Nova Scotia . .

HOLIDAY WORLD

at Home

By ADELE WHITE

Holidays? Of course! They're more important than ever this year, for national morale and health. Study these striking comparisons and realize how much of the beauty you sought abroad is at home

SINCE the outbreak of war, women have been devoting more and more of their time to voluntary war work of all kinds. This is vital to Canada's defense program, and many women are wondering if they consider it necessary to forego them. Psychologists and doctors say no! They say that holidays are necessary, and they point to the Army, Navy and Air Force, where furlough is recognized as tending toward greater military efficiency, and the mental and physical well-being of the men. So—far from hindering or slowing down our war effort, a "furlough" will pay large dividends in increased energy and keenness. The majority can just squeeze two weeks for their vacation, and that's a lot better than nothing, of course, but if you can manage a whole month, it will give you the maximum benefit. If you've been whirling at top speed all winter, it will take you the first couple of weeks to slow down. The next week you'll begin to feel in a holiday mood, and the last will do you most good.

Why Should You Have Holidays?

Fortunately, hard work is an antidote to mental strain, and so men and women who are going "full out" with all their time and energy, are not nearly so apt to become neurotic or have a bad case of jitters as people who only sit back and worry. But, remember—you can't drive yourself endlessly without pausing occasionally to rest and catch your breath. If you do, doctors warn, you'll be storing up trouble for yourself in the future. And, don't think that a good rest at home will put you on your feet again. Trying to take a holiday in the same old surroundings with the same old problems and responsibilities around you, is never very successful when it comes to refreshing your mind and body. Get away where you can have a complete change in as many things as possible. There are dozens of different types of holidays for you to choose from in Canada. Look them over and decide which one is best for you. In this year of world crisis, a vacation in new surroundings, with lots of rest and relaxation, will pep you up and make you doubly eager and efficient in serving our cause.

What Should Your Holiday Do?

It should provide contrast—a new background and way of life and a different point of view. Like the Toonerville trolley, you've probably been running on one track all winter, and it's time you switched off in another direction.

What type of holiday you should have depends on what category you fall into—housewife, white-collar girl, social and club woman, or Polly-sit-by-the-fire.

If you're a housewife, with the planning of something like ten thousand meals to your credit in the past eleven months, you surely deserve a holiday away from household cares and food problems! A well-run summer resort where you can while away the hours playing golf, tennis or bridge, lying on a beach or even just sitting on a verandah, rocking and admiring blue water and pine trees—where three meals a day is the last thing in

Continued on page 51

4-ENGLAND



4-JASPER CANADA



5-ST. IGNACE CANADA



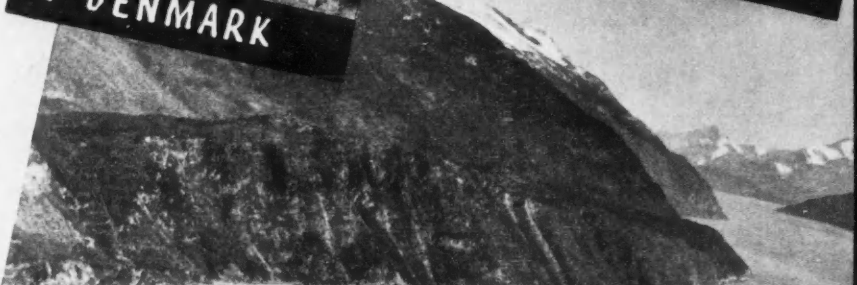
5-IRELAND



6-ONTARIO CANADA



6-DENMARK



7-NORWAY



7-SKAGWAY

CANADA

Your

1. SWITZERLAND

1. BOW RIVER VALLEY CANADA

3. BANFF

3. NORWAY

2. CHANNEL ISLANDS

2. NOVA SCOTIA CANADA

- 1 "What's the rest of the world got that Canada hasn't?" asked the editorial staff—and began to match Canadian scenes with world-famous beauty spots. Here, for instance, Switzerland, with our own Rocky Mountains.
- 2 Canada has magnificent coast lines awaiting your holiday interest. Maybe you've been to the Channel Islands — but what about our shores?
- 3 You'd almost think it was the same canoe on the same lake—yet the little photograph shows one of Norway's renowned lakes, and the larger one a typical scene in Banff.
- 4 No, we didn't turn the photograph round! The man in the one picture climbs a mountain in England — and the other scrambles up Mount Fryatt, in Jasper National Park.
- 5 The one fisherman tries his luck on an Irish lake—the matched picture is from St. Ignace.
- 6 Danish fishermen mending their nets used to be focal points of interest for travellers. Ontario fishermen are just as busy!
- 7 True, Skagway is in Alaska—but it is on the direct route through to the dramatics of the Yukon, and must be passed by those who take this trip. It echoes strikingly the small community among the Norwegian mountains.

Photographs 1, 3 and 7 courtesy, C. P. R. Nos. 2, 4 and 6, C. N. R. No. 5, Ontario Travel and Publicity Bureau. European photographs from the collection of Captain Frank Reid.

Medieval

"I'm just a frail woman, not a robot," she reminded him. "Frail like parchment — or cowhide," he grinned.



JACK REAY
/41.

The expression in his red-rimmed eyes changed subtly. She couldn't define the new mood. He said, "Because . . ." And then he repeated it, "Because I promised Mr. Worthington she'd be ready." That wasn't what he'd started to say. He'd held out on her. He didn't even tell her things any more! All her worry welled up inside her in a big weary sigh.

"Tired, sweet?"

"No, lover. Paralyzed."

"I'll be through in a minute."

"And you wouldn't hurry if I grew to this engine, would you?" She hadn't meant to say that. Temper had flared because he was keeping something from her, as if she were a child—or too dumb to understand.

He didn't bother to answer. His mouth looked about as confiding as a closed zipper.

SHE TWISTED her head away from looking at it, directing her gaze instead up through the open hatch

into the deckhouse above them. Beyond its shiny windows (and maybe that hadn't been a back-stretching, arm-breaking job!) she could see the corrugated tin of the under side of the shed

roof. Light, reflected from the water of the basin, rippled over it. The tip of a tall mast swayed almost against one of the big girders. That was *Curlew*, the sloop Bart'd given her for a wedding present. They lived aboard. Natalie had loved the casualness of boat life in the West Indies—

Had loved? The tense jerked her up. What was happening to her and Bart anyway—to their marriage?

It's not because of Tina's being here for the season, she insisted. I truly don't mind that Arthur makes such gobs more than Bart, or that Tina goes around with that rotogravure look. It's Bart that's changed! He doesn't care what happens to me—even about a thing like the dance . . .

Her grey eyes darkened to slate. She'd tried hard

not to think any more about the dance—some instinct deep down warning her to skip it—but she couldn't. It was too bad not to go, with Tina giving it especially for them, and Bart knowing how much Natalie'd been looking forward to it, too. But does that deviate him from getting this little yacht number run up in time? she complained to herself. Not Bart! The boat'll be ready if he has to work my fingers to the bone!

The really grim angle to her was that till recently she had been so proud of helping him—because he was Bart, and super-super, as well as because it saved the price of a paid hand, which was that much toward new equipment. But it burned her up to slave away and then be treated to the same loving attention he gave a monkey wrench!

She tried to stem her worry, telling herself, "He's tired, that's the trouble. He'll be all right when this repair job, which seems to mean so much to him, is out. He can be so sweet! He will be again when he's rested. Maybe we'll step out, be gay . . ."

And that brought her right back to the dance! Tina'd be furious when she arrived with the dress, only to be told they weren't even coming. She wouldn't understand why Bart couldn't take the evening off—just to please Natalie.

I don't understand it myself! Natalie thought bitterly.

OUTSIDE THE shed a horn blatted, the sound echoing around the big vaulted building.

"There's Tina." ■ Continued on page 42

Positively

Natalie hurried back to the boat — and Bart — kicking off her high-heeled slippers as she ran



Would even the most old-fashioned wife go on slaving for a man who had forgotten her existence?

By MARTHA PREWITT

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

NATALIE, wedged on her side in the narrow space between *Dreamy Days'* port engine and fresh water tank, shifted cautiously. She arched her tired back and then stretched her long legs in their stained blue slacks, but without moving the hand that held up, numbly now, the copper tubing Bart'd told her to steady for him.

She could just see the top half of his handsome sunburned face over the engine. He looked positively haggard, cheeks hollow, eyes sunk back, black hair straggling down into them. He wouldn't even take an hour out to go to town for a haircut!

"Poor sweet dope," she thought, "he's driving himself like a maniac to get this job ready on time! He'll slay himself!" The softness vanished from her lips then. "Himself and me!" she added.

But there was more than annoyance clouding her grey eyes. There was worry, and even a little fear. She was only twenty-four and she'd never been married before, so she didn't know what to do when a perfectly swell husband suddenly changed into a slave-driver, complete with whip! What did a woman do? Take it and like it? Women used to. But nowadays . . . She shook her blond head in a gesture of baffled uncertainty.

"Nats! For the luvamike hold that line still!"

"Sorry, skipper." She hadn't meant to jiggle it, but he didn't have to yell at her anyway. "I'm not a robot," she reminded him stiffly. "Just a frail woman."

He took a moment to raise his head and grin down at her, blue eyes twinkling. "Frail like parchment," he said. "Or cowhide." His mouth twisted boyishly, his nose screwed up in a way that was peculiarly and lovably Bart's. She wanted to cry.

Instead she mentioned coldly, "Your chin looks positively Biblical. By tomorrow you'll have to tunnel to eat."

"By tomorrow I'll have time to shave. Boat sails at noon."

"You hope?"

His face tightened. "She'll be ready at twelve o'clock." That Barton jaw! Firm as Natalie's first cake. His father'd probably had that granite look when he'd paid the last creditor with the last cent in '32. The implacableness of it always frightened Natalie. If Bart should ever get really angry at her!

She covered a shiver by saying, "You've got such swell alibis why the work couldn't be finished in time — weather and the parts not being shipped and the water pump breaking down — the owner'll understand. Wherefore all the grim purpose then?"



Backstage

WITH THE BALLET

By THELMA CRAIG

TO BE a dancer in the Original Ballet Russe is the ambition of tens of thousands of young girls all over the world.

To them the ballet is glamour, gaiety, gorgeousness, froth and fantasy all rolled into one. Whether they look down on it from peanut heaven or up at it from the starched shirt row, it is all the same. They wish some good old fairy would move her magic wand and that they could join the ranks of human forms that glide so gracefully and provide such a thrilling spectacle.

To be part of that symphony of form, of movement, of color, of sound, that is the Original Ballet Russe, which is internationally recognized as the true successor of the Diaghilev organization which first introduced the glories of Russian ballet to the world, is also the highest ambition of every ballerina.

Yet in this company which is primarily Russian, there are two Canadian girls. They are Betty Low, of Ottawa, and Jean Hunt, of Vancouver, with the pretty stage names of Ludmilla Lvova and Kira Bounina. In it, too, is the first Canadian to join this world-renowned organization—Boris Belsky, born in Montreal, still the only male representative of the Dominion in the Original Ballet Russe.

I asked Ludmilla Lvova, the Canadian girl with the delicately chiselled face and the beautifully poetical voice, how much glamour there was for her in the Ballet Russe.

"Glamour!" she ejaculated, all astounded. "You won't find it in our dictionary. Every night of glamour you see out front means days of drudgery for the dancers. All we know is just hard work and drudgery."

Piped up dainty-voiced, fragile-faced Kira Bounina: "Huh! You work. You eat. You work. You sleep. And you wash tights and darn toe shoes." And then this youngest member of the company, who joined the ballet a year ago last December away down yonder in Australia, counted on her fingers. "It is this way," she said, working from a thumb to a little finger and on to the next hand, "Work. Rehearse. Eat. Rehearse. Performance. Eat. Sleep. Lessons. Work. Rehearse. Performance. That goes on day after day, month after month."

Ordinarily, the Canadian girls explained, when the company isn't on tour, there are rehearsals from 9.30 to 12.30 and from three to five with performances at night. On a day when there's a matinee, there is often merely a single rehearsal. When the company is moving from city to city, one rehearsal a day is usual. Often there's a matinee on Wednesday and almost always one on Saturday, and occasionally another on Friday for good measure. A special benefit performance, very frequently. Rehearsals are sometimes cancelled on matinee days when the company is on tour. But whenever the regisseur-general ■ Continued on page 47



TOP LEFT

Boris Belsky, of Montreal, who is the only Canadian male dancer with the Ballet, believes that there is a definite opportunity for Canadians in the group.

CENTRE

Betty Low, of Ottawa agrees: "Glamour! All we know is hard work — rehearse, eat, rehearse, performance, eat, sleep, lessons, rehearse, performance. All day long."

LEFT

The three Canadians with the Ballet Russe pose especially for CHATELAINE — Betty Low, of Ottawa, Boris Belsky, of Montreal and Jean Hunt, of Vancouver.

That ALL CANADIAN Motor trip

By LILLIAN MILLAR



Estimated Average Costs for a Two Weeks Trip for Four Persons



Driving Expenses —

Gasoline and oil — average of 200 miles a day — total	\$42.00
2,800 miles	6.00
Car repairs, grease, etc.	\$ 48.00

Living Expenses —

Cabins — 4 persons sharing rooms, \$1.00 each — 14 nights	\$56.00
Meals—Breakfast, 25c.; lunch, 35c.; dinner, 50c. — \$1.10 each — 14 days	61.60
	\$117.60

Sundries —

Laundry, postcards, stamps, films, soap, etc.	\$16.00
Amusements; sightseeing ...	12.00
	\$ 28.00

Total	\$193.60
Cost per person	\$ 48.40
Cost per day per person	\$ 3.46

Prices are for tourist cabins and restaurant meals of average price. Gasoline and oil are for lightweight car in good condition, driven at average speed. These prices give you a basis from which to plan your own trip. For example, if you decide that \$25 is the amount you wish to spend for gasoline, you can regulate mileage accordingly. If you multiply \$25 by the number of miles you average per gallon and divide by the price per gallon, you will find out how many miles \$25 will take you. Thus, if you get 20 miles to a gallon and you pay 27 cents you can plan a trip of about 1,850 miles. (Multiply \$25 by 20 and divide by 27.) If you prepare your own meals the cost will be about the same as your food bills at home.

A MOTOR TRIP is one of the most popular vacations, for there is joy on the open road and at every strange corner the thrill of seeing what lies beyond. No matter what your preference, somewhere in Canada you will find the holiday you want, for your car will take you to the seashore, to the mountains, across the plains, or to busy cities. In it you can visit quaint old-world regions, and towns and villages steeped in the history and romance of past centuries. An automobile sets you free, and Canada's 495,738 miles of highways are yours!

That you'll be using them this year more than ever seems a definite possibility. For one thing Canada has more automobiles in proportion to population than any other country except the United States and New Zealand. In fact every man, woman and child over five years of age could be accommodated in Canadian automobiles at one time! And if you like to visualize it, Canadian cars, placed bumper to bumper, would stretch from Vancouver to Halifax—and back again as far as Montreal.

In planning your motor trip this year, there are many considerations. How much will it cost? How should you prepare? What should you take?

How Much Will It Cost?

YOU CAN have a wide choice of trips, no matter what your budget or how small your funds. After all most of the best joys of holidays are free. There is no price tag on sunshine, no tax on the sea or lake, and the clear pure air of the mountain top is free to all. The two essential expenditures are driving costs and living expenses and, by careful planning, both these can be made to fit your particular budget.

Driving costs. Gasoline and oil are the major driving expenses, for depreciation and insurance go on whether or not you take a trip, and the price of your car registration and operator's license also remains the same. How much gasoline and oil you will use is determined, not only by the distance you drive, but also by how you drive and by the weight and condition of your car.

You will need more gasoline and oil if you are the type of driver whose chief aim is to get to his destination as quickly as possible. Speed is bought with cash. Tests show that it requires about thirty per cent more gasoline and much more oil to average sixty miles an hour than to average forty miles an hour. On the average trip of 2,800 miles shown in the panel opposite, it would mean that you would have to buy about fifty-two gallons more gasoline. You can estimate the approximate number of gallons you will need if you divide the number of miles your car travels on each gallon of gasoline into the number of miles you plan to go. Oil should be changed every 1,000 miles. From the price you pay for each crankcase drain and refill, you can find out what you will have to spend for oil. If you are planning much mountain driving, or if you go off the beaten path where roads are bad, you will require more gasoline and oil. To get more miles per gallon, avoid sudden shifting of gears and sudden stops. If you allow the speed of your car to fluctuate, you waste fuel, for steady speeds mean better mileage.

Living expenses. You may plan to stay at Canada's finest hotels or inns, you may stop at clean and comfortable cabins, or you may prefer to take along a tent and camp at night by the side of a river or lake. Whatever your taste, you will be able to find the accommodation you want. Hotel rooms, with bath, average about \$3.50 a night for two; without bath, about \$2.50. Of course, you may secure accommodation both above and below these rates. In ■ Continued on page 49

So you've fallen in love with your doctor, Miss Smith! There are millions like you. It's very funny. Every one laughs about it. Except you.



you wanted or you'd yowl, and Aunt Agatha would come running and jump on me. So when I wanted something, I'd say, 'You don't really want your teddy bear now, do you, Kay?' You'd set up a yowl for it at once and I'd give it to you. Then I'd go play with the rabbit, which was what I wanted all the time. So you see."

"Yes, I see," Kay said. "I see that it's your money that's keeping this house running. I'm sponging off you. And you paid the hospital bill. What are you getting?"

"A good figure," Ann said. "Waiting on you keeps me slim."

Kay turned the ring on her finger. One of these days she might give it back to Steve. And what would he say? And what could she say?

A CAR DOOR slammed and her eyes went quickly to the clock. Almost three. But not every step on the walk was the doctor's. This one went next door . . . Maybe he wouldn't come today. And if he didn't, the day would lie wasted. There was no need for him to come. She wasn't that sick. But he had to call on rich Mrs. Mayfield up the street every day, and he usually stopped to see Kay. There's no need for you to come, Kay thought. Why do you? Do you come to see me, and not just a patient? Careful there, careful.

She wanted suddenly to tell Ann about it. There was a time when she could tell Ann anything. But they'd got out of the habit. Is it a hard habit to get back into, she wondered. Could I tell her about Dr. Ronell, and how the first time I saw him I knew that what I felt for Steve was just nothing at all . . . She felt the tears fill her eyes again. She turned her head quickly. Oh, doctor, she thought, stay out of my soup! Can't you see I'm thinking of Steve? She turned her ring.

"The way you keep turning that," Ann said, "anybody'd think it was getting too heavy."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing," Ann said, snapping a thread. "Why don't you go to sleep?"

"I can't. I lie here wondering who's paying the doctor." Liar. You never once thought of that. But now that you've thought of it, who is going to pay him?

"You're not supposed to wonder about anything," Ann said. "That's why you're not getting well. Or, isn't it?"

"Isn't what?"

"Kay," Ann said, as if she'd been wanting to say it for a long time, "is it because you don't want to marry Steve?"

"Oh, of course," Kay said. "That's why I pulled the nervous breakdown. Just two days before my wedding. At least that's what everyone's saying, isn't it?"

"I don't know what

ILLUSTRATED
BY
CHARLES REED

Why it isn't possible, she thought. It's just that I've never seen them together before! What a sap I've been!



Stay out of MY SOUP

By CONSTANCE CLINTON BESTOR

KAY TURNED to get the sun on her back, and lay looking at her fingernails. A very nice shade of red, she thought. Very nice, indeed. And you can take it off and try another shade. You can experiment with black, with purple, with anything that strikes your fancy. For you have nothing whatever to do, my dear, but polish your nails.

For another month you can stay away from the office; you can stay away from parties; from books; from visitors; from anything that might be more fun than polishing your nails; for you will, my dear, insist on being too thin, on running a temperature, on letting your pulse work overtime, on weeping over nothing at all. And all because of that nasty thyroid.

Or at least we all pretend it is still because of the thyroid.

But you know very well, Kay told herself firmly; you know very well—she picked up an ant and set him down gently on the slick surface of a fingernail. He struggled a moment, then slid off, and Kay turned the ring of her engagement finger; turned the diamond under to the palm, away from her eye. Then she picked up a blade of grass and, putting it between her teeth, she turned her face back to the bright sky. She closed her eyes.

So you've fallen in love with your doctor, Miss Smith. What of it? They come by the millions, the women who fall in love with their doctors. It's funny. And everybody laughs about it. Even the women who fall in love laugh. Why don't you laugh? For you've fallen in love with a bedside manner.

It's obvious why the women fall in love with their doctors. It's obvious why you fell, my dear. You have a headache, but you don't dare tell anyone for fear you'll spoil the party. You can't sleep; but who wants to hear about your insomnia? Why they've got insomnia that makes yours look like—

And then suddenly there's a man who wants to hear about it. You tell him your head aches, and he looks at you with kind attentive eyes. He actually listens. He tells you to tell him everything, and your impulse is to tell him about the time you wanted the red wagon and your mother wouldn't buy it. Your impulse is to tell him everything. And you want to weep on his shoulder.

And if it happens—as it happened—that he is very

good-looking—Oh, yes, you are, Dr. Ronell. None of your modesty. You can't have a head like yours and not know it.

If it happens—yes, it happened. He has a very handsome head. But just remember that when he leaves you he goes to see another sick woman. And his eyes are kind and attentive. And when he gets home he sez to Mrs. Ronell, he sez—For of course there's a Mrs. Ronell. Don't kid yourself, Kay.

She turned to give her back the sun again. How do you like your girls, doctor—well browned or medium? A little plumper? Of course, doctor. I'm drinking half milk and half cream now.

She sat up and looked at her watch. A quarter past two. And Dr. Mathew Ronell comes at three. The doctor comes at three, my dear, but Stephen's due at four. Remember Steve? The guy you're going to marry? Come Michaelmas, or Eastertide, or something? Come the day you're well?

For you know very well, Kay, why you're not getting well. You simply can't face being well and having to tell Steve you're in love with Dr. Ronell. You'd look pretty silly telling him, wouldn't you? With Dr. Ronell! Steve cries. But what about Mrs. Ronell and all the little Ronells? For of course there are little Ronells, didn't you know?

Oh, well, Kay. You'll have a little Stephen. What's in a name?

For of course you'll marry Steve. Why not? You wouldn't spend the rest of your life crying over Dr. Ronell, would you?

"You might as well be calling yours, what never will be his. And one of us be happy . . ." Edna Millay knows all about everything, doesn't she? You see, Kay, you're not the first girl who ever wept.

Now take Margaret Fishback: "Stay out of my soup, stay out of my tea. I ask you to please keep away from me." You see? Everybody knows about love. And everybody laughs. It's funny.

So you'll marry Steve, and Dr. Ronell will be your dark and closely guarded secret, and when you meet him on the street you'll say: Well, well, Dr. Ronell; fancy seeing him.

"Nerts," Kay said, and got up and went into the house.

HER SISTER Ann sat in the living room sewing on a green turban that would look swell, Kay thought, with Ann's copper hair and soft brown eyes. The room was cool and quiet, furnished with a delicate reserve that was like Ann herself. Soft green and white made a perfect background for her, and here and there a copper ashtray, lamp or vase, gave off a gleaming echo of Ann's hair.

When Kay stepped into the room Ann turned off the radio. It made Kay nervous, so Ann wouldn't have it on when Kay was around.

"There you go," Kay said, "being an angel again. Don't you get tired of it?"

Ann laughed. "I comfort myself," she said, taking neat stitches in the green jersey, "with the thought of my angelic nature. It's easy to go without things if people comment on it. When they pat me on the head and say, 'Aw, gee, Ann, you're an angel,' I preen the feathers in my wings and look as modest as I can under my halo."

Kay walked to the bookcase, tipped a book out, tipped it back again. No reading for you, my dear. They won't let you. Instead you can lie awake in the night and go round and round in your mind with Dr. Ronell.

"I'll admit the wings are becoming," Kay said, "and that halo over your red head is a sight to see. But what do you get out of life? As far as I can see you've spent all your days handing things to me."

"Handing you things I didn't want," Ann said. "Anything I really want, I manage to get."

"Yeah. What, for instance?"

"This house, for instance."

This house was Ann's, bought with the money Aunt Agatha left her. When Ann was eight and Kay was six their mother died, and they went to live with Aunt Agatha. Aunt Agatha was so worried about being forty that she couldn't stand to see a female under fifty and her one desire was to keep the girls out of sight.

Kay said, "All I can remember Aunt Agatha's ever saying to us was, 'Oh, Ann, give it to her. For heaven's sake, give it to her!' And you always did. That's what made you the noble creature you are, and what made me a selfish little beast."

"Oh, no," Ann said. "That's what made me the wily little angel that I am. Preening my back feathers blushing under my halo, and grabbing what I want when nobody's looking." She got up from the davenport and moved her sewing to a chair. "Here," she said, "lie down."

"I'm not tired," Kay said, but she lay down, and immediately knew how tired she was. And I'm not doing a thing, she thought. Just lying around, letting Ann wait on me.

She felt useless, unneeded. Nobody in the world needed her. Not Ann, not Steve. Certainly not Dr. Ronell. Nobody in the world. Her job for awhile had kept her from knowing that. Her job, and parties, and running from one thing to another always with the fear of being late jogging her. Her job as Morton Hale's secretary kept her running a hundred errands that should have been no part of her job. And of course running errands made her feel needed. But that last month before the date her wedding was set for, she had spent teaching Miss Stewart the work. And now Miss Stewart was doing very nicely without her. And Kay could lie around the house until she felt well enough to get married. Then she could hire a housekeeper and spend her days keeping her nails polished, waiting for Steve to come home. Nobody needed her.

She felt the tears spring to her eyes; but Ann wouldn't notice. Ann had been carefully not noticing her tears for a long time now. Oh, Ann, she thought, you're swell. Why haven't I ever done anything for you?

"Yeah, a wily little angel," she said. "Waiting on me hand and foot. Nursing Aunt Agatha those last three years. 'Let me give you an alcohol rub, Aunt Agatha.' What fun was that?"

Ann smiled, wetting the end of the thread on her tongue. "Well," she said, "she left me all her money, didn't she?"

"Which wasn't much more than she'd have had to pay a nurse and a housekeeper. It makes me mad to see you give so much of yourself to other people. In fact, I resent your being so noble, Ann. It makes me feel as greedy as a pig."

"Well, then," Ann said. "To make you feel better I'll show you what a tricky little mind works under this halo. When we were small I had to give you anything



ONCE

A special party soup

NOW

A favorite family treat!

At first women thought of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom as a soup for special occasions. Its rich creaminess was so inviting, and its flavor so out-of-the-ordinary, that they knew they had discovered a perfect party soup. But soon, husbands and sons and daughters started saying, "Why serve it only for parties—let's have this soup often!" And before long, mothers were serving Campbell's Cream of Mushroom at more and more family meals.

Today, people everywhere are talking about Campbell's Cream of Mushroom! You'll like it, too—from the moment its aroma sharpens your appetite! You'll enjoy every delicious spoonful, so smooth and creamy and rich in mushroom flavor. And you'll be delighted with the tender mushroom slices all through the soup.

Here's why Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is so good: It's made with extra-thick cream and fresh young hot-house mushrooms. Campbell's blend these carefully, then add just the right seasoning to point up the mushroom flavor . . . Try Campbell's Cream of Mushroom! You'll be proud to serve it to your most important guest—and you'll find it a nourishing treat for the family!

Campbell's

CREAM of MUSHROOM



"The play's the thing",
Of course it's true—
But *soup's* the thing
When meals are due!

CHICKEN À LA KING

1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
½ cup top milk or light cream
1 cup diced chicken
1 egg yolk, beaten
3 tablespoons pimiento, cut in strips
3 tablespoons cooked green pepper, cut in strips

Empty soup into saucepan, stir well. Add milk or light cream, and heat. Then add diced chicken and egg yolk. Mix in pimiento and green pepper (the pepper may be cooked in boiling water or sautéed in butter). Heat, but do not boil. Serves 4-5.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN KITCHENS AT NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



"A Day in London"

The former assistant editor of Chatelaine, who recently arrived in London, takes you with him on a journey through the city

By WALLACE REYBURN



Illustrated by D. M. Paterson

IN CANADA I had read countless news stories and special articles, seen hundreds of news photos and picture stories portraying life as it is lived in London at the present time. But out of this mass of newspaper and magazine material I couldn't form a clear conception of just what London is like now.

I felt I had to come over and see for myself.

I have been in London a week, and in this article I propose to take you on a one-day tour of the city.

Leave your camera behind. If you start photographing things you'll find yourself being arrested. Only if you have a special pass from the Ministry of Information are you allowed to take photographs.

The first thing that you'll notice as we drive round the city is that London has not been nearly so badly hit as you had expected. You will go for blocks without seeing any evidence of bomb damage.

I am not saying that London has come out virtually unscathed from the air-blitz she has undergone. That, of course, isn't true. In the City, around St. Paul's, in the East End, you will stand aghast at the sight of whole blocks of buildings razed to the ground, huge areas completely wiped out—mass destruction that you will find it difficult to take in. All you will know is that buildings once stood there and now there are just piles of rubble. You will stand there before those things in silence, at a loss to give voice to your emotions.

There is destruction—wanton, pitiless destruction. But the point I am making is that as a whole London shows much less evidence of enemy activity than the Canadian expects to see.

For this there are two explanations.

First, the demolition squads and the men working on the restoring of damaged buildings work with such rapidity that buildings not totally destroyed are put

back into commission in amazingly short order. New-comers to London are surprised to see that such-and-such a place, which they knew had been bombed recently, has taken on again its normal appearance.

Another reason why London will seem less war-battered to you than you anticipated is that the Canadian newspapers, through no real fault of their own, are giving Canadians a misleading picture of what London looks like today.

There is no news in a photograph of an unbombed building. Therefore the pictures we see of London invariably show buildings destroyed by bombs or gutted by fire from incendiaries. Seeing these continually, it is natural for Canadians to conclude that London has taken much more of a pounding that she in fact has.

There are few white buildings in London now. They have been given a coat of dark grey paint. It has been found that on clear nights, even despite the blackout, dead white buildings make excellent landmarks for raiding planes.

Most of the big store windows are boarded up, and entrances are partially bricked in or sandbagged. This makes it quite an involved job getting into a building, particularly in the blackout, and if it occupies a whole block you're likely to wander round all four sides until you eventually locate the tiny entrance.

One of the things that you'll notice in the residential districts is the large number of "To Let" signs, and there'd be even more were it not for the shortage of wood.

A sign that will strike you as strange and one that you'll see quite often is a large yellow finger-post with the word "Diversion" on it. These signs aren't directing you to the nearest movie house. It's merely the English

equivalent of "Detour," and such signs are put up at the entrances to streets that have been damaged by bombs. One of the revues on in London at present has used "Diversion" as its title.

You'll be disappointed to find that you will be denied that famous thrill of "seeing London from the top of a bus." Fabric has now been glued over the bus windows. It is open-mesh material, similar to that used in glass curtains, and is put there to prevent the shattering of the glass if a bomb falls near by. Some of the buses bear the notice: "The windows of this bus are made of toughened glass."

In the blackout the sound of motor car engines and even the noise of footsteps on the sidewalk will seem much louder to you than those of your Canadian city. The explanation is simple. In the darkness your powers of sight are drastically limited, so your sense of hearing is proportionately heightened.

Buying Problems

The confectionery shops have elaborate displays in their windows of what look like boxes of chocolates and chocolate bars. But when you go in to make a purchase, you'll find that they are all dummies. You'll have a job buying chocolate bars, although if you're lucky you may be in one of Lyons teasops when they have a fresh supply in. But they sell out in no time. Incidentally, there is no decrease in the output of the chocolate manufacturers compared to before the war. It is the increased demand that has brought about the shortage. People are eating more chocolate to make up for the deficiency of other energy-producing foods. However, the food you eat in London restaurants will be much more varied and plentiful than you expected.

Cigarettes, minus silver ■ Continued on page 60

Voyage of the Heart :: Continued from page 7

The pilot cried, "Bear to port! Timber on the bow!"

They bore to port and when the timber came by they found something clinging to it. It was Mister Mooney, murmuring his prayers. They got him in and put him up with Evie.

"That's all in sight," Compo grunted. "Lay to, men, and hold her steady."

They laid to weakly. They panted and moaned and wheezed. They cursed, and even Evie breathed through her mouth.

Once Mr. Mooney sat up and looked around. "Bless us," he said. "All one fam'ly in the storm." Then he collapsed.

TOWARD DAWN the gale slackened. Mr. Mooney got enough strength to take an oar. They muffled Eve in tarpaulins and broke out a makeshift sail. The changed wind dried them some, but the sea still ran high. For a time they talked incoherently. Compo muttered to the Victoria and the upriver mate, Mr. Hall. "Curse your Mr. Hall," the pilot said. "Holding hands off deck, with the captain in his cabin. No wonder the Vic kicked over."

It was Evie's voice that brought them back to thinking where they were. Evie murmured under her tarpaulin, "I'm coming, Dennis. Wait on the wharf."

Compo shook his head clear. He said to the pilot, "How do you reckon us?" "Driving out," the pilot said. "Eighty miles from Halifax and running hard."

"You think we're in the stream?" "We're carrying east, but we've gone putty far offshore."

"How do you make the wind?" "Gone around, but not enough. It's still coming out of the north."

Compo nodded. "We can't run for shore in a north wind."

He studied the sky and the sea a long time. He pointed a shade off the bow. "That's the best we can hold," he said. "Maybe it will fetch us in the lane."

They hauled a little closer to the wind and took heavier seas. "We'll keep it set," Compo said, "and look for a change o' weather."

They eyed the leaden sky; they cursed and said no more. They warmed themselves with turns at the oars, and they found a water cask and a tin of sea biscuits in the broken locker. They all ate but Evie, who wouldn't come out from under the canvas. "Women weren't made to be looked at in storms," Evie said. "No one can see me till shore."

Compo said, "Watch, tear off that sailcloth."

"No, no, no!" cried Evie. "My poor complexion!"

"What's that?" Compo said.

The pilot repeated, "No, no, no, my poor complexion. She don't want us to see her face."

They looked at each other, red-eyed and exhausted and rolling in their seats. Compo said, "We'll deliver you to Halifax wharf. You'll meet your banking man. We'll deliver you and be glad it's the last of you and hope your blooming heart blooms in Halifax and be glad we're going back without you. If you don't eat this biscuit, we'll deliver a bag of bones, but by the waves of the sea, we'll deliver what there is and wash our hands of the rest. Watch, stuff it in her teeth!"

Evie put out a white hand. "Oh, give me the biscuits and I'll eat them, but

please, please don't look at me now."

All at once they gave such a roar of laughter all together that the boat nearly went over in the sea. Compo's shout fetched them back to their oars. The pilot dropped the biscuits in the outstretched hand, and in a little while they heard Evie eating them.

IN THE afternoon Murray, the giant, had a surprise. He gave a grunt and pulled a long brown bottle out of his hip.

"My own Eaglesway ale!" the tavern keeper whispered when he saw. Murray held the neck while he passed the bottle around. They all had a swallow but Evie and the minister. Murray took another nip and the tavern keeper said, "Gor, it's my own ale—sealed with my own hands. He bought it yesterday—"

"Gor, Murray," the pilot said, "I'll give you what I have for another nip."

"What've you got?" said Murray.

They all looked around. They had nothing but their clothes and their skins. "There's one thing," Murray said.

"What?" said Compo.

Murray looked to the bow, where Mr. Mooney rested and Evie slept. "A thing—"

"Mr. Mooney?" said Compo. Then his eyes narrowed. He touched his chin and looked at Murray. "Evie? Once I did have kind of a line on her. An old promise she made and forgot long ago. The man she wants is waiting for her on Victoria wharf. If you want the broken promise and any strings I have, it's worth a nip o' ale."

"Compo!" a voice breathed in the bow. Nobody heard it. Compo was drinking down his ale and the others were crowding up to be next.

A breath sounded as each drank. Murray bought all the claims to Evie's old promises but Mr. Mooney's. The minister shook his head.

"I'm not a drinking man, Murray. Bless you just the same."

It darkened all afternoon and the sea ran choppy. The wind was driving them hard, but they sighted nothing. When the ale was gone Compo said, "Where do you reckon we've come?"

"Nigh to Cape Breton," said the pilot.

Night came and still Evie wouldn't let them see her. They didn't smile about it now. They shivered and went on taking turns at the oars. Murray was the longest and coldest of all, and he had lost his boots in the sea. After dark he tried to get Compo's scarf to wrap around his feet.

Compo grinned. "Murray, what will you give?"

"You know all I've got," Murray said. "I'll give back what you traded for my ale."

"Give them all to me—all they all traded to you."

Murray held off till the sea washed the boat again. Then he nodded and Compo passed over the scarf.

Dawn filtered over the empty sea. Still there was no sun. Compo said, "Mr. Mooney, the time has come for a blessing on this boat. I got only one thing to give, but it's worth the Word."

"There's no price on the word, Compo."

"I reckon you're the one to have her perfidy, Mr. Mooney."

"The man to have her is waiting on Victoria wharf."

"Then I'll give her to him, and you

VIRGINIA BRUCE, CO-STARRED IN THE UNIVERSAL PICTURE, "THE INVISIBLE WOMAN"



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Fair skin, cameo-pink tints. For Dresden china delicacy, use Woodbury Flesh Shade. For vivid bloom, Blush Rose.

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HOLLYWOOD selects five lovely stars to represent five basic skin types—now Woodbury creates Color Controlled Powder shades to glorify each type.

by LOUELLA PARSONS, Movie Columnist

To win new admiration, love, heed Hollywood. Leading directors say:

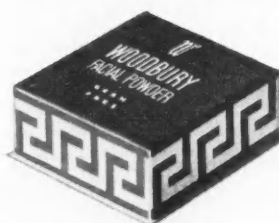
"It's skin, not hair, that determines type." That's why they divide all beauty

into five skin-types. You are one of them.

And for each type, Woodbury now creates Color Controlled Powder shades that are new miracles of type-emphasis.

Each shade is a marvel of clearness, too, for Woodbury Color Control eliminates color specks that once marred smoothness. And Color Control makes Woodbury fine, soft, clinging. Today, get Woodbury Powder. See new loveliness, love, come your way!

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\$3.21 was the average monthly saving over the cost of previous methods of refrigeration. The Frigidaire Meter-Miser mechanical unit is so simple and amazingly efficient that it uses less electric current, yet freezes ice faster.

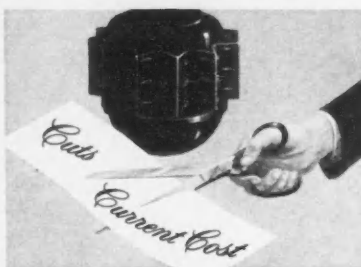
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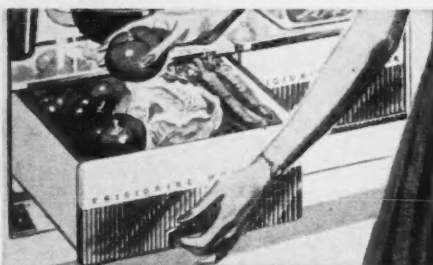
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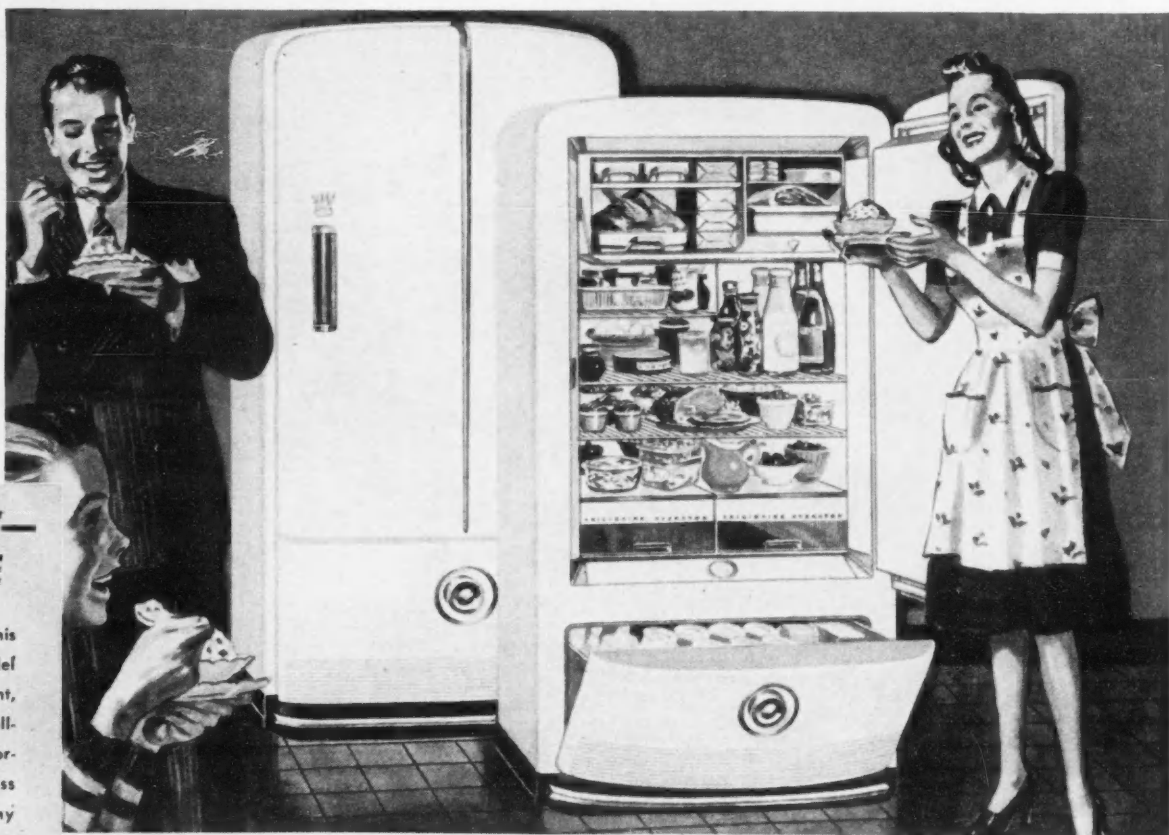
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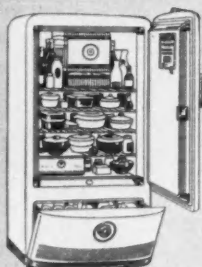


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ALBERTA

Famed for its magnificent Rocky Mountain National Parks; the Red Deer River "Badlands"; the "Stampede."

McNab Island and the shrouded wharves beyond were riding up when they looked. The tide was high and carrying them in the eastern passage. A steamer's whistle grunted up beyond. "Gor," said the giant. "We've come this far; we'll row right in the blasted harbor. Evie, gull, we'll bring you to the wharf with our big black hands and stand you up to your banking man."

Under the tarpaulin Evie gave a last cry. Her head came out. She was ghostly pale, and the men, with their color up from rowing, looked like gods beside her. Evie looked at all her whiteness and to the distant wharves and back to herself.

"No, no, no, no!" she cried. But only the giant heard her, and he grunted, "You can find paint at the Rooster's Comb, if that's it." They went strongly into the harbor reaches and Compo sat straighter in the stern.

"Pick up the wharf!" the pilot cried. "Pick up the wharf!"

Compo gaped and brought up his glass. He tried to fasten it on the quay-side, but his hands shook so he could not hold it. A three-masted schooner lay at the pier, moving on the tide.

"The Vic—the Vic! The old girl's in at her pier!"

A launch came out and hailed them, but Compo sent it back. They bent their backs and brought the boat up to Victoria wharf. Compo hailed his ship and an amazed watch stuck a head over the side.

"It's Cap'n Compo, sir," he gasped.

Compo called, "Stand by to lift a boat!" The watch tumbled out a hand and the boat went up on its own davits.

The watch said, "Mr. Hall brought her in, sir. We lost the wheelhouse and some rigging aft. We couldn't get a boat down, but the Vic stayed tight and rode it out."

"The hands?" Compo said. "The girl Miss Gallaway brought aboard?"

"All safe. You brought all the lost in your boat, sir."

Compo patted the rail. "The good old Vic. Well, Evie, you're through the gale and safe at the wharf, and down below I spy a black-suited man that must be your Dennis. Good-by and good luck."

"Compo—" Evie said, but Compo was through the companionway, down to his cabin and his log.

EVIE CAME down on the wharf all alone. A black-suited man was pacing there, and she held up her arms to shield her face from his view. He came running to her.

"Hi beg yur purdon, mum, but Hi wonder if you saw a ledly; a ledly like yurself, mum, but young and pretty and all ruse and geld; with 'air up 'igh?"

Evie put down her hands. "Dennis, don't you know me?"

"Don't play, mum; Hi'm a surious mun."

Evie said, "Where are your blasted eyes?"

"Why?" said Dennis. "Answer m' question or go along, you eld cod!"

Evie said, "Get out of a beauty's way, you hake," and went up the cobbles road to the Rooster's Comb.

When Compo came down on the wharf last of all, Dennis still waited there. Compo said, "Young and pretty and all rose and gold? We did ship a woman like that. Evie Gallaway. She's gone up to the Rooster's Comb."

"Evie Gallaway—that's the name!" said Dennis. "She's a buty, this one."

"Yes," Compo agreed. "She's a beauty. Come along and you'll see her by-and-by."

They had all felt the warmth of the fire and the good brown ale and were nodding in their chairs when the pilot said, "Here's Mr. Hall with a biddie on the arm!" The door flew open and the upriver mate came in with Hannah.

The mate said, "Cap'n Compo, you're alive! This is the wife I've married since morning. She'll be happy to hear if you saw her aunt, Miss Gallaway, in the sea."

Just then Dennis gave a gasp that nearly knocked the table over. He whispered, "Evie! Thur's my own luv Evie, come to me at last!"

They looked after him up the stairway, and Hannah cried, "Aunt Evie! Aunt Evie!" At the stairs head a door was opening, and the handsomest woman in Nova Scotia was coming out. Evie had been to the powder box, and was all aglow again, with her golden hair in curls, and her brows and lashes long and slender and a crepe gown below that the innkeeper's wife had found in her own wedding chest. Hannah ran to her and they fell into each other's arms. Dennis came up and leaned out a purple cheek, but Evie only looked at him.

"Who's the old cod?" she said.

"Aunt Evie! It's Dennis—"

Dennis said weakly, "Evie, dun't you know me?"

"Miss Gallaway, if you have to talk, you hake, and move aside while I go down to those gentlemen at the table."

What is so repairable as woman? Down at the table they all were thinking what a handsome one she was, and sadly remembering what they had traded for their old affections; a nip of ale, a scarf, a prayer to raise Halifax. Evie sat down among them and reached for the water jug.

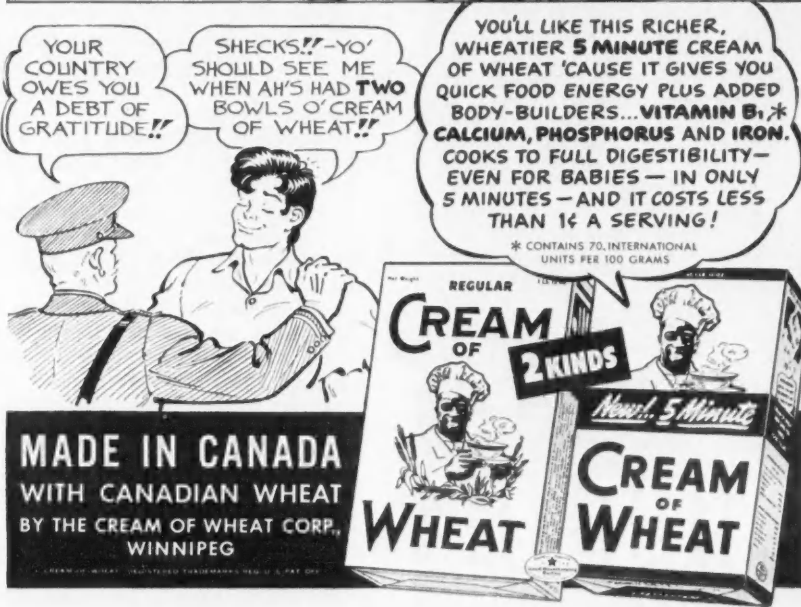
Dennis said, "Evie, 'ere Hi am; the man you came to murry. Aren't you goan to—"

"No," said Evie.

Dennis faltered, "Why nort?"

"Because—because—dear heart, be brave—because I'm only the cod you called me."

Right there at the table she dipped her comb in the water jug and ran it through her hair. She drew off the golden dye and showed the white again, and took the rose out of her cheek and the flames from her nails.



The defence of your children begins in the home



TODAY'S DOCTORS know many ways to make life safer for youngsters, many ways to defend them against once deadly diseases.

The defence of children must, however, begin in the home—with parents giving doctors the opportunity to use their valuable knowledge of preventive medicine.

By the simple procedure of a successful vaccination, for instance, your doctor can offer protection to a child as young as 6 months against *smallpox*. Wherever vaccination is the rule today, smallpox is practically unknown. In fact, in some Provinces, where vaccination is an accepted health measure, there hasn't been a case of smallpox in years. Only in those Provinces where universal vaccination is still neglected or resisted does smallpox continue to smoulder.

This is only one of many ways in which modern preventive medicine can make life safer for our youngsters.

Other Defences For The Young

Diphtheria, too, can be stamped out—if every child begins immunization treatments at 6 to 9 months of age. Vaccination against *typhoid fever* ordinarily gives dependable protection for a year or more. In recent years, *whooping cough* vaccines have been developed, and in many cases have proved helpful. To children who have been exposed to *measles*, serums offer protection

and may lessen the severity of an actual attack. Serum may also be called upon for use in treatment of severe cases of *scarlet fever*.

How To Know What To Do

Your doctor, of course, is the one to decide which protective measures are advisable for your child and when is the best time to make use of them.

Ask his advice, and rely on it—for the greater security of those you love.

To help parents protect their children, Metropolitan has prepared booklets on all of the diseases mentioned above. Perhaps the booklet on "Whooping Cough" or "Measles" may be of special value to you now.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 61-A,
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give the Word. It will be sweet charity."

A head came tumbling up in the bow. Evie screamed, "Oh, you fools—bartering a woman's heart! Stop it! Stop before the poor heart breaks forever. Get me down to Halifax and Dennis before I die!"

They looked. In the pale morning they searched for the Evie they had known. The head out of the tarpaulin wore hair like snow, and the face had lost its glow. Lines etched an age into it, and Evie's anger deepened them. It made them stare to see her now, and the tavern keeper reached out a hand to touch a strand of hair.

"Why, it's a funny thing," he said. "Where's all that yellow stuff you used to have?"

"It's been ruined in the sun!" Evie cried, though there had been no sun in thirty hours.

"Where's all that pink on your cheek?" said the giant, touching her pallid face with a paw. Evie screamed and scratched, and red lines of color leaped through the grime on his wrist. "It's the reddest thing around you," he laughed.

The pilot reached a finger where Evie's brows had been. His hand came away faintly smudged. "She painted them, too," the giant said. "It's what you read of in the books."

In the stern Compo rocked with laughter. Evie threw a shoe at him and his oar deflected it into the sea.

"Why," said the giant. "I wonder if there's anything real to 'er a' tall." He reached to her hair and yanked a strand in his hand. Evie screamed and the hair came out with a snap.

"Mighty feeble," the giant said. "Something on the end feels mighty like the glue pot—"

Evie cried, "It's real, real, real! It's your old fish hands that feel like the glue pot!"

Their laughter rocked the boat. Evie threw another shoe, and it hit Mr. Mooney, who had been waiting all the time to give the Word. Now he just looked at the shoe sailing off in the sea and said, "Bless me, bless me—"

"Oh, I could whip you all!" Evie cried. "I could kill you all. Stop your laughing. Stop! Stop! Stop! Get this filthy boat to shore and let me go my way."

Mr. Mooney said, "Bless me, where will you go without your shoes?"

"Where will you go without your hair?" the pilot cried, and the others said, "Without your eyes and pink cheeks?"

THE NEW dawn came and passed, and the day followed it and night came down again. They had been in the boat so long now it seemed to them Evie had always been a pinched woman with a colorless face and white hair. When they talked, other thoughts ran out of their minds, now the dam of love was broken. The sea had turned calm, but they had lost so much strength they had to rest

more than they rowed. Their words came up big and round in the stillness. Compo talked of ships he had sailed, and the pilot of passages he had piloted, and the tavern keeper of taverns he had kept, and the giant of places where he had eaten and slept and drank; and Mr. Mooney added little murmurs of "Bless us all" and "Amen" that made them feel better.

Compo said once, "It's good to get free o' thoughts o' women. She's been in my blood from the first night I laid eyes on her, and it took my own Vic to get her out of my hammering heart, but she's left it now and I'll die a free man at last."

"Bless us all," said Mr. Mooney. "Amen."

They were silent while another dawn began to come, and Compo cocked a head to the bow. "You hear a running tide?" he asked the pilot.

The pilot listened. "There's a queer sound ahead."

The tavern keeper bent down in the bow. He listened and raised the canvas where Evie lay. When he looked back, his voice was hushed.

"Well?" said Compo.

"Evie's crying . . ."

They started to roar, and then they looked at each other. Compo juggled the steering oar and the men played with their hands.

"You reckon she's tired?" Compo said.

"Dead tired," the pilot said.

"You reckon she's worn?"

Murray snickered and Compo grunted "Lash up your lip," and Murray said more soberly, "Any woman would be worn, I guess."

"Open her up," Compo said. "We'll have a look."

The tavern keeper's hands started twice before they touched the canvas. When they pulled it back Evie did not move. She lay with her head in her polish-stained hands and her hair falling down over it all, and the little running sound of crying coming out, watered with her tears. While they watched, the hands opened and Evie's weeping face lay bare. She looked at them and did not move until the hands went back again and the tavern keeper covered her up again with sailcloth.

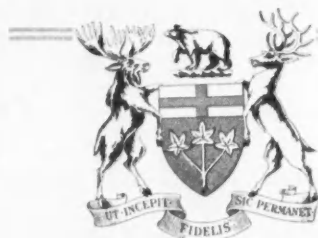
They ran with the sea for a while and nobody spoke. They all looked at Compo and he cleared his throat.

"Mr. Mooney," Compo said, "a night ago you just got to giving the Word when—curse this fog in my throat. I reckon we need it now. I reckon the Word would be good for all of us now."

Mr. Mooney folded his hands over the side and gave the blessing. When they listened, the sobbing under the tarpaulin was stilled. Then the pilot roused them with a yell.

"Shore! Shore! There's the point o' old McNab!"

Compo got out his glass. He squinted through the misty morning. "Lord love us, that prayer raised Halifax!"



ONTARIO

Vacationland of vivid contrasts; offers whatever type of holiday you are looking for.

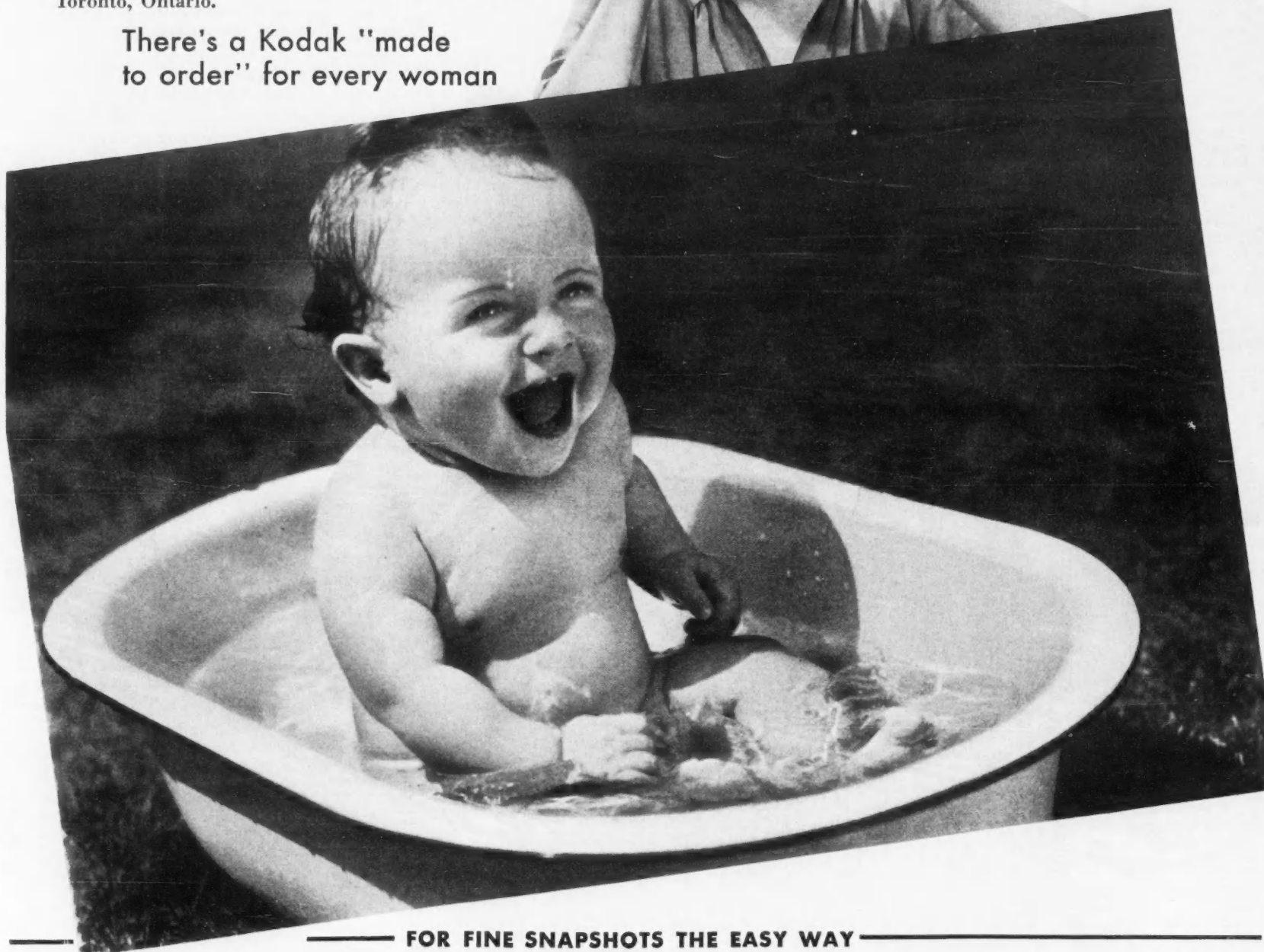
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There's a Kodak "made to order" for every woman



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McBRINE
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Stay Out of My Soup :: Continued from page 15

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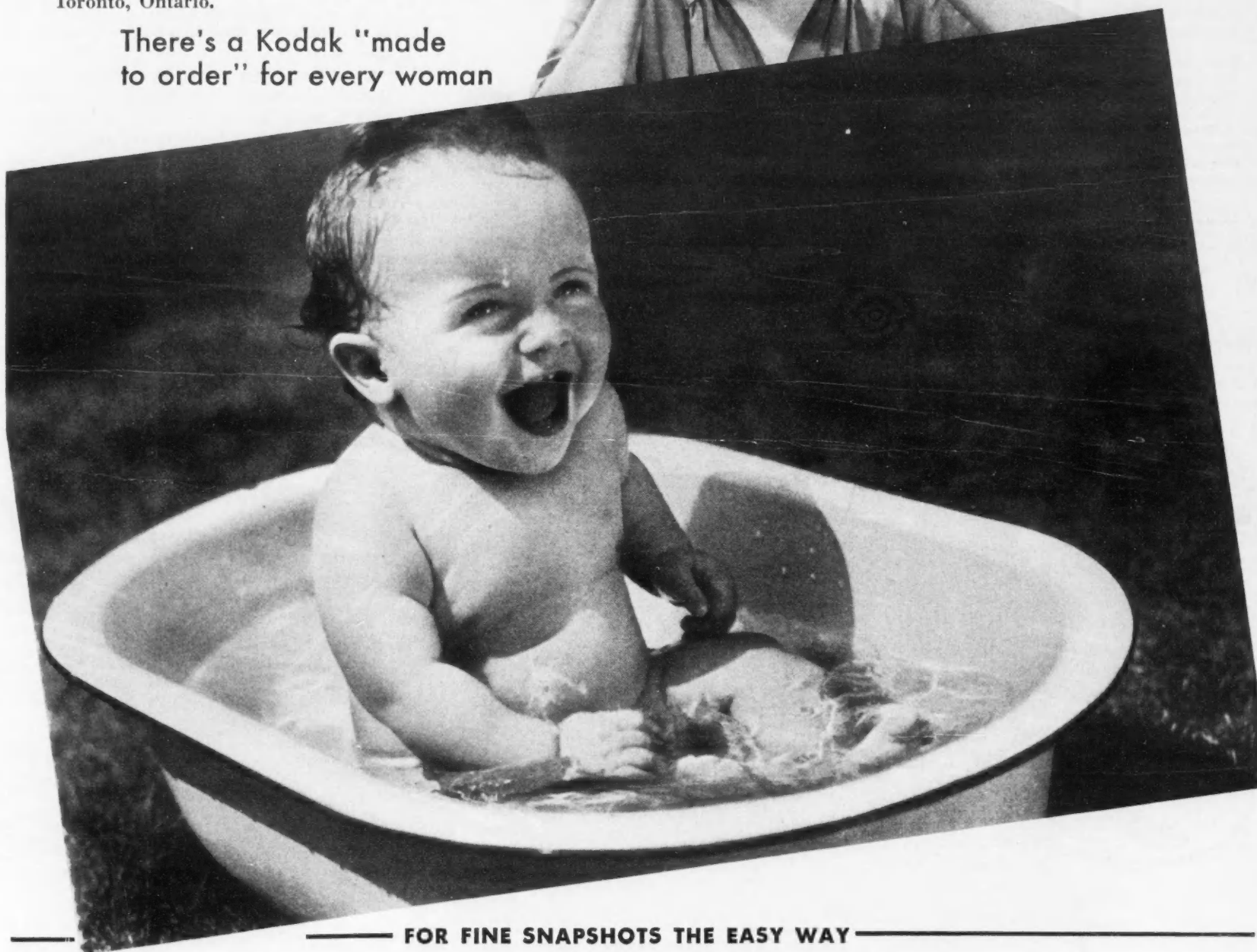
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■ Continued on page 25

Stay Out of My Soup :: Continued from page 22

"There," Ann said, "that's done. How do you like it?" and she pulled the green turban down on her copper hair.

"Gee, you're swell-looking, Ann," Kay said. "I don't know why all the men aren't pawing at your doorstep."

Whoops, that was a nice thing to say. But Ann was getting up and going to a mirror to see the turban, and she didn't seem to be upset by what Kay had said. That was a nice thing about Ann: if anything ever upset her she never let anyone know it.

Kay looked at her sister as she stood before the mirror.

Ann was slender and well proportioned. Her clothes fitted her trimly; she held her head well; and there was that glorious copper hair. Why weren't all the boys pawing at her doorstep? Why wasn't Ann wearing a diamond instead of Kay?

Ann went out often enough. But she was quite cool and distant with all her friends. No man seemed to mean more to her than any other. Why wasn't Ann in love with anyone? Kay could remember when Ann wanted very much to love and be loved.

When Kay was sixteen and going steadily with Steve, when Ann was eighteen, they talked a good deal about men and love. And they promised each other, clasping hands on the promise, that neither of them would ever take a man the other wanted. Whoever falls first, has him, they said. And it didn't matter which one he wanted; if the wrong one fell for him first, neither of them would get him.

Oh, Ann, she thought, we were so close then; how did we get so far apart? Do you remember all the times we sat in our nightgowns talking late in the night, expounding our funny ideals and making silly vows that no one could ever keep? Then I told you everything I thought. Now I can't even tell you about Dr. Ronell. She wanted to say, Ann, do you remember? But she couldn't say anything.

ANN TURNED from the mirror, slipped off the turban, and said, "It doesn't look bad. I think I'd do well as a milliner."

You'd do well as a wife, Kay thought; why aren't you one?

"You'd have made a good nurse," she said. "When I was in bed whenever I heard your step I kept expecting to see you in uniform. A white cap on your hair would look wonderful."

Ann flushed. "You know, I always wanted to be a nurse. I don't know why." Then she stood looking past Kay at the wall, but before Kay could decide what the look in her eyes meant, a car door slammed, a step sounded on the walk. I'd know his step anywhere.

Yeah, you'd know his step anywhere, Kay thought a moment later. For it wasn't the doctor. It was Steve.

Steve's nice blond hair; Steve's nice blue eyes; the nice chin that was a little stronger on one side of the cleft than on the other. The suit coat unbuttoned as usual; the tie's knot loosened; the collar open.

"I brought you a dandelion," he said, and tossed a box at Kay.

Roses.

"You're sweet," Kay said. You really are, she thought. You're very sweet. And she sighed.

"Gee, you look cool, Ann," Steve said. "I'm sweltering."

"I'll get you a cold drink. What do you want? All Kay gets is malted milk."

"I wouldn't mind a malted milk myself," Steve said, and when Ann had gone out to the kitchen he walked over to Kay and sat beside her on the davenport. He took her hand. His diamond was still turned under to the palm, and very gently now he turned it up and sat beside her with his hand over the ring. He didn't look at her.

"What are you doing with yourself these days? These evenings?"

"Reading," Steve said. "And getting darned sick of it. When are you going to be well?"

"Any one of these years now." Any one of these decades.

With the palm of his hand Steve moved the ring on her finger, back and forth, back and forth. "Kay," he said, after a moment, "are you sure when you are well you're going to want to go through with our marriage?"

He can see it on my face, she thought. Dr. Ronell saw it; Ann saw it. Steve sees it. Your heart's as plain as your face, Kay.

She pulled her hand away from his. "Of course I want to go through with it," she said. "What are you talking about?" Why don't you tell him? Go ahead, tell him. Now's the time.

"I just wanted to be sure," Steve said.

"Be sure then," Kay told him crossly.

And that car door slamming, that step sounding, was the doctor. Kay started to rise when the bell rang, but Ann was going swiftly down the hall to the door.

Then Dr. Ronell stood in the doorway, his head a little forward, in that way, Kay thought, that he must have got from poking his head into the rooms of a hundred lovesick women saying cheerfully, "And how are you?"

"And how are you?" he said cheerfully. Kay would have laughed but she couldn't trust a laugh these days. Oh, why did you have to say it just that way, doctor?

Steve stood up and Kay thought, why they haven't met. Isn't that funny: they've never met. "Dr. Ronell, this is the Steve I've been telling you about when I wasn't telling you about my thyroid. Mr. Jones, Dr. Ronell."

Continued on page 36



Ladies!
Make Him Happy
with
Smartly Styled

CIRCLE
BAR Sox
for men

Next time your men folk need socks, remember to ask for "Circle-Bar." You'll get more for your money—more style! more quality! Not only are Circle-Bar half-hose outstanding in comfort, fit and wearability, but they are styled in good taste for business, sports or dress wear . . . in colors and weights to please every masculine preference.

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For Summer business or sports wear he'll enjoy the cool comfort of "Hold-tite" Anklets with their knitted-in elastic tops. Illustrated above are three from a fine group of patterns.

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RHEUMATIC PAINS

Nobody can do their best, with rheumatic pains making life miserable. If all you sufferers from rheumatic pains would try Kruschen for a while . . . what a difference it would make! Do you know that thousands . . . yes millions of people take dependable Kruschen for the relief of rheumatic pains and swear by it! You must keep your body free of poisonous waste, your blood of impurities. Probably you think you are "regular". Many "regular" people do not eliminate completely. The thing to do is to take your "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts.

Kruschen contains—not one or two, but several highly refined mineral salts. Together these mineral salts make a mass attack on the cause of those ailments that keep you away from work and take the joy out of life.

So get a bottle of Kruschen—take just what you can put on a dime—every morning. Then you'll see what is meant by that priceless million-dollar Kruschen feeling. At drug stores, 25c and 75c.

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Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to the advancement
of Canadian National Health



BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

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BEAUTY CULTURE

Summer

Problems

Your holiday beauty problems will be different in every part of Canada — here is helpful advice on how to meet them

By JEAN ALEXANDER

IT'S A fine thing to choose your holiday itinerary—and your wardrobe—with care. But how about selecting those trusty beauty aids which should be your daily companions all through vacation? You don't want to have your face give out on you halfway through what might have been the most wonderful trip in your whole life!

You know your own skin and its requirements. What you may or may not know is how your skin is going to behave—in Vancouver—in Halifax—on the prairies. Here are a few reminders offered by our own beauty authorities:

If you're going motoring, remember to take plenty of good protective creams. Maybe you don't need one at home, but you'll surely want a rich oily cleansing cream and plenty of cleansing tissues to remove the day's accumulation of dust and grime.

If you're holidaying at the eastern seaboard, on Vancouver Island or at the West Coast, remember that your skin may feel beautifully soft there—but it won't last when you come back across the prairies. Guard against that tightening and drying by warm west winds. Feed your complexion with care. Get yourself a rich cream to put on before you go to bed and you'll have no rude awakenings.

If you're vacationing on water, put in your beauty bag a good suntan lotion or cream—and an effective pair of sun glasses. Squint at the sun for two weeks and it will take you two years to get those wrinkles away from around your eyes.

If you're going on a fishing trip, tuck an anti-freckle cream into your kit. Speckled trout are all very well—but sun-pocked ladies have never been popular.

If you're travelling by train, treat yourself to one of the little make-up kits which have in them all you'll need for that Two Weeks With Pay—their bottles and jars done up in miniature. Extremely useful, too, are those little boxes of cleansing pads, saturated with freshener. For a quick lick-up (before you step off for ten minutes with Muriel at Moose Jaw), they're a joy and delight.

If you're going anywhere, take along a good hair-brush. You can't expect to sit out in the open observation car without picking up a few cinders along with the view. That daily brushing will do lots, between shampoos, to keep your coif slick and shining.

If you're the sort of girl who's apt to develop cold sores, chapped lips and minor skin eruptions from exposure to sun and wind, lay in a holiday supply of healing lotions. Some of the very best preparations come in small sizes for your convenience.

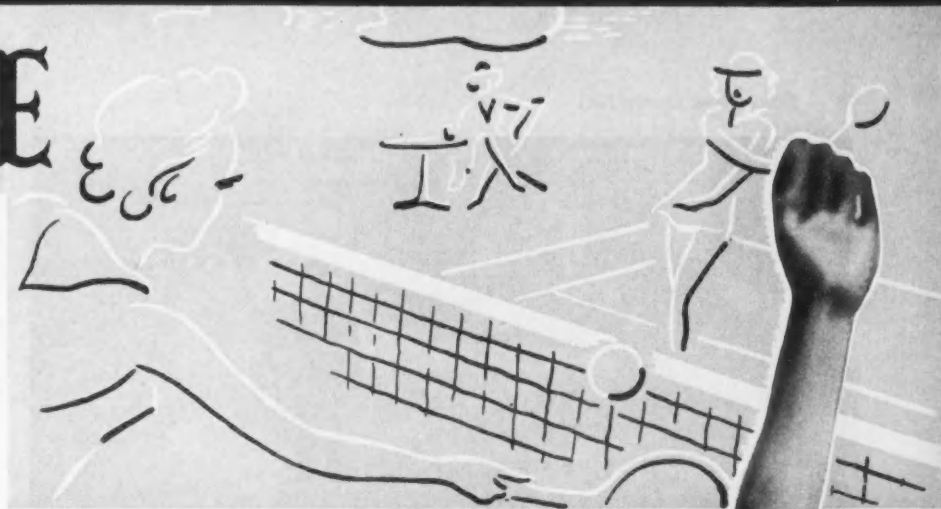
If you're travelling light, invest in one of the excellent all-purpose creams. They're designed to cleanse, invigorate, tone—and form a base for that flattering make-up without which no self-respecting woman goes holiday bound!

If you've a mind to be comfortable on your vacation, include in your list of beauty aids a good anti-perspirant. There's a new perfumed deodorant on the market, too. And you'll find you can walk miles without fatigue if you use a foot powder or a mild liniment for a foot rub before tucking in for the night.

If your holiday this year consists of two elegant weeks in your own backyard, get yourself some new beauty aids and give yourself a refresher course in loveliness. Experiment with masks and creams and lotions. Go South American with a make-up that's dusky and delightful. Get a suntan oil that really works and develop your own summer beauty. If you've time, just sleep sixteen hours out of twenty-four. You'll be amazed what it will do for you!

If you normally have your manicure in a salon, don't forget to secure a bottle of polish remover and a not-too-obvious nail enamel for your travel kit. You may be thankful you've got 'em along—especially if you find yourself peeling off at the edges and not a beauty parlor within fifty miles. Naturally you'll have the job done up professionally at the first opportunity. But in the meantime you'll be able to give yourself a not-too-noticeable repolishing which will squeak by.

If you're spending your first vacation in the Rockies, be forewarned and take along a heavy top coat, as well as that trusty foundation cream which will protect your skin those days when the sun shines like a copper ball in a brilliant blue sky. You'll be doing lots of open-air driving in convertibles—and the roads aren't all paved. Something to tie over the hair—so you won't look too wind-blown and frowsy—is also suggested. ■ *Continued on page 32*



If you're holidaying on the Coast, your skin may feel beautifully soft—but it will need special care coming back across the prairies!



A Department of Style, Health

and Personality

She's Exquisite! As fresh and as natural as the delicate flower she holds, she is typical of that loveliness that is linked with England — and Yardley. It is Yardley's honoured part to cherish this natural loveliness — with the informal delicacy of the Yardley Lavender and the care of Yardley Beauty Preparations.



Introduce yourself to the sweet, informal charm of the Yardley English Lavender. You'll find in it a charm that's youthfully natural...and naturally heart-quickenning.



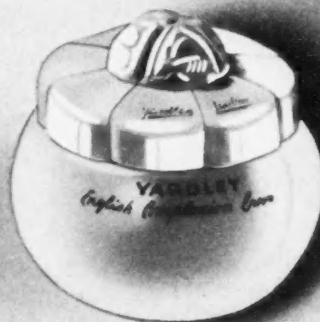
Yardley LAVENDER AND *Beauty Preparations*



For a feeling of skin-radiance — touched with the breath of lovely Lavender — use long-lasting, gentle Yardley English Lavender Soap. The "Luxury Soap of the World." 35¢ a large cake; 3 for \$1.00



Just touch your face with misty-fine Yardley English Complexion Powder — and then marvel at its natural freshness — and its subtle fragrance of "Bond Street" perfume.



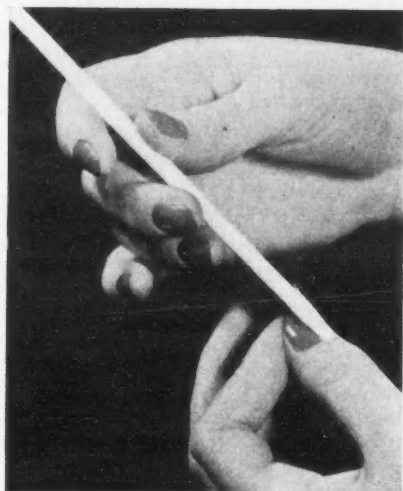
No cream has ever been so utterly kind to your complexion as Yardley English Complexion Cream will be. You'll find it a rich, soft luxury.

NUMBER FOUR »

AND PEDICURE

If you want your hands to have that professional look, here is a complete manicure routine to follow. The first rule is perfect cleanliness, the second, give yourself enough time for the job.

(Across the page): Be sure to remove the old polish with a good polish remover. File the nails to oval shape with the rough side of an enemy board. Apply your cuticle remover gently with an orange stick wrapped in cotton.



by

JEAN ALEXANDER

the corners toward the tip of the nail.

3. Remove ink, vegetable, nicotine and gardening stains with a good discoloration remover. An effective nicotine remover may be best. Or a piece of lemon will do the trick if you have it handy.

4. Buff the nails. Use a powder polish if you have it. And buff only in one direction, to stir up circulation and enhance the natural sheen.

5. Immerse the fingers in water, then dry. Apply your cuticle remover with an orange stick wrapped in cotton. Push the cuticle back and work under the nail tips very gently. Scrub with nail brush and dry.

6. Smooth a thin film of nail white under the nail tip with a paddle-shaped orange stick. Or run round beneath the nail with a moistened manicure white pencil.

7. Wipe each nail with polish remover, using light quick strokes, to prepare a smooth dry surface for your polish.

8. Apply a thin coat of one of the clear polish bases over the entire nail. It will help strengthen your nails and provide a lasting ground for your polish. The latter stays on heaps longer if you use a base. Or, if you prefer, you can use your colorless liquid on top of the polish. But be sure the latter is dry before you attempt it.

9. Apply your liquid polish, outlining the half moon with a single brush stroke, then filling in with one stroke from the base to the tip of the nail and another stroke on either side. The scantier the brush work the smoother the polished surface. With a cleansing tissue, rub

off just a hairline of the polish at the nail tip to prevent chipping. Although the polish may be dry to the touch inside a minute or two, an extra few minutes will set it properly and ensure extra wear.

10. Work manicure oil or cuticle cream around the cuticle and wipe off the excess. Be sure to apply this after the polish, not before. Oil on the nails prevents the polish adhering properly.

11. Smooth a softening, whitening hand cream all over the hands, and massage hands, fingers and wrists. Work from the base of each finger to the tip with short, rotary movements of the other hand.

12. Top off a grand job with a scented hand lotion, using a bit of absorbent cotton dipped in the liquid to remove excess cream. Your favorite cologne is also suggested. Then pat the hands dry.

Your Pedicure

Now that the beach season is upon us, how about a few tips on pedicuring? Very briefly, here's how for the pedal extremities.

Bathe first the right foot and then the left in warm water, using a good germicidal soap. Scrub the nails and cuticle with a good brush, and don't allow the feet to remain in water long enough to soften the nails. Dry the feet thoroughly.

Next, apply a softening lotion to feet and ankles with absorbent cotton and dry with a towel. Moisten a piece of absorbent cotton with polish remover, hold it on the nails for a few seconds and remove the old polish with a single

Everybody knew it but Ellen



That's the humiliating thing about BAD BREATH... you don't suspect it in yourself. Yet the odds are more than 3 to 1 that you may have this all-too-common fault. For dentists say...

76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth, helps clean out decaying food particles and stop stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath.

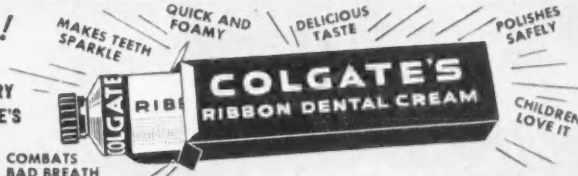


See for yourself how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive smile! Enjoy its flavour... its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!



Play Safe!

TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM



TUNE IN THE "HAPPY GANG" CBC, MONDAY THRU FRIDAY, 1-1.30 P.M., E.D.S.T.



GONE FOR THE DAY (and night)

Many husbands grow indifferent because of **"ONE NEGLECT"**
that may ruin romance... "LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

WHEN he dashes away for the 8:15, she never knows whether he'll return at dinner time—or in the wee small hours of the morning.

Once upon a time he was an ardent husband. But now... in spite of her beauty and charm and her perfect score as a mother and housekeeper... she is only another lonesome, neglected wife. (Why doesn't someone tell her about "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?)

Few things can cool a husband's love as quickly as negligence about intimate, personal hygiene. It's a fault few husbands can forgive.

More women should use "Lysol" regularly for intimate bodily daintiness. "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germi-

cidal. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene because:

1. **Non-Caustic**... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. **Effectiveness**... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. **Spreading**... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually search out germs.
4. **Economy**... Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene.
5. **Odor**... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. **Stability**... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



KISSES CAN'T KILL GERMS!

When the skin is broken even by a very little cut or scratch or bruise, germs may enter. Affection alone is no match for infection. Wash every such injury promptly and thoroughly with an antiseptic "Lysol" solution, as so many doctors and trained nurses do. Use "Lysol" regularly too, in your household cleaning to keep your children's surroundings hygienically clean.

Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know!
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

"LYSOL", Dept. 114, 1 Davies Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.

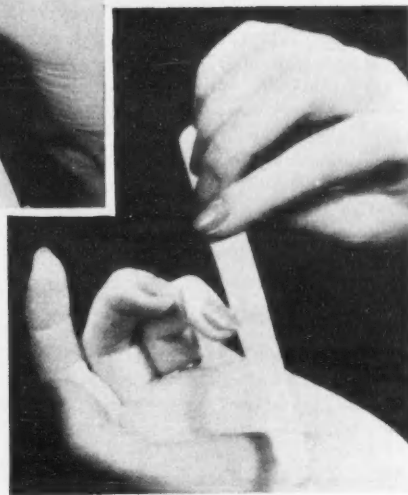
Send me free booklet "War Against Germs"
which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Address _____

« BEAUTY LESSON

Your MANICURE



BEEN MAKING mud pies? Or just cultivating the good earth?

Of course gardening's fun. But it's also pleasant—and necessary—that your lily-white hands should bear no telltale marks of mundane occupations when you step out in the summer's sun.

Judging by the number of poetic references thereto, hands have always been considered a pretty important item in the feminine picture. Thanks to the slogan writers, it's "thumbs up" with everything nowadays. So here's the why and wherefore of the story on hands—with a few new slants from the best "authoritative sources."

Why do hands need special care?

First, because your hands are into everything. They're subjected to dozens of immersions during a busy day. They're in the limelight, too, because the hands have a curious way of illustrating the speech. We use 'em as we talk, and as we work and play. And secondly, the skin on the hands is less oily than the skin on the face. Which means that, in order to keep them smooth and soft and strong, we must supplement their natural moisture with good creams and lotions. Hands are a first indicator of age, too. So cheat time, in the long run, by taking time for regular hand care.

Perfect cleanliness, naturally, is the foreword for any practical lesson in care of the hands. If you keep a good little nail brush in a conspicuous place, it will encourage you to give your hands that extra whisk up which will prevent stains and grime working into the skin. Don't get one so harsh you'll avoid using it by

instinct. Then, to your list of toilet necessities add a good hand cream or lotion. And even though you know you're going to have your hands in water again within the half hour, rub a bit of softening cream into your hands—especially around the cuticle and nail tips—after each drying. Careful drying of the hands is an art in itself. If you do it gently but thoroughly, your hands won't chap half so easily. A word here, too, about that tender spot at the base of the nail—don't dig at it with the nails of your other hand. Use a soft towel to push the cuticle back and you won't injure the nail itself.

When it comes to the serious business of manicuring, be sure to give yourself enough time to do the job thoroughly. Your polish will last longer—and be twice as satisfactory—if you don't hurry the process. Relax. Close your eyes for a few minutes while you're waiting for the polish to dry, and feel those tired lines magically drop away from your face.

Manicure Routine

As for the method itself—here's the manicure routine as set down by a famous authority on the subject of beautiful hands:

1. Remove all traces of old polish with a good polish remover. The best ones are oily, to help keep your nails in good repair.

2. File the nails to oval shape with the rough side of an emery board. Bevel the edges with the smooth side. And do use an emery long enough for flexibility. Filing too close at the sides encourages hangnails, so file only from

☆ Beauty Brevities ☆

Dry Skin

Whatever your enquiry, you may be reasonably certain these days that somebody, somewhere, has done a survey along just those lines. And from these surveys a wealth of information is being piled up for general use.

Cosmeticians in Canada are now convinced that dry skin heads the list of complexion troubles in this country. Cold weather, steam heat, hard water, rich food—and worry!—are the prime causes of this springtime malady. And if you don't correct it now, your skin will require a whole series of reconditioning treatments come the end of the summer season. The thing to do is to get yourself a good dry skin cream right now—and start using it with daily regularity. One which is rich in oils is the sure trick. And there are several which come in three or four sizes—so you can start with a small inexpensive jar and try it out.

☆☆

New Colognes

Remember the new colognes we talked about, which are scented with the perfumes of our own apple blossom orchards? They're available now with matching dusting powders that make you whiff delightfully of fresh flower fragrance. What with the present difficulties in obtaining imported perfumes, it's pleasant to discover that we've something jolly nice of our own concoction. Nice for gifts, too!

☆☆

Another charming flower-scented cologne makes its debut as a follow-up to the new Canadian-made face powder in six shades styled by a famous French cosmetician. It comes in two sizes—a trial bottle which permits an inexpensive introduction to a refreshing flowerlike perfume—and a regular size of more expansive proportions. If you like blossom perfumes, you'll like this.

☆☆

Hand Lotions

Newest addition to the hand lotion family is the big bath-size bottle introduced by a popular Canadian manufacturer. The jar itself is designed for the dual purpose of holding your favorite all-over lotion and later providing you with an opaline lamp base. And the lotion itself has the added advantage of supplying your skin with softening moisture without leaving any stickiness.

☆☆

Reducing?

There's something disconcertingly candid about a first look at yourself in that new bathing suit. Maybe you've been going for those desserts à la mode? Never mind, lady—reducing can be a simple and easy process if you go about it in the right way. Summer sports—even if they do give you an appetite—have a way of straightening out those figure bulges. And if you want the advice of a sound cosmetician, here 'tis—"Eat three meals every day and don't give up any foods entirely, except pies, pastries, ice cream and other rich desserts. Eat a full portion of meat, fish, chicken and watery vegetables, such as spinach and cauliflower. Eat only a half portion of the starchy vegetables, such as potatoes, peas and beans."

If you're really overweight, consult your physician. If you're just pleasantly plump—be thankful! Your few extra pounds may be your insurance against "nerves," minor illnesses—and lines in the face. ❧



If his voice inflection was down, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET at your favourite department, drug, or ten cent store.

**Better Get
neet today**

*When comfort
means so much*



● Inside the surgical-gauze covering of the new Modess, is a filler so downy-soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable—so wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new feeling of security, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store.

*Soft as a
fleecy cloud*



LUXURIA

THE WORLD-FAMOUS BEAUTY CREAM

Cleanses and Beautifies



Harriet Hubbard Ayer
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ONE PICTURE IS WORTH 1000 WORDS

► HERE, framed for your critical approval, is one of the many new styles in Novasilk nightgowns, created by Stanfield's.

The picture tells the story of its graceful simplicity—the flattering way it enhances feminine beauty.

Yet, nightgowns of Novasilk are not expensive—this lovely fabric wears so well, launders so easily.

Choose the style which expresses your personality. Novasilk nightgowns—styled by Stanfield's—are priced at \$1.50 to \$2.95 in smart stores everywhere.

STANFIELD'S *Novasilk*
LINGERIE
★ Designed in the Modern Manner by Denise Dunbar

upward stroke toward the tip of the nail.

In filing, use the rough side of the emery board and file straight across to prevent ingrown nails. As with the manicure, finish the nail tips with the smooth side of the emery. Buff the nails, then push the cuticle back gently around the base and sides of the nails, using cuticle remover here and under the nail tips. Wipe away loosened cuticle with a towel. If it's tight, or callus, moisten small pieces of cotton with cuticle remover and apply one to each toenail, so the cuticle will be soft when you're ready to go to work on it.

Follow the manicure routine next—put a bit of white under the nail tips, immerse each foot in warm water and scrub the toes thoroughly; dry with a towel, wipe the nails lightly with polish remover and apply the polish. For the pedicure, place bits of absorbent cotton between the toes to hold them apart while the polish dries, then cover the nail with polish in swift even strokes. The entire nail surface is usually covered with polish, but if you prefer, leave tips and half moons clear.

For Tired Feet

And here are some tips for the tired-footed:

Give yourself a relaxing foot massage, using a soothing cream. Rub the cream in with an upward circular motion over the foot, ankle and calf of the leg. Then rest the heel on a cushion and, with both hands, massage the sole of the foot from heel to toes. Bend the toes in and out, turn the foot in a circular motion and from side to side, bend the foot backward and forward, bend the toes toward the sole of the foot. And step out on a pair of new feet!

There's nothing more refreshing than a good foot powder to finish the process. Your stockings will slip on easier and your feet will feel cool and comfortable.

As for manicure shades—don't make the fatal mistake of using one shade on your hands and another on your feet. Your lipstick, rouge and nail polish should match, of course. And there's a grand new range of summer polish shades from which to choose. Do treat yourself to a change of color with the season, too. There are wonderful true military reds, handsome tawny reds to accent the South American costume colors, delicate pastels for those who are both smart and conservative.

They say you can tell whether you belong to the "blue" or the "orange" class by simply looking at your own hands. If those little veins show up blue on the back of your hands, you should wear make-up—which includes manicures—with a blue background, blue, red rouge, blue-red lipstick, blue-red polishes. If your skin has the tawny, orangy look, your make-up should accent, not contradict it.

Best thing about the new nail polishes is that your nails can actually "breathe" through them. They're proud of the new high porosity which doesn't seal away your nails. Half the trick in keeping your nails beautiful lies in keeping them healthy. Nails require moisture just as the skin does. Deny them that and they split and crack.

This is a season of high colors, true colors, brilliant colors in costume. So try out some of the grand polish shades on your own. Dip your fingers in color—and gather in the compliments with both hands! ■

Your "Personalized" Scrap Book

Write for your copy today!

All beauty articles come down to their most important factor for you—what are the rules **you** should follow?

How should you treat your own hair? (Coarse or fine. Oily or dry. Long or short. Grey, brown, black, blonde or white. Curly or straight.)

What care should your own type of skin have? (Is it oily, dry, normal, adolescent, mature?)

What are the best colors for your own coloring? The most attractive silhouette?

To help you discover and **keep** this information **Chatelaine** has prepared a "personalized" scrap book, to be used in connection with our new lessons in beauty.

You'll find pages reserved for the various aspects of your beauty and style care. As the articles appear in **Chatelaine**, you note in your own beauty book, the advice which pertains to you and your own problems.

And so, in a few months, you'll have an invaluable book of beauty information—keyed to your own personality!

This book is prepared by **Chatelaine's** Beauty Culture Editor, to help you make the most of our beauty articles.

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Your Personalized
BEAUTY NOTE BOOK



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Note:—Please tell us to what age group you belong, to help us in the compilation of material for your interest. Are you under 25? Between 25 and 40? Over 40?

Fashion Shorts

By KAY MURPHY

"A FASHION-A-DAY keeps the blues away," says I. Let's skip through the calendar and see what we can do with the gay young month of June.

First—Sunday! When you come home from church and start that dinner going, I hope you have the gayest, maddest young apron to tie over your dress. Don't stick to the good old percales. Try cretonne, or candy-striped cotton, or maybe turkey red organdie. You'll look good enough to eat, along with that roast!

Second—Wash day? Put your hair up in curlers and wrap a mammy bandanna around your head, to fool the neighbors. Soak your face with cold cream—that steaming round the tub will soften up your skin grand. How about dyeing some of those washed-out house dresses a thrilling new color—lilac, or green or a butter yellow?

Third—Spruce up that dark dress with new collars, cuffs and buttons. Pink is suggested. Brings out the best in a gal, I think.

Fourth—Don't you long for a summery print that doesn't have to be popped into the wash tub every time you wear it? Those rayon sheers are lovely, especially if you team them up with a rustling taffeta slip that peeps below the hem with a wild young ruffle.

Fifth—How's the hat situation? Those heavy crocheted cotton turbans are all the rage. Dangle a vivid long tassel from the centre of the top. Then perch the whole thing smack back on the middle of your head.

Sixth—Here it's summer, and I bet you haven't a pair of overalls in the house. Run up a pair for yourself from "faded blue" denim and wear them with a roaring yellow cotton blouse.

Seventh—What are you going to wear



The white collar and cuffs are buttoned on—imagine!

tomorrow? Add a crisp white floating veil to your hat for that angelic look.

Eighth—If you're going to the beach this afternoon and don't want to look like a boiled lobster the rest of the week, it's smart to wear an old-fashioned poke bonnet—you know the good old "scuttle" kind. But, oh, have it as gay as the dickens.

Ninth—Think about a "pinny" for yourself—built up around the shoulders so you won't have to wear a blouse. And make bloomers to match. Wear it around the house, or the garden, or playing around with the young 'uns.

Tenth—Lilac color everywhere. Try it in seersucker for those going-down-town dresses. Refreshing on a hot day—and a saving on ironing day. (Even if seersuckers don't have to be ironed, they look better if you press the hems, etc.)

Eleventh—If you want a really giddy bathing suit, those sarong affairs, in colorful prints, make the waves wild all over again!

Twelfth—Need a pair of slacks? The girls down here are going in for those khaki-colored ones, just like the soldiers wear. Those three-piece sets—shirt, slacks and skirt—can double up for a lot of wear and tear all summer long.

Thirteenth—It will be a "lucky 13th" if you have several pairs of those cute little cotton anklets to wear around. Knit them yourself, in cotton, rayon or wool, and the braver the colors, the better they'll look. Bright red, green or yellow are three of my favorite sock shades.

Fourteenth—Treat yourself to a big, big hat for some of those afternoons you play hookey! The more tailored, the smarter.

Fifteenth—Half the month gone! Another Sunday—you'll get a lot of wear and satisfaction out of a black or navy faille or bengaline suit. Or a dark sheer dress, loaded with touches of white or color. Most becoming, methinks, for church or other more or less formal summer wear.

Sixteenth—Take a day off and go over all your last year's summer clothes. See what you can salvage—be surprised how rickrack braid, new buttons, another belt, make an old summer dress look real spry again.



A printed coat over a matching dress does wonders for your self-esteem.



I've become sensible about

Regular pain

HAVE YOU, like many women, become sensible about functional periodic pain? Have you forsaken the old-fashioned belief that rest is the only relief? Do you keep active, and keep comfortable, with the help of Midol?

If you have no organic disorder

calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should help you. It contains no opiates. One ingredient has been used for years for relief of muscular pain. Another exclusive ingredient adds to the relief of Midol by reducing spasmodic pain. Get Midol at your nearest drugstore.

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send your name and address to **GENERAL DRUG CO., B-641, Windsor, Ontario.** Trial box will be mailed prepaid.

MIDOL



MADE IN CANADA

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



YOU SPEND HOURS ON YOUR MAKE-UP!

Why not take time for Personal Daintiness?



There's no short-cut to sure feminine daintiness!
Be safe—use liquid!

You don't take short-cuts with your complexion care—don't try short-cuts to feminine daintiness! There's only one sure way to check perspiration odour—with liquid. Apply Liquid Odorono once or twice a week—its effectiveness lasts as long as 5 days.

PUT IT ON • LET IT DRY • RINSE IT OFF

LIQUID ODORONO



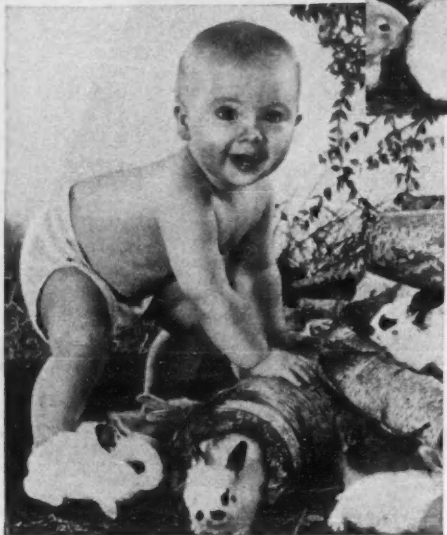
Made in Canada



"Hold on—maybe they feel the way I do when I'm hot and cross and some foolish grownup's trying to make me chuckle. Maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off! . . ."



"Hey! Know any tricks to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like . . ."



"Gleeps! That's it! Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wiggle their ears and start to frolic."



"What a thrill! A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day! It's swell for chafes and prickles. Mighty inexpensive. And it's borated too!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Going Places?
SAFEGUARD YOUR BELONGINGS
...use CASH'S Woven Names.
PERMANENT, NEAT, ECONOMICAL
way of identifying clothing and
linen—at home or away. Also
made in MILITARY COLOURS.
From your dealer or write us
CASH'S, 11 Grier St., Belleville, Ont.
TRIAL OFFER: Send 15c for dozen of
your first name and sample of NO-50
for attaching without sewing.

CASH'S NAMES 3 doz. \$1.50, 6 doz. \$2.00 NO-50 Cement
9 doz. \$2.50, 12 doz. \$3.00 per tube 25c

A Sensible Treatment FOR CORNS for sensible people



● Blue-Jay Corn Plasters do two important things. First, felt pad helps relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then medication gently loosens corn so that in a few days it may be removed—including the "core"! (Stubborn CORNS may require more than one application.)
Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all leading drug counters.

Summer Problems

Continued from page 27

Or an invisible hairnet (bobbed-hair size) which can be whisked off when nobody's looking.

If your summer vacation is punctuated by two-dips-a-day in the hot sulphur pool, do give a thought to the matter of keeping your curl in check. Don't carelessly allow your curl to dry out, in the sun. If your swim cap isn't moistureproof, set your wave immediately you come out of the water. You'll be glad you did when you come to dress for the party.

If you're fond of those prize concoctions tossed off by your own druggist, get him to mix you three ounces of lanoline to one ounce of almond oil. It makes a perfect mixture guaranteed to prevent your nails from cracking, and your hair from falling out. Also excellent as an elbow-softener. Just rub it in like any lotion.

If you're the type of person who believes in adding just that extra touch which means so much in good grooming, put a little vial of flower-scented eau de cologne in your purse. Rub it on your hands and your hankie, pat it on your crown for a quick set and put a spot above your upper lip, so you, as well as your admiring public, may enjoy it.

And—if you're holiday bound anywhere, east, west, north or south—do try to step out with a free mind. Your troubles—if they're real—will be waiting for you when vacation's over. If they're not, you don't have to worry about them. There may not be another summer like this one. So make the most of it. Let yourself go. Relax. There isn't a beauty treatment in the world can do more for you than your own serenity and peace of mind. ■



PLEASE SHOW YOUR FACE

BE DECISIVE and tear yourself away from that hat-over-one-eye tendency—it's completely out-of-date.

Wear your hat straight down, straight back, or just flat on. But whatever you do—show your face.

Before you poise a gay little stiff-straw sailor over your nose—think on these things!

Is your head large in the back—or have you a very long or not too slender neck? And is your hair, in the back, hard to handle? Those hats that show most of your head underneath are meant for good hairdresses and good necklines.

If you have a problem head, you'll like the smartest of new right-on-the-head hats—particularly the snug ones that tuck in around your back hair, and yet give you a shade of a brim on the front.

If you're wearing a flat scooped-out hat straight on, watch the sides of your hair very carefully. The plain hat, undipped, draws attention to your profile very strongly.

If you're wearing a hat that's off your face and high—do try lovely curled-over bangs or a fluffy pompadour in front.

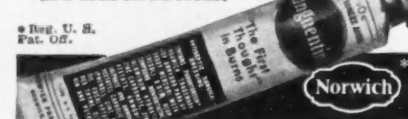
And by the way, watch your eyes now that they're going to be really highlighted again by your hat. Too many women use the new make-up of dark powder and very red lips with little or no rouge—and then forget to point up their eyes with shadow and lash darkener. You'll look all mouth, if you don't. ■



* UNGUENTINE

- Relieves Pain
- Fights Infection
- Promotes Healing

Note that it is soothing and pain-relieving as well as antiseptic—the modern idea for Cuts, Scrapes, and Skin Irritations, as well as Burns and Scalds.



Clearer Complexion by using Mercolized Wax Cream

This dainty Skin Bleach helps fade freckles and lightens a dull, drab sun-tanned complexion. It speeds up Nature's process of flaking off lifeless, unattractive surface skin in tiny, almost invisible particles. Exposes the lighter, clearer skin beneath. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream tonight as directed for a fairer, prettier complexion and enjoy new skin beauty. SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. PHELACTIONE DEPILATORY removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

**NO
DULL
DRAB
HAIR**

when you use this amazing
4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

35c
for 5 rinses

25c
for 2 rinses

LOVALON
HAIR RINSE

CONGOLEUM



**"THERE'S THE BEST FLOORING
BUY WE EVER MADE!"**



"We used to think that floorings had to be expensive to be beautiful, but that was before we discovered Congoleum. With it, our floors look lovelier than ever: we're saving without sacrificing."

You, too, can discover Congoleum — at your dealer's in the widest possible range of gorgeous new colours and patterns in rugs of all sizes or by-the-yard; priced to fit



comfortably into war-time budgets.

Congoleum rugs never curl at the edges: light mopping and an occasional waxing keeps them bright as new. The famous Gold Seal is your guarantee of satisfaction and long wear. Be sure to look for it.



CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED — MONTREAL

Invest in CONGOLEUM and Spend the Difference in WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

a new **Kind of brush**
THAT KEEPS THE WAVE
IN YOUR HAIR!



Bristles
LAST
longer!

TODAY'S MODES of hairdressing put new emphasis on the importance of careful brushing. That's why the makers of Keystone Brushes and Toiletwear designed this "Wave-Saver" brush for the dressing table. Its brushing surface is scientifically curved and rounded, and does not "flatten out" the hair or remove the wave like old-style flat bristle brushes. The model illustrated has extra-fine quality stiff bristles, securely anchored in an attractive catalin handle in pastel shades and clear crystal, and also in fancy wood backs curved and shaped to the hand—it makes hair brushing easier and more effective.

Made and guaranteed by STEVENS-HEPNER COMPANY LTD.
 PORT ELGIN, ONTARIO

Keystone

TOILETWARE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC!



It's not only musicians who buy this fascinating publication, but "would be" musicians and young people who want the latest news on what their favorite dance bands are doing.

A unique magazine that gives the "low-down" on all the big name bands along with exclusive pictures of your favorite soloists, leaders, and singers. It's a modern publication written in a very modern manner. Get acquainted with those favorite radio bands of yours through this magazine.

Ask your newsdealer for

25c

DOWN BEAT

Twice a
 Month

Distributed in Canada by The Trans-Canada News Company, 210 Dundas St. West,
 Toronto, Ontario.

MANITOBA

Gateway to the playgrounds of the Last Great West. The International Peace Garden is set on the invisible border line.



Seventeenth—If you're a bride—or feel like one—splurge forth with a tailored lace afternoon dress. Try a pale green, with yellow belt and buttons. Picks up your wardrobe like chives pep up a salad.

Eighteenth—Beige and brown—two favorite summer colors. Think about a loose brown cotton or linen jacket, over a brown and beige checkedingham dress. Or grey with pink, or navy blue with pale blue.

Nineteenth—If you want to dress up those slacks, build yourself a pleated cummerbund and, this is the trick, let fall from it a little swag apron, like a peplum, right down the centre but, of course, very short, not nearly near your knees. Saw a purple one, on a pair of grey slacks—it was in a bridal trousseau, by the way.

Twentieth—It's going to be another sleeveless summer. Swelegant for gals who have lovely slim arms—but if you are afflicted with "kimono" arms, try a little cap sleeve. Much more graceful.

Twenty-first—You never have too many pastel sweaters for summer. Now they're trimming them with a looped fringe of the wool, oftentimes in contrasting color. Some of the newer summer sweaters are knitted just like jackets—back belts and all.

Twenty-second—A new lapel gadget—tiny little English bulldog with a plaque underneath which reads: "We can take it!" Which reminds me that several hundred British fashions are now being shown in South America and going over great! The mannequins are British girls and two ferocious-looking bulldogs go along too! The girls parade 'em with their sports outfits.

Twenty-third—Red, white and blue still to the fore. If you are using one of these colors in a dress, add the other two via rickrack braid or bias tape. Saw a white playsuit with red and blue pipings that gave it plenty of oomph.

Twenty-fourth—"Girls in Uniform" in England, I am told, prefer eau de cologne while in uniform. They feel the crisp clean perfume is more becoming to them and their work. But, of course, they make up for it

with "lush" perfumes when they don their pretties now and then.

Twenty-fifth—If you must break down and get a new party dress—they're combining grey with white for the warm evenings. Saw a white marquisette, with grey chiffon flounces, and a grey cape to match—very unusual.

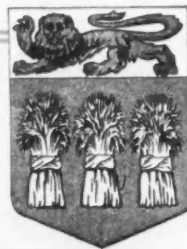
Twenty-sixth—Contrasting yokes seen on many summer dresses. And plenty of border prints too. I like the way they're wearing straw belts; and those rope-soled play shoes are as cool as can be—prevent you skidding, too, on slippery surfaces.

Twenty-seventh—More and more capes. Instead of a summer coat, why not a swashbuckling cape? Down here they're wearing lots of 'em in ribbed sheer fabrics and jerseys. Saw a grand little navy taffeta, lined with cool looking blue and white checked taffeta.

Twenty-eighth—Why didn't somebody think of it before? Now you are able to get a real touch of summer into your belts, bags and gloves. Large crisp white piqué bows snap off or on your bag—or maybe a white piqué handle is used. Extra glove cuffs in white also snap on, and piqué belts have detachable buckles, so you can wash the belt as often as needed.

Twenty-ninth—Vacation coming soon? Plan your wardrobe (and the children's, too) so that you'll keep the laundry problem down to a minimum. No fun washing and pressing all the time during the holidays. Those "broomstick" seersucker skirts that you rinse out, then roll around a stick or broom handle, save a lot of elbow grease. Sure you can make one, or two, for yourself and all the gals in the family, big or small.

Thirtieth—Farewell, June. Hail, July. Don't throw off your girdle—you need your figure more in the summer than any other time o' the year. And f'r goodness sake, watch that hair of yours. 'Member last summer it looked like hay ere the summer was over? Eat plenty of vitamins—your garden is simply bulging with 'em. Now for a nice happy, healthy summer—it's your way to "carry on" the good work! ■



SASKATCHEWAN

The far-flung wheat fields of Canada's West are the granary of an Empire.



RUFFLES - - FOR WALKING IN THE PARK

THE MEN in the fighting forces like their girls to look dainty and feminine. Ask them if they don't.

Here are four brand-new summer numbers that can't help but register. And they're simple to make, too.

The petite little girl will look especially fragile in No. 3803. Lace is so good this year. And the ruffles on No. 3832 are pretty without being too much. Notice how plain the dress is otherwise.

Of course, if you're going in for sophistication, you might try No. 3800 in a black sheer and a smart black and white net or black and white gingham trim. And a dark print—like No. 3839—is a perfect travel outfit, if you're going away. It has its tiny ruffles, too.

Pattern descriptions on page 48

If you want your aluminum to **SHINE**—

Try S.O.S. It shines all dull aluminum, scorched or crusted bakingware, whether greasy or black, whether old or new. Just dip, rub, rinse—the shine-up process can be as easy and quick as that.

Use S.O.S. daily! To keep aluminum bright—to keep it young. Buy S.O.S. today—and, of course, mail that coupon below.

S.O.S. Mfg. Company of Canada, Ltd.
100 Sterling Road, Toronto, Ont.



Stay Out of My Soup

Continued from page 25

The doctor gave Steve that swift, weighing glance that Kay knew so well. Then their hands met. Steve was taller than the doctor. Kay hadn't known he would be taller. The reason Dr. Ronell looks so tall, she thought, is that he's thin. He's really thin.

Ann started for the kitchen again. "I'm going to give you," she told the doctor, "a dose of what you prescribe for your patients: malted milk."

"I happen to like it," Dr. Ronell said. He looked at Kay. "If you're really drinking the stuff, why do you stay so thin?"

"I pour it on the rubber plant," Kay said.

DR. RONELL sat down in Ann's green chair. He looked too long for it. He put his smooth dark head back against the chair, shut his eyes, and sighed as if that were the first chance he had had to relax that day. Usually when he put his head back like that Kay's body sighed and relaxed; but now she sat still tense on the edge of the davenport. Today she was anticipating every move he made; she felt she knew what he was going to say next and she found herself trying to forestall his words.

He put a hand out to take a cigarette, and Kay looked at the hand. It was a firm, sure, calmly powerful hand. The fingers were long and spatulate. She couldn't imagine that hand reaching out to hers for anything that she could give it. . . . Then she turned her eyes to Steve's hand that was resting on the davenport beside hers, and she remembered the feel of that hand on hers—uncertain, almost trembling—as he turned her ring, back and forth, back and forth.

Why, it isn't possible, she thought. It isn't possible. The thing was I'd never seen them together before. Her eyes went quickly to Steve's face. But he was looking at Dr. Ronell. Oh, you sap, you sap, you sap, she thought. She felt light. Lord, she felt well!

Then her eyes fell on the roses. They lay still in the box. She had forgotten them. She had forgotten. If you ever forgive me for that, Steve, I won't deserve it.

"The roses," she said. "I've got to put them in water." She grabbed them up. She wanted to get out of the room. Out of the house. She didn't look at Dr. Ronell, but turned and raced out to the kitchen.

Ann was standing at the table beating the ice cream into the chocolate milk. Kay wanted to throw her arms around Ann, to dance her around the room. Oh, Ann, Ann.

Ann stood with her hand on the beater. "Kay. I want to know. Are you in love with Steve?"

Am I in love with Steve? Am I a sap? Yes, to both questions, darling. But Ann was looking at her, and Ann's eyes held something that made Kay's mind stop. "Why?" Kay said. "What difference does it make?" She took the roses to the sink, got a vase off a shelf, kept her back to Ann.

"Because," Ann said, "if you don't want him, I do."

THEN KAY was glad her back was turned to Ann. She took a yellow vase off a shelf, looked at it a moment, put it

You know it's there
by the **EXTRA WEAR**



Wherever there is strain — wherever there is the slightest possibility of seam-opening, **GRENIER** sews with triple strength thread.

In **GRENIER CORSETS** there is combined the most flattering conceits of fashion with a standard of workmanship that has given **GRENIER** an envied name in corset-making.

Features that bring you a new idea of **GRENIER Beauty — Comfort — Economy:**

1. **GRENIER CORSETS** have an extra layer of stripping so that bone supports cannot loosen or break through.
2. **GRENIER CORSETS** feature an invisible row of Zig-Zag stitching which makes the garters so permanent a part of the garment that no amount of strain can separate them.
3. **GRENIER CORSETS** are Zig-Zag stitched at front panel points for extra resistance to strain.
4. **GRENIER CORSETS** have seam-guards at hooks and eyes (front laced models) to relieve "pull".

GRENIER creations are featured by better department stores and specialty shops.

GRENIER
CORSETS

Continued on page 38



1. Copper-tan slacks and jacket for sports.



2. Blue crepe dress with redingote for dress-up occasions.



3. Rayon dress in blue and copper-tan, with blue angora jacket, for general wear.

TRAVEL LIGHT

Hand-pick and color-test your summer holiday clothes and you can shuffle three simple ensembles into a whole handful of different get-ups

YOU'VE HEARD about the chameleon—a very smart little lizard that changes its skin to suit the occasion, with practically no strain on the budget.

This looks like a year when we could use a lot of that kind of thing. So when I saw a pretty model pull a whole summer wardrobe out of exactly three buys at a smart fashion show the other day, I said, "I'll bet they'll want to know about this."

They being you, vacation-bound.

So a stylist and an artist and your fashion editor got together and chose three outfits we thought you could pick up practically anywhere in Canada at budget prices, or three very much like them.

Here they are at the top of the page. And down below we've pictured what you can do with them, by a little judicious mixing, to produce enough ensembles to take care of you right through your holidays. That is, unless you're going to be away all summer.

I've put in approximate prices—just to guide you—but they'll vary according to the quality and style you buy, and where you live. And they'll vary down as well as up from these prices. You may make your things and pay half of the listed price.

1. **Copper-tan slacks** (about three dollars), copper-tan jacket (about three), yellow shirt (one), total—seven dollars.

Who are we to tell you about slacks? You've probably been winter-lounging and summer-sunning in them for years. These are easy fitting, practical, and very new as to color. They're in a light spun fabric, cool and yet still firm enough to hold their lines. You might get one of those new longer jerkins that fits down around your hips, ■ Continued on page 59



4. The blue angora jacket can be worn with the copper-tan slacks.



6. The blue redingote is equally smart over the coin-dot dress.



5. And the slacks jacket with the coin-dot dress.

Carolyn Damon describes the outfits selected in co-operation with the Robert Simpson Co. Sketches by Margaret Fax.

WHICH IS JEAN?



you can't tell the difference between a new dress and a Rinso-washed dress

YOU'LL be amazed when you compare a colored piece, washed over and over with Rinso, with one that is new. The Rinso-washed piece looks every bit as bright and lovely as the new one! That's because Rinso is wonderfully safe for washable colored things . . . it keeps the colors fresh, sparkling—saves the fabrics by soaking out dirt. In tub or washer, use Rinso next washday for a wash to be proud of! Buy the GIANT package of Rinso for extra economy.



A Lever product

Rinso keeps colors bright

Stay Out of My Soup

Continued from page 36

back and took a wider white one. "Is he in love with you?"

"That's beside the point," Ann said. "What I want to know is whether you love him."

Kay put the white vase under the tap, let the cold water fill it. She picked up a rose. Half an hour ago, fifteen minutes ago, Steve had said, "Are you sure you want to go through with our marriage?" And I said so crossly, "Of course I want to go through with it. What are you talking about?" Did I really answer him that way? Was I really so sure of him? Now he loves Ann. Or if he doesn't, he will when he thinks I don't love him and she does . . . You remembered that silly promise, Ann. Not to take anyone I wanted. That's the way you are. You remember promises and keep them, even if they are silly. I saw him first. But I gave him up. I didn't know I wanted him . . . I'm trespassing on your property now.

"Does it take you so long to make up your mind?"

"Oh, no," Kay said. "I was just stunned at the idea of your being in love with him. I never suspected it."

"Do you love him?"

"No," Kay said, and she thought, how come you didn't choke on that? You deserve him, Ann. He deserves you. You're worth a ton of me. All your life you've given up things for me. Now for all the things you gave, I give you Steve.

"As a matter of fact," she said, 'what's made me so hard to live with lately is that I wondered how I could tell Steve I didn't want to marry him . . . But if he knew he could have you, he wouldn't give me a second thought. Does he know it?"

"No."

Kay put another rose in the vase. "As a matter of fact," she said, and wondered how many matters-of-fact she could find if she dug for them, "I've got just a bit of a crush on Dr. Ronell."

Now that it was no longer true she could say it. A crush on Dr. Ronell? Why, Dr. Ronell and Mrs. Ronell and all the little Ronells could come to the wedding and she wouldn't give them a second glance. Only now there wouldn't be a wedding.

But Ann didn't say anything. Ann didn't look happy. Kay thought: Oh, sap, sap, she can see through you. She knows you love him. She knew when you thought you were in love with the doctor. She knows now you want Steve. Oh, Ann, I wanted to give you what you wanted. But why didn't you ask for something simple, like the moon?

SHE HAD the last rose in the vase. She picked it up. "I can hardly wait," she said lightly, "to tell Steve I'll always be a sister-in-law to him."

With that she smiled, and smiling was fatal. Smiles and tears were too close. She turned her head away from Ann; set the vase on the table to steady it.

Ann said, "You do love him."

"Yes," Kay said. "Oh, I tried not to show it, Ann."

But Ann's face was radiant. She was laughing. "Silly," she said. "I don't want Steve. Remember I told you how I used to get what I wanted? I'd ask if you wanted your teddy bear, when I

Continued on page 42

NUGGET YOUR SHOES



Well-shined shoes are essential to a smart appearance. It's economy to use Nugget—the polish that gives a lasting brilliant shine and preserves the leather, too.

N51



BLACK, BLUE and ALL SHADES of BROWN



Is Your Machine Just So-So?

USE

3-IN-ONE

3-IN-ONE Oil lubricates sewing machines for easy and quiet running, keeps bearings cleaner, prevents rust that causes costly repairs. Get it at your Hdwe., Drug, Grocery or Chain Store.

A Canadian Product



3-IN-ONE OIL

EASE BURNING EYES



Murine soothes, cleanses and refreshes irritated, reddened membranes caused by head colds, driving, winds, movies, close work, late hours. Free dropper with each bottle. At all Drug Stores.

your dollars will buy

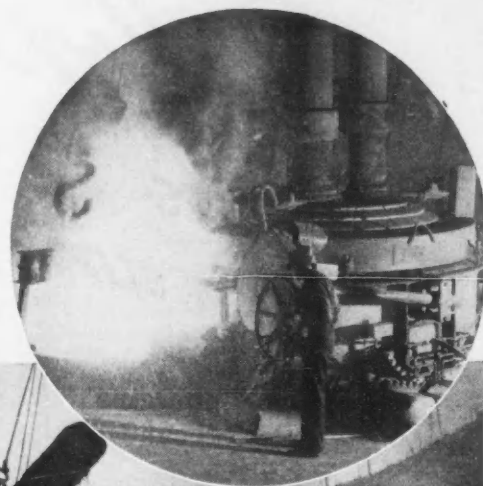
Food, Steel, Lumber.. Equipment, Training Gear.. into these things too go your Fighting Dollars

TO keep these wheels in motion, to speed them up, takes money. Money for plant, machinery, raw materials and labor. Money to turn out guns, shells, planes, trucks, tanks, in increasing number.

Money to equip, feed and train the fighting forces... to build the ships that carry supplies, the naval vessels that convoy them, the weapons that protect our coasts.

Taxes provide some of it. But more is needed. We must dig down deeply into our savings. We must show Hitler what Democracy can do. We must make every dollar a *fighting dollar*... to hasten victory, to finish the job.

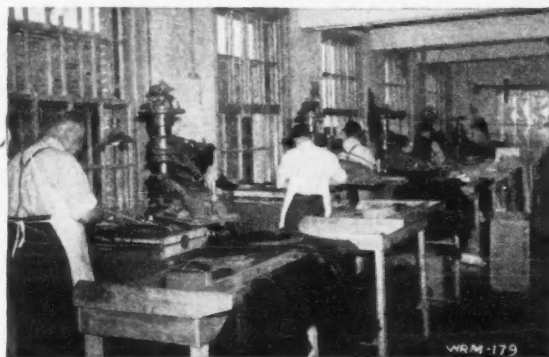
Thousands of tons of steel are needed for ships, guns, munitions, Canadian mills produce it, Canadian war plants use it unceasingly, day in day out.



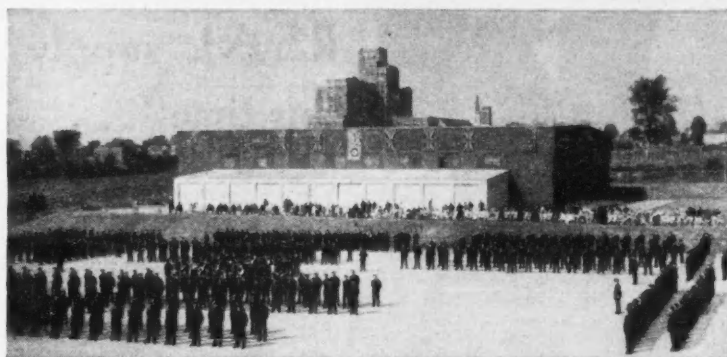
Canadian lumber is an important raw material of war. In 1940, one billion board feet of lumber was shipped to England from British Columbia alone. Here Canadian loggers are using a "boom" to load logs on a flat car for shipment to the saw mills.



Scientific research plays a big part in Canada's war effort. This scientist is testing steel helmets for bullet resistance. Money is needed for continuance of this necessary work.



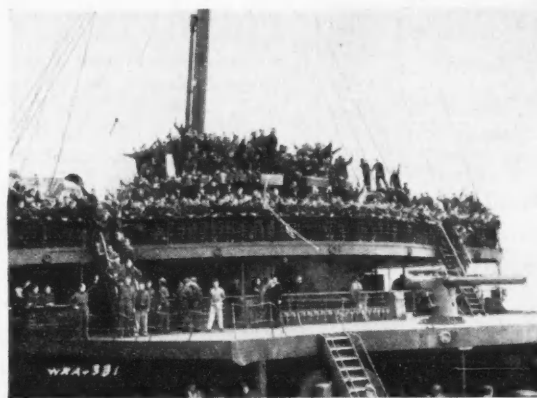
Thousands of uniforms and other clothing articles are needed by Canada's fighting men. This Canadian factory is one of the many which together turn out more than 40,000 pairs of shoes a week for the forces.



Training of Canada's own airmen and operation of the gigantic Commonwealth Air Training Plan require fully equipped training centres throughout Canada. Millions of dollars must be provided for this vitally important contribution Canada is making to Empire war effort.



Training, equipping and sending overseas in increasing numbers trained R.C.A.F. personnel, like these Canadian airmen who have just received their wings, calls for expenditure of many millions of dollars.



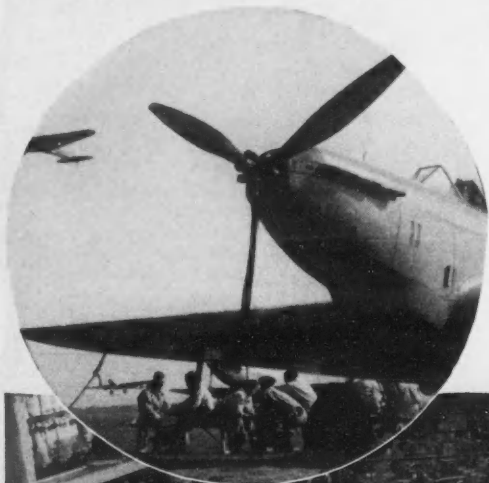
Canada's Second Division leaving for England. Canada has trained, equipped and maintains overseas two divisions. Two more, an armored division and a tank brigade, are in training. All this costs money.



All over Canada camps must be built and maintained for troops training for overseas and home service. Tents, huts, beds, water and drainage systems are required on a vast scale. This means careful expenditure of large sums of money.

Buy **VICTORY BONDS**

Some of the things



The Canadian airplane industry, unorganized for large production in 1939, is rapidly approaching a steady production basis, turning out planes for Canada and Britain. Rapid expansion and production costs money.



Machine gun production is one of Canada's outstanding achievements. 600 machines are used in the manufacture of these intricate weapons in this Canadian plant. Thousands of Brens are needed by Canada and Britain. The money for this must be provided.



Expert craftsmanship is required in the manufacture of Bofors anti-aircraft guns. Canada is now making them in quantity.



Modern anti-aircraft guns like this are costly, and Canada's long coastline demands a large number for defence against possible attack. Airplane detectors, searchlights, range-finders, are also necessary equipment for which money is needed.

Planes, Guns, Shells . . . Ships, Trucks, Tanks . . . Your Dollars are needed for these Sinews of War

CANADA'S fighting blood is up. We have sworn to throw our utmost effort into this fight for Freedom . . . to make our resources count in ridding the world of Nazi tyranny.

The tide is rising for victory. Steadily mounting streams of munitions, supplies, equipment, trained fighting men, are pouring from Canada's factories and training centres.

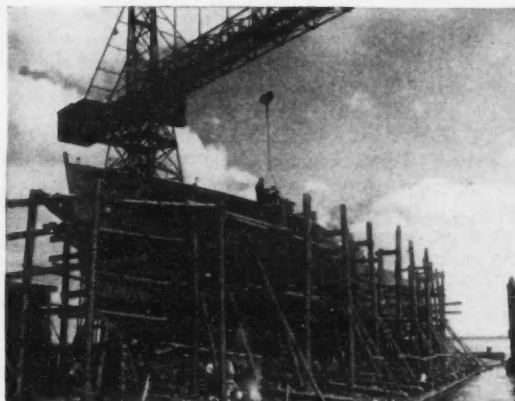
Mines, mills, factories are whirring into high gear. Furnaces spew out molten steel, forests yield their lumber. New plants, new machinery, newly trained craftsmen, mark the rising tempo of determined activity that thrills through Canada.



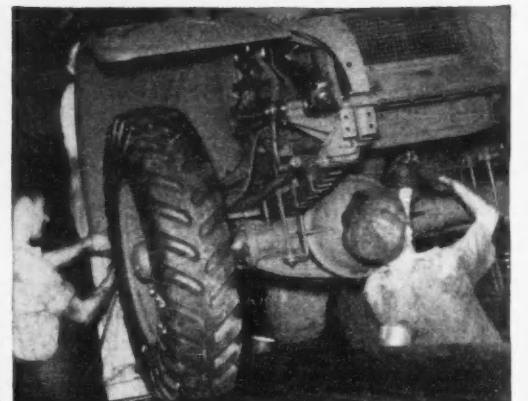
Gun carriers, armored cars, tanks are No. 1 requisites of modern warfare. Universal carriers like this are turned out in quantity in Canadian automotive plants. Tank manufacture has also begun. Some tanks have been bought in U.S.



Millions of shells are pouring from Canadian munitions plants . . . the need is limitless. This man is testing the fine thread in the nose of shells.



Canada is building 70 of these speedy "corvettes" for escort duty at a cost of \$39,000,000, as well as merchant ships; may build destroyers. Her navy (220 ships, 17,000 personnel), costs \$180,000,000 a year.



Canadian plants are turning out about four hundred mechanical transport units a day for Canada and Great Britain. Canadian motor transport vehicles have already played an important part in the war zones.

Help finish the job!

MOTHS WILL NEVER EAT THIS SUIT



**NO ODOR... NO WRAPPING
NO STORING AWAY!**

Yesterday Bill Johnson bought this new suit. When it arrived, Mrs. Johnson sprayed it all over with LARVEX. That took only a few minutes and cost less than a single "pressing"—yet gave Bill's suit the positive LARVEX protection against moth damage that has been used for years by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

As a result of spraying all their clothes—old and new—once a year with LARVEX, the Johnsons will never find a moth hole. For moths starve to death rather than eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas, rugs and drapes.

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT...

SURE: Not even dry cleaning will impair the positive year-round protection LARVEX gives to woollens.

QUICK: With LARVEX, it takes only a few minutes to mothproof a suit, or a dress and jacket for 12 months.

EASY: The LARVEX sprayer is so simple to use.

CHEAP: Only 83c for 16 ozs., \$1.29 for 32 ozs., so it costs less than a single "pressing" to mothproof a man's suit for a whole year.

At all drug and department stores. LARVEX, Ste-Thérèse, P.Q.



LARVEX*

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS
FOR A WHOLE YEAR

*Reg. Trade Mark



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

"And you ought to get a date at your hairdresser's—just in case." The car rolled forward a few feet. She called over her shoulder, "I'll treat you to a manicure. Remember your hands have always been about your best feature."

Natalie gripped them behind her. "Thanks just the same!"

When she'd watched the car out of sight, she still stood there, looking at the green lawn and at the great grey bulk of the shed. The sun, beating down warm and quiet on her bare head, made amber high lights on the water between the boats. A breeze stirred the palm trees by the shop with a dry shivering sound, and on the shore a lone heron stood on one leg, static as an oil painting.

Static! That was the trouble. She wanted excitement!

She'd loved this peace for a while, but at twenty-four you can't take more than just so much peace! Bart didn't feel the way she did, because an engine was exciting to him. But it was asking too much for her to work up any thrill over a spark plug.

Bart's shrill whistle broke the silence. She whirled as if caught in something dishonest and ran back across the lawn to the catwalk.

HE WAS stooped in the engine compartment. He said, "I'm ready for you to help me adjust valves."

"But the chrome—"

"Later. This comes first so I can dock-test the engines. Find my long-nosed pliers and the valve lifter and crawl in here." He didn't even look up.

She glared down at his back, arms rigid at her sides. "Please?"

He turned, puzzled, "Okay. 'Please.'"

It made her feel silly, the way he said it. She managed to shrug and crawled into the tiny space he indicated.

Her job was to crouch as low as possible, hanging onto the valve lifter while above her Bart did something with a screwdriver. She didn't know what it was, but it took him forever. The ship's clock on the sloop dinged away the half-hours while he moved slowly down the interminable line of valves and she brooded.

As luck would have it, it was on the last one of the second motor that it happened.

Natalie, numb with fatigue and hot with anger because of the fatigue, let her mind wander. And her fingers slip.

Bart said annoyed, "Watch it! You've let the pin kick halfway out."

She said, "Watch what? All I can see is your elbow."

Bart mumbled something, and then he made a swift sharp sound and roared, "Hold it!"

She froze in position.

For a moment there was only his heavy breathing and then, desolately, "It went down a hole."

Even a major catastrophe couldn't touch her in her present mood. She said slyly, without a contrite overtone, "What do we do now? Commit suicide?"

He ignored that. He was investigating cautiously through the valve cover hole. "It's down an oil drain," he said finally, "any my hand's too big to get in there."

"Glug!"

"It won't hurt you. The idea's to get your finger alongside and press hard enough to lift it out. But don't push! It mustn't go down into the base."

Gingerly Natalie did as she was told. She could touch the slim steel pin, but it was slick with black oil. She gritted her teeth thinking what that grease would do to her nails.

"Just because they're twins—she spoils them twice as much!"

The twins' grandmother learns there's a difference between "spoiling" and modern child care



1. My mother-in-law was off on her favorite subject again! "I'm not one to meddle," she was saying, "but *someone* ought to tell Joyce that if she doesn't stop kow-towing to these twins they'll be spoiled for life!"



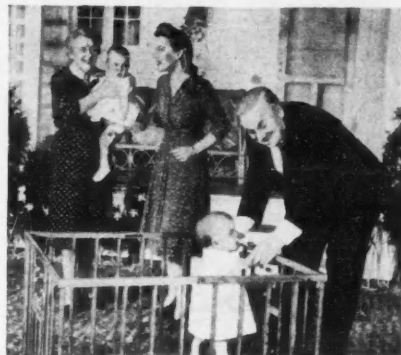
2. "Now, mother," Dad Jones said, "you let the children bring up their babies in their own way." "Why, I wouldn't dream of interfering," my mother-in-law exclaimed. "But—my word! Special foods, special soap, special this and that..."



3. "And even," I interrupted, "a SPECIAL LAXATIVE! Pinkie's going to get some of it right now. I'm not spoiling the twins, Mother Jones, I love them too much for that. I'm bringing them up exactly as the doctor told me to!"



4. "The doctor says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies need things especially designed for them. So of course they need a special laxative, too. The doctor recommended Castoria."



5. "The doctor said I'd find Castoria thorough—yet it's always mild and safe. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. What's more... the twins are crazy about it. Watch this!"



6. Pinkie took her Castoria and licked the spoon! But Winkie howled 'cause he wasn't getting any! So Mother Jones grinned and said if *that* was the modern way, she's see to it that *all* her grandchildren get Castoria from now on!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

The chief ingredient of Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea... (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel... (3) In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative for children

"DON'T FORGET THE
Colonial
SHEETS
AND PILLOW SLIPS"



"Don't worry, I'm going to lay in a **REAL** supply this time" . . .

Yes, this is happening in many, many homes every day, for Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips are a real household investment that will give years of *comfort* and *satisfaction* to every member of the family. Cool and crisp, they give that refreshing sleep that everyone longs for, and their sturdy hems and good strong cotton stand no end of launderings and rough usage from the children. And here is the answer to it all — pure cotton with no artificial weighting and a guarantee of quality behind every "Colonial" label.



A PRODUCT OF
DOMINION TEXTILE CO. LIMITED

Stay Out of My Soup :: Continued from page 38

wanted the rabbit? Well, you sap. I wanted Dr. Ronell."

"But—" was the only word in Kay's mind.

"He asked me to marry him," Ann said, "but I couldn't accept when I thought you wanted him. I had to be sure you wanted Steve."

Kay picked up the vase. "Take this in," she said, "and send Steve out here."

When she heard Steve coming she picked up the beater. The ice cream was melting. She turned the beater slowly, keeping her eyes on it. She didn't dare to look at Steve. She was

so keenly aware of his presence that she didn't dare look at him.

"Have you got a date tonight?" she asked.

"With my shadow," Steve said.

"Well, would you mind telling it that you're taking me out?"

Steve put his hands on her arms, turned her about. "Did the doctor say you could?"

"Who cares," Kay said, "what the doctor says?" And then she dared to look at him. She knew when she looked at him his arms would take her. She looked. And they did. ■

Positively Medieval :: Continued from page 11

"Hold it. You can go in a second."

She waited, restraining eagerness. Tina was less patient. *Bla-a-t! Bla-a-t!*

Natalie called, "Com-ing . . ." and then, trying not to sound wistful, she asked Bart, "There's not a prayer we could still get to Tina's party, is there?"

"You used to be a bright child."

"But I hate missing it so. It's been such ages since we—"

"Patience is a virtue. Push that tube about a thirty-second toward me. That's got it. Now you can go. But cut it short, Nats. Tempus is fugiting and there's an jolt of stuff yet to be done."

She climbed stiffly to her feet, rubbing her sore elbow. Her eyes had narrowed stormily. Not "Will you?" but "Come!" She said, too sweetly, "Just whistle, dear. I'll be here." He didn't even get it.

She stepped up out of the engine compartment and around the open hatch out into the cockpit. She could see the blue convertible on the green patch of the lawn by the shop building, with Tina on the running board.

Natalie waved and clambered from the stern deck to the narrow catwalk. She went swiftly along it in her rope-soled espadrilles and crossed the grass, but within a few feet of her sister, she slowed. She was suddenly too conscious of the contrast they made.

Tina, immaculate in white, exuded simplicity, that terrific simplicity of the ultra-best. Her only ornaments were a pair of clips which Natalie happened to know held real diamonds. But it wasn't so much the expensive smartness that stopped Natalie, as the look on Tina's dark, smoothly tanned face. Not arrogance—it wasn't that. Tina, for all her being spoiled, wasn't arrogant. But from her carefully arched brows to her small pointed chin, her face carried assurance, a supreme unshakable confidence. Natalie envied her that. Tina knew the answers. She didn't.

She glanced down at her stained, shapeless slacks, remembered that her blond hair must be standing on end. She thrust her hands behind her. Not that they were in such terrible shape. She'd broken only one nail, by being careful.

"Here's your dress, darling," Tina said, holding out a white-and-gold box. "I'm almost glad yours all got mildewed on the boat. This blue lamé'll be a dream with your golden tan. I ordered you a corsage of camellias. Will that be all right? I thought Bart might not—"

"We can't make it, Tina." She said it very firmly.

"Can't make it?" Tina's dark eyes

widened in surprise. "You mean, tonight? Don't be idiotic. Of course you're coming!"

Natalie shook her head. "Bart's promised this job for noon tomorrow."

"But I've rounded up people with boats especially for him. He has to come."

"I know. We went over that twice yesterday. But he says a customer in the hand comes before a prospect in the bushes." Tina rested the box on the seat back. "Nobody ever gets their boat on time." It was evident she was trying hard to be reasonable.

"He promised."

Tina's eyebrows rose in faint ironic incredulity. "Nats, he's positively medieval, isn't he?"

NATALIE WANTED to resent that. Tina didn't mean it as any compliment. But Bart was sort of medieval—born a few centuries too late. He belonged, in his passion for perfection, as well as in his inflexible integrity, to the age that'd spend a year making one salt cellar.

She said fliply, "Yes, I call him 'Cellini' for short."

"Can't you do something?" Tina demanded, patience ebbing. "I can always work Arthur. Make Bart come."

"You make him. I'd rather push Tony Galento around."

Tina said, "If you wanted to come without Bart, there're lots of extra men. You could have a whirl . . . all the old gang, you know. Bart would understand, I'd think."

Something tightened instinctively inside Natalie. She mustn't be tempted, she mustn't! She said quickly, "But I have to get all the chrome back on after replating. It's sort of complicated. Almost every piece takes screws of a different size, the chocks and cleats and clam-shells, hooks and pad eyes—"

"Stop! You sound like a boat catalogue by Ogden Nash! Why can't Bart put these things back on?"

"Because I made the list as they came off."

"Can't he read?"

"Y-yes—but—well, it's my job." Of course Bart could do it. Only he had so many other things to do.

Tina had glanced at her tiny jewelled watch. "Heavens, it's late. The caterers are coming at three." She held out the box. "I'll leave the dress. You might—"

"No!"

"Well, you could dress at my house if you did change your mind." She slid under the wheel of the convertible.

languid hands, bright red nails. Un-notched. She tried not to see the broken one.

She picked up the silver hand mirror for a profile view. It was such a luxury to see her whole head at once. On the sloop the only mirror was in the galley and she had to climb on the icebox to see more than the top of her head.

She smiled at her reflection, mellow with the memory of the last few hours. It'd been like a reunion—gay with lights and color and flowers. In the space of a few minutes she'd been caught up again in the old life, and Bart—who'd never been a part of it really; he'd been working his way through college when she made her debut—Bart seemed to recede—Bart and the yacht basin and *Dreamy Days'* valve pin.

She wondered, with an uneasiness that troubled her, if maybe this wasn't the life she was made for. She'd forgotten the feel of it—ease, luxury, glamour.

Behind her the door opened and Tina, in a billowy lavender chiffon complete with orchids, hurried in. "I was looking for you." A frown ridged her smooth forehead. "I've got a man with three yachts for you to meet."

"All three of them?"

Tina's smile was wan. "I don't know what yard he's been going to before, but if Bart isn't here to impress him, you might as well try. Men seem to expect us women to do all the work anyway. I'm boiling!"

"Why?"

"Arthur. Another of these clients! Last week it was a horrible oil woman. Now a man whose sole use for a fork is spearing bread. A dinner party, if you please, for that! I refused."

"It would be tough for you," Natalie agreed with a disarming grin, "slaving over a hot stove all day." She was aware of a spurt of annoyance at this pettiness in Tina.

Tina tossed her dark head and said defensively, "Well, I'm not going to spoil my entire holiday, I don't care how important these people are!" She leaned toward the mirror to dab at her make-up. "Come on out before this man goes home. He's only just arrived today and claims he's got to get his sleep to go fishing tomorrow."

NATALIE STOOD up obediently, but as they started out, a girl met them in the doorway. She had small petulant features, surrounded by fluffy, light brown hair. At sight of Natalie she held out both slim groomed hands.

"Darling! I heard you were here."

"Hello, Ellie!"

Tina said, "I'll dash. You and Ellie snap up your get-together, Nats, and then you come one." She went out.

Ellie asked, "Where's Bart? I didn't see him out there."

Natalie tried not to stiffen. "He isn't here tonight."

Ellie's vacuous doll-blue eyes didn't miss much. "Nats, you poor child!" She lowered her voice. "I hadn't heard a word about this."

"Oh, no! Everything's all right, except that I got fed up with adjusting valves and putting my hands in crank-case oil and—"

"Darling!" Ellie's rosebud mouth formed a round red O of horror. "He doesn't make you do things like that! Why, it's the grimmest thing I've ever heard of!"

"He doesn't make me," Natalie defended quickly, but before the sympathy on Ellie's face she couldn't resist adding, "But he sort of expects it." She

exhibited the place where the cylinder block had scraped. "I did that this afternoon trying to get a valve pin out."

Ellie took the hand gently. "He must have been frantic when he saw what he'd done."

"W-well, not—exactly," Natalie admitted, remembering annoyedly that he hadn't even looked.

Ellie nodded understandingly. "Men change. After you marry them. In spite of all our gay times together before—Bob simply lived in the financial sheet after! Grew morose, all that sort of thing, over money. I realized we weren't building anything. That's why I'm getting a divorce."

Natalie tried not to look shocked. Divorce, she'd always figured, was just the refuge of a short sport. Ellie'd probably demanded the money, and then thought Bob could make it by dancing with her every night. Tina wasn't much better. They were the modern keep-up-with-me-or-else women.

Am I one of them? Natalie was startled by the possibility. Till recently she'd always thought of herself as one of these old-fashioned covered-wagon gals who'd plow corn or shoot Indians for her man. But was she?

Ellie kept on chattering. Natalie'd stopped listening. This was important, the answer to that question. Deep down inside she thought she knew the answer. She'd inherited a pioneer strain that Tina didn't have. She could take it the hard way, without squawking. The real question then was would you keep on slaving for a man when your existence had sort of slipped his mind? That was the crux. She was no mind-reader. If Bart'd just show he still cared a lot . . .

Ellie said, "I had a perfect lamb of a lawyer, by the way. I'll give you his name—just in case."

Natalie began to feel trapped, surrounded. She said, "Tina wants me to meet a yacht . . ." and fled.

OUT IN the white-and-aqua sunroom, away from the uproar of the music, she found Tina standing chatting with an elderly man. The man had a leathery, outdoor look, keen dark eyes set deeply under white-tufted brows. It was a quiet forceful face, one that you could trust.

Tina beckoned. "Here, Nats, I want you to meet one of the nicest men in town. This is my sister, Mr. Worthington."

Natalie felt her chin sink till it practically unhinged at the jaw. "Mr.—Worthington?" she asked.

Tina said, "Yes, darling," and faded out of the picture.

Natalie leaned on a white leather chair. "You don't own *Dreamy Days*, do you?"

The tufted brows made a swift angle of surprise. "Why, yes. At least I thought I did." He asked tentatively, "You're—familiar with the boat?"

"Oh, yes! I've been working on her for days."

The angle almost exploded. One brow drew down, and the keen dark eyes swept from her curly blond head over the blue lamé dress to the spike-heeled blue satin slippers. "Did you say you'd been working on my boat?"

She flushed. She hadn't realized how that would sound to him. Imbecile, and here she was trying to make a good impression! She said quickly, "I thought you knew. I'm Mrs. Barton."

"Mrs. Barton?" Then his face relaxed, a twinkle breaking through his surprise. "Of course. The little lady

What every Woman has a right to know about the soap she puts on her skin



✓ LET'S JUST TAKE 3 MINUTES!...
CHECK THE ANSWERS TO THESE 9 VITALLY IMPORTANT QUESTIONS CONCERNING COMPLEXION CARE

QUESTION:	ANSWER FOR YOUR PRESENT SOAP:	ANSWER FOR PALMOLIVE:
1 Does the soap provide a lather that is "active", and thorough-cleansing?		YES. Palmolive gives you rich, creamy, gentle lather, active and thorough in its cleansing.
2 Does the soap help guard against body odour?		YES. Thorough cleansing with Palmolive is a sure way to remove perspiration, keep skin sweet.
3 Is the soap artificially tinted?		NO. Palmolive's olive colour is NATURAL. It comes only from olive and palm oils with which it is made—nothing else.
4 Does it float?		NO. Air in soap makes it float. Palmolive is all soap... So Palmolive doesn't float.
5 Is it right for your bath?		YES... made only for the care of lovely skin, Palmolive will help keep you lovely, all over.
6 Is it right for your baby's delicate skin?		YES. Palmolive is so safe, so pure, it was chosen exclusively for the famous Dionne Quins.
7 Is it a soap your menfolk will like to use?		YES. Men like Palmolive's thick, quick lather. Get the new man-size, bath size.
8 Is it made with olive and palm oils?	NO. No other leading beauty soap is made with olive and palm oils.	YES. Palmolive is made with natural olive and palm oils alone—the COSTLIEST OIL blend used for any leading soap.
9 Is it first choice of women for beauty care?	NO. Only one soap can claim that popularity. It is Palmolive.	YES. In every climate, for oily skin as well as dry, Palmolive is the largest selling beauty soap in the world.

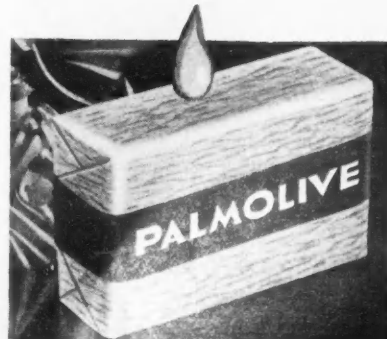
PALMOLIVE is made with olive and palm oils... COSTLIEST OIL blend used for any leading soap

Costly oils of olive and palm are used in making Palmolive, because they are the finest natural beauty aids known. They make Palmolive a natural beauty soap, one that can truly help keep your skin always smooth and lovely.

Yet remember! Palmolive costs you no more than the other leading soaps. Will anything less than Palmolive care do for your complexion?

Look for the NATURAL OLIVE COLOUR! It comes only from the olive and palm oils—nothing else.

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with inefficient, makeshift methods



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In the tiny crevices of plates and bridges, food debris collects and decays. A tough, dingy, almost invisible film absorbs germs and impurities... gives teeth a discolored, more noticeably artificial look... causes that vile mouth odor, "Denture Breath."

Mouth washes, ordinary pastes or powders are *not* designed to clean and purify false teeth! Household cleansers can ruin your plate! No brush can reach the danger-spots!

That's why leading dentists everywhere recommend POLIDENT... the revolutionary cleanser that *dissolves* away all film, stain, tarnish, odor *without brushing, acid or danger*. POLIDENT purifies every tiny crevice, makes plates and bridges look better, feel better. Leaves breath sweeter, purer.

Tens of thousands call POLIDENT a blessing. Long-lasting can 40c all drug stores—*money back if not delighted*.
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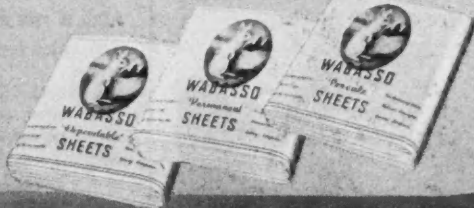


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There is no need now to buy oversized sheets or to let undersized sheets disturb your sleep. Ask your store for the new Wabasso Pre-Shrunk sheets. Shrunk to bed size, hemmed or hemstitched, cellophane wrapped, crisp and clean. Three beautiful Wabasso qualities—*Dependable, Permanent, Percale*—at economical prices.



WABASSO

Sheets



"Getting it?"

She shook her head.

"We've got to. Try again."

She did. Each time, the rough metal edge of the cylinder block rubbed the back of her hand. She said, "I'm scraping a lot of skin off. Couldn't I go to town and buy a new pin?"

"You don't grasp the idea. That pin loose in the oil system would play thunder. Try again."

"I tell you," she flared hotly, "every time I go by that corner, it takes a piece out of me. Not that you'd care!"

"Don't be a nut." If he'd only said it a little more convincingly, or even patted her shoulder... Natalie could feel waves of indignation sloshing up higher and higher inside her. She tried, she tried hard, to hold them back. Bart was shaking his head as if to clear it. "The old brain just doesn't seem able to tick," he said. "I ought to think of some other way."

"Think fast. It'll be down to the bone soon."

His face lightened then with the dawn of a Bright Idea that couldn't have been more unfortunate. "I've got it!" he beamed.

"It's more than I have."

"The trouble is you can't get any traction. But if you notched your fingernail, you could—"

"Notch my fingernail?" This, this was the end! Of all the crass, masculine obliviousness, of all the unmitigated nerve of the male of the species, of all... Down deep somewhere in Natalie a small voice said, "Nails grow out eventually, don't they? Watch your step. Don't fly off so far you can't come back." But the voice was too small and Natalie's anger too loud.

Deliberately she withdrew her hand. She stood up in the narrow space between engine and hull. She wiped her hands on her slacks and then pulled herself to her full five foot-six.

She said levelly, "I've slaved for you, Charles Kent Barton! I've scrubbed and sanded and polished for you. I've scraped my hand to the bone for you. But I won't notch my fingernail for anybody!"

He looked down at her, frankly surprised. "Why?"

"Why? Why?" She was practically screaming. She went on wildly. "Tina's right. You don't appreciate me. I'm just an old work horse around here. I'm leaving!" She hadn't expected to say that, but she was too wound up to stop now. She went headlong on into it. "You can do the chrome yourself. I'm young! I'm going to that dance!" Once it was out, she was almost too shaken to look at Bart.

But he didn't do anything—except snap his jaw shut like a big sea turtle.

"Okay. I'm not holding you."

She marched out of the deckhouse then, head high, hands trembling. From the sloop she heard the clock's sharp ding-ding. Five o'clock! She began to run along the catwalk.

TINA'S POWDER room was an ecstasy in red and silver, and the heart-shaped modernistic mirror framed Natalie's golden head like a valentine. She was alone for the moment, having slipped in between dances to check up on her make-up. She took time to stare at herself in delight. The blue lamé was as lovely as Tina'd predicted and the corsage of camellias added a fairy princess touch. She brought her hands up to see them in the mirror—lovely

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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jars of Arrid have been
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ARRID

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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 15 cent and 59 cent jars)

GIRLS!! 15 to 25 YRS. OLD

Who Suffer Pain, Weakness and Nervousness from Functional Female Disorders. READ THIS!

If you're approaching womanhood or in your early 20's and are troubled by restless, moody, nervous spells—by cramps, headaches, backache due to female functional cause—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—effective for over 60 years.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE woman's tonics made to relieve female distress—to lessen functional complaints with their weak, nervous spells. Beneficial for older women, too, to help build up resistance against "difficult days." Made in Canada. Try it.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c

Backstage with the Ballet :: Continued from page 13

wants to discipline the company, he has a neat way of doing it—another rehearsal.

Rehearsals aren't very pretty. Just a lot of strenuous exercise and synchronized movements with the regisseur-general objecting to the contour of an arm here, the position of a leg there, the way a head is poised, the lack of uniformity in mass movements—all in a language I couldn't understand. The girls and men all wore black tights and not even the prettiest looked attractive in them. At lessons, however, they are permitted colored tights. Always in between times the lessons are tucked in somehow. And to get dressed for a show takes an hour, if you include the make-up. Query: How much time during the day does a ballet dancer have to herself?

Besides, there are the limbering exercises. Those limbering exercises, more than the rehearsals by far, still haunt me. I went backstage on the night the ballet opened in the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto. I saw human forms shooting out from pivotal points in all directions. Every lamp post on the stage had a human form clutching it by one hand. Every packing box had a ballerine clinging to it.

It goes on and on like that year after year. Temperament? "We're too tired for temperament," says Boris Belsky. Parties? "They're definitely out," retorts Ludmilla Lvova, our Betty Low from Ottawa. "You can't burn the candle at both ends. You must keep in good physical condition. You must have sleep. Go a night with only three or four hours sleep and you feel it in the knees next day. It does something to their flexibility."

Betty is a sylphlike girl, height five feet five inches, weight 110 pounds. Jean is delicate as a little flower—a wisp of wind might blow her away—height five feet one inch, weight 105 pounds. There are no specifications for height and weight in the ballet except, "You must not be too tall and you must not be too fat." There are no restrictions on food except, "You must eat sufficient to secure the necessary energy." Both girls demand big breakfasts, at least one steak a day, lots of vegetables and fruit. Jean always has, for example, half a grapefruit, two eggs, toast and lots of milk for breakfast. It is important to eat early—not too close to work—the girls point out, "but mostly to eat enough."

Betty is twenty-three and she's been around. European capitals. Australia. The United States, and South America. Mostly it has been at Covent Garden in London—the home, for the most part, of the Ballet for ten years before the war. It is this travelling about that Betty considers has done most for her. And living with other girls. When the company is stationed in any spot long enough for her to set up housekeeping, she and another girl usually acquire a furnished flat and get their own meals. She likes living with Russian girls and finds the difference in nationality no barrier to enjoyable living and friendly relations, though she admits that they are more inclined to melancholy at times. "They enjoy being melancholy," she says. Jean, who is only sixteen and thinks of her trouping chiefly in terms of Australia, takes her mother along. At least a dozen of the Russian girls had

their mothers accompanying them before the war; now, of course, it is not so convenient.

The two Canadian girls entered the Ballet Russe by quite different but exciting routes. Back in the days when Jean had made her debut in Vancouver in a June Roper recital, she had had to be pushed onto the stage to do a tap dance. But when at three o'clock one afternoon in the early winter of 1939, Miss Roper announced in the middle of a lesson: "Tonight you are leaving for Los Angeles for an audition with David Lichine," Jean didn't do any hesitating. Instead she telephoned her mother, rushed home to pack, made arrangements about getting money, washed, dressed and by six o'clock had packed herself into a car with Miss Roper and was on her way to Los Angeles.

"It was all very thrilling," related Jean. "I had started to take lessons from Miss Roper when I was eleven. For a year I took lessons every Saturday morning. Then I had trouble in one foot with the big toe joint, and for a year I couldn't dance. Even now I wear a special arch support and wool wrappings and shoes fashioned so they won't cramp. One day after I was back taking lessons regularly, the Ballet Russe came to Vancouver. It thrilled me. I made up my mind to get down to work. Maybe some day . . . Time passed and then one day there came a letter from Denise, one of the Canadian girls in the Ballet Russe at that time. She wrote Miss Roper that she believed there was a place for a Canadian girl or two in the company. Miss Roper promptly dispatched a letter to Lichine telling him she had three girls ready for an audition. But something happened that the other girls didn't go with us."

"Miss Roper and I took the train at Seattle for Los Angeles. The morning after we arrived in Los Angeles she gave me a lesson and I was so all a-dither I could hardly move. I remember she challenged: 'If you can't put on a better show than that for Lichine this afternoon!' My muscles went all tight and I was scared stiff till Lichine made his appearance. He came in all casual and pleasant and shook hands with me, and all my fluttery feelings vanished into thin air. I did pirouettes and beats and fouettes and turns for him, and a special dance to the 'Sugar Plum' music from Tchaikovsky's Nutteracker Suite."

"Then he explained he couldn't give me a contract, but if I would go out to Australia, he thought Colonel de Basil would take me into the company—that he was on his way to Australia from England by way of the Suez with most of the company. Was I ever excited! It sounded like my big chance. Of course it was taking an awful gamble. I studied with Lichine for a week and on December 6, 1939, I sailed for Australia. Ten days before I hadn't even dreamed of such a thing. I shall never forget the thrill. Both boats docked at once. Ours with the American girls in the ballet, pulled into port first, and right behind us came the liner with Colonel de Basil and the company from England."

The ambition to dance has always been in Jean's family. Both her grandmother and her mother aspired to be professional dancers. However, the only member of the family to become a professional was Aunt Lelia Doharty, of

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who's going to blow the bonus. On clothes and such."

Natalie lifted her head. "Bonus?" He nodded, chuckling. "My own scheme. For four years I've come down and fumed and fussed a couple of weeks waiting for my boat. So I told your husband I'd give him a hundred-dollar bonus, and my other two boats for storage next year, if he'd have my fishboat ready on time. He said okay, the bonus'd be for you and the new business for him. How about it? Do I go fishing on *Dreamy Days* tomorrow?"

Natalie had just breath enough to say, "Y-yes . . ." To her relief Mr. Worthington launched into a fish story that needed no prompting. Inside she'd all come apart with excitement.

Bart—Bart'd been keeping this as a surprise for her! That was why he'd held out on her. And he'd worked, day and night, against all sorts of bad luck, because he wanted her to have new clothes and some fun. (He'd only driven her toward the last because he'd got so wound up in his objective he hadn't thought about anything else.) But it was for her. He wouldn't have done it unless he cared—a lot. And all she'd done was to get mad and fly off the handle! What a dope she'd turned out to be!

Her one instinct now was to get back quickly and help him. Not because of the bonus. She didn't care about that. Leave the cash for people like Ellie and Tina. She had Bart!

Or did she?

The thought jolted her. Suppose Bart said she'd walked out on him and could stay walked out?

She remembered that Barton jaw. She'd have to do something—anything—to prove to him she wasn't really a walker-out. But what would show him that?

She clenched her hands in desperation, biting her knuckles in an effort to think. What'd prove beyond a shadow of a . . .

Yes! That was it! It would!

She was so excited her teeth chattered. She looked up at Mr. Worthington who'd just boated a six-foot sailfish. "Have you a knife?" she demanded.

"A knife?" Automatically his hand went toward his pocket, but the eye he bent on her glinted with suspicion.

"I'm not going to cut my throat," she reassured him. "I just—need it."

She wanted to go on and tell him about how much it meant to her, his telling her about the bonus. It was as if providence had sent him tonight. Of course Tina'd asked him on purpose, for that matter—but it did seem providential. Still she couldn't explain all that without confusing him worse than ever.

He extended the knife to her uncertainly. She reached for it. "Oh, thank you. I'll put it on *Dreamy Days*. You'll get it—when she sails at noon tomorrow. All right?"

It was then that she remembered the sunroom had an outside door. Her keys were in her car.

She said, "And one more thing, Please. Will you tell Tina I was sorry not to see her to say good-bye? But I suddenly realized I have to go home."

She gave him a smile then that was so radiant it wiped all the suspicion out of his eyes. He said with an answering smile, "Why, of course, my dear, I'll tell her," and patted her hand.

AS THE car made the last turn, she strained to see the shed. There was a light out there. On *Dreamy Days*. Bart was still at work. And it was nearly dawn!

She jumped out of the car, running across the grass, holding her long skirt up out of the dew. She stopped to kick off her high-heeled slippers at the shore end of the catwalk, then moved swiftly along it to a point opposite the transom of the cruiser.

Bart knelt there facing her, surrounded by chrome pieces. They made little glistening piles on the red linoleum.

She saw his head drop forward. He jerked it up, rubbing his eyes with the back of one grimy hand. His eyes were redder, more sunken than when she'd left.

Natalie stepped silently in her stockinged feet from the stern deck into the cockpit. Her heart was hammering like an engine loaded with carbon.

The boat had rocked with her weight, but Bart hadn't noticed. He took up a chock and fumbled in the box of screws.

She said, "Not there, Bart. The bolts for those are all by themselves in the cigar box."

He looked up, squinting against the light. "Have a good time?" he asked absently.

"Yes—and no." The poor lamb was so groggy for sleep he didn't even want to make something of this! All tension flowed out of her. She walked toward him, the blue dress billowing over the chrome. She leaned to kiss him on the ear.

"I—notched my nail." She held it out to show him a neat gouge in the red enamel. Mr. Worthington's knife had worked beautifully.

He shook his head. "All fixed. Used a pipe cleaner and rubber cement. Too darned dopey to think of it sooner."

"Oh." She tried not to feel disappointed. Nothing mattered really, except that Bart had let her come home again. If she were Bart, she'd drop the whole thing right here, forget it, but womanlike she couldn't quite leave it at that. "Bart," she said timidly, not looking at him, "I've found out I'm the old-fashioned type."

"Old-fashioned?" His voice sounded funny.

She nodded slowly. "Positively medieval," she admitted. She glanced around then to see how he was taking it. He wasn't. His head had sunk back against the locker. He was sound asleep.

She smiled a crooked, tender little smile. Then she knelt and began expertly sorting the screws. ■



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smaller towns and off the beaten path you will pay less. Tourist cabins average \$2 a night for two. Most of them have showers. At resorts all across Canada you will find summer hotels where you can procure board and room for about \$3 a day. Most of this item of expenditure will be eliminated if you take along a tent, and camp.

Meal costs are what you make them. Prices do not vary greatly from those in restaurants of your own home town. If dad's breakfast consists of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, waffles and honey and a double order of coffee, of course, the check will be in proportion.

A material saving can be made if you prepare your own meals. You will find that most tourist camps have house-keeping arrangements. Cooking utensils are not usually supplied, and you would have to take along what you need. It would not be burdensome to prepare breakfast and to plan ahead for a way-side lunch. An extra quantity of coffee could be made at breakfast and kept in a thermos bottle, or milk or pop could be bought along the way. Eggs might be hard-boiled and a supply of cold meats and various kinds of cheese and sandwich spreads kept on hand. In most parts of the country you could buy fresh vegetables and fruit from farms you pass. It is fun to select a wooded spot off a side road where you may eat in peace and enjoy a lovely view. Be sure you pull off the road. Many accidents are caused by drivers carelessly parking cars on narrow roads.

Sundry expenses. Sundry expenses and amusement costs will vary widely according to the type of trip you take and to your own taste. These expenses can easily be fitted to your budget, for they are not essentials and if necessary could be eliminated entirely. It is always safer, however, to provide a margin for unforeseen expenses.

Prepare For Your Trip

Your car. It will repay you to have your car thoroughly inspected before you start out. The pleasure and safety of your trip depend on its being in good condition. Give special attention to the safety equipment. Have headlights tested for glare and range, brakes and battery checked and steering mechanism examined. Good tires are especially important. It is a wise precaution to have casing removed to see that there are no breaks in the carcass. At some time you may have fractured the fibre by striking a stone or curb. If so, the tire is not safe and you will have a blow-out sooner or later. See that air pressure is in accordance with that recommended

by manufacturer. Check the spare tire to see that it is in good condition.

You will get better mileage if you have good spark plugs. Worn piston rings waste oil and carbon in the cylinders decreases motor efficiency and reduces the number of miles per gallon.

Check your tool kit to see that it has jack and handle, wrenches, screwdriver, hammer, patching equipment, crank handle and oil can. Be sure you have with you the key to spare tire, key to car trunk, a tow rope, extra light globes and also tire chains as you may need them if you get stuck in sand.

Clothes. Dresses of seersucker are practical for day wear as they are easily washed and require no ironing if put on a hanger and dried properly. Knitted lingerie is the logical thing. You should have a pair of comfortable, low-heeled shoes for walking. For country wear many women like shorts, slacks or trousers, and, of course, you will take along your swimming suit. Take knitted dresses or suits for evenings and city wear. Cotton lace is suitable for sports dresses and also for evening wear if you want to take along a dance frock. It packs easily and does not crease. You will need a warm wrap for evening driving, especially if you go to the mountains. Sweaters are more practical than coats because they do not crush.

Insurance. An automobile insurance policy will protect you against your legal liability for death of, or injury to, persons, or damage to property of others caused by your car and also for loss or damage to your own car. A personal accident policy protects you against financial loss resulting from any injury you may sustain. For a small sum you can obtain insurance to cover your personal effects.

What to take. Cushions and rugs add to your comfort on a long drive and will be useful if you stop off for a midday lunch and rest. Dark glasses relieve eyestrain and fatigue. Take along a flashlight, driving gloves, clothes hangers, an electric iron and, of course, your camera. A first-aid kit should be carried in every car and a fire extinguisher may save your car. If you plan to prepare your meals, you will need cooking utensils, dishes and your thermos bottles.

Don't forget. Before you leave, check up to make sure that milk, newspaper and other deliveries are stopped, and see that windows and doors are locked. Be sure you have the keys for your home, garage, spare tire, car trunk and your bags. Make certain you have your car registration, operator's license, traveller's cheques and letters of identification.

A Brilliant New Story by Martha Ostenso

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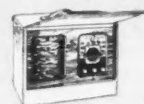
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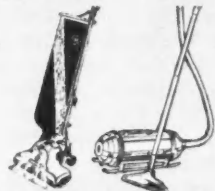
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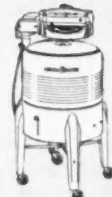
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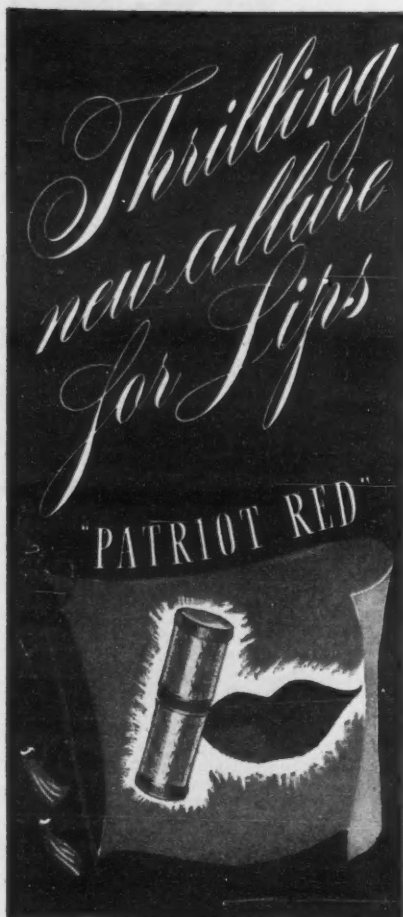
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Winnipeg. But there was none of this desire anywhere in Betty's family tree. Her people were Methodists, strict ones, I take it, who looked with abhorrence on the light fantastic. Most of her schooling, however, she secured in a convent. But it was Gwen Osborne in Ottawa who coached her and inspired her to be a ballet dancer.

"Gwen Osborne has tremendous talent," says Betty who took one or two classes a week from her. "Besides, she is an excellent teacher. She tells you exactly what she thinks. She made me do a lot of bar work—dull as doing scales on a piano and for the same purpose. It made the muscles flexible. I became interested in Isadore Duncan and modern dancing, and after I finished school—the equivalent of first year university—I went to London and studied with Legat, and to Paris and studied with Kschessinska."

It was Kschessinska who gave her a letter of introduction to Colonel de Basil for an audition in the summer of 1935. Betty came home to Ottawa hoping to return to Europe, but got word to wait until the Colonel's company came to New York. It didn't sound like such good news to her, but in 1936 the company did come to New York and Betty rushed down for an audition.

It didn't look so good. There were fifty girls scheduled for an audition with Massine. He took them in groups, putting them through different combinations of dances. Gradually things got exciting. Forty-seven girls had been eliminated and only three were left. He put the three through various numbers. And finally Betty Low, of Ottawa, found herself on the floor all alone. Out of fifty girls she had been selected to dance in the Original Ballet Russe!

Despite the hard work, Betty has loved it all—the life with the girls, new scenes, new faces. But she will tell you that life in the Ballet Russe isn't all champagne and caviar and that for one lead an artist does, there are a dozen times when she is merely part of the chorus. Some of her most important roles have been as Chiarina in Carnavaal, Sister in "Fils Prodigue," an Odalisque in "Scheherazade," and in "Symphonie Fantastique." As for Jean, most people will remember her as the Cat in "Cinderella."

Boris Belsky, who is thirty-six and has



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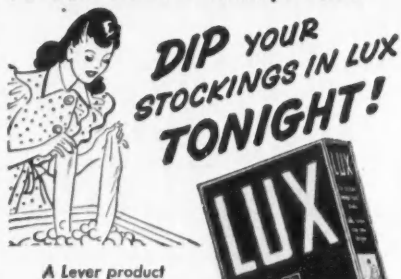
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been on the professional stage for twenty-three years, and who was at the Opera House in Paris for seven years, has danced some notable roles. As Fate in "Les Présages," for example.

You'd wonder where Betty Low would get a stage name like Ludmilla Lvova and Jean would find one like Kira Bounina.

"Of course, any girl in the Ballet Russe must have a name that sounds Russian—that goes without saying. And almost everyone is Russian, you know. Colonel de Basil says we should have names that will make us feel we have something to live up to," Betty explains.

Jean Hunt is named Kira Bounina after a contemporary Russian writer of distinction. "That is what I understand," comments Jean. "'Ludmilla,' I believe," adds Betty, "was selected from the opera, 'Rousslan and Ludmilla,' by Glinka, if I am not mistaken. 'Lvova' was picked because it is the nearest equivalent of 'Low' in Russian." And "Boris Belsky," it seems, is Russian for "Robert Bell."

Betty and Jean have some advice for aspirants to the ballet:

"Don't go into the ballet at all unless you're prepared for hard work. If you stick at ballet dancing seriously for two or three years and can stand the drudgery, go after an audition. And then be prepared for years of steady grind if the audition lands you across the footlights.

"You must have good health. You must have a feeling for music, a flair for rhythm. You must be able to pick up ideas quickly—you must be able to stand on the side lines of a chorus, catch the mood and translate it into movement.

"At no time must you indulge in strenuous exercise. Horseback riding, for example, is likely to strain the wrong muscles."

Says Boris Belsky: "There are great opportunities for Canadians in the Ballet, I believe. They are coming in in increasing numbers. A British audience always makes the best ballet audience, whether in England, Australia or other parts of the Empire. We had three months in Sydney, three in Melbourne. Never before have we had such a good or such a long season in Canada. Canadians are becoming more ballet conscious. It is all very hopeful."

(At the time of going to press, word has come through that the company has disrupted its scheduled South American tour due to a strike of its members brought about by an alleged violation on the part of Col. W. de Basil, director-general, of the American Guild of Musical Artists' contract covering wages and working conditions. Part of the difficulty, it is said, was due to problems arising from the foreign exchange situation. A large part of the company including its most celebrated stars, are reported to have joined the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo coming again to Canada in the early fall.)

Chatelaine's Holiday Cover Girl



The Chatelaine cover girl is shopping for holiday plans down town in an outfit that will be equally useful on the holiday itself. Her dress is one of soft casual dressmaker type that can go anywhere on a summer holiday and look smart—at active sports or on the side lines.

Over it, she wears a mailbox-red jacket—the easygoing, easy-fitting kind that is a summer indispensable. Two big slash pockets, a hemline notched like a man's shirt, a straight-hanging line from the shoulder, all earmark it summer.

With it she wears a white hat — an "Up-town" felt tailored by Spencer — casual, with an eye-shading brim in front and a slight suggestion of dressiness in the shirred and gathered back brim. Costume, courtesy the Robert Simpson Company, Limited.

Your Holiday World :: Continued from page 9

the world you have to worry about—is effective. Or you might try a motor trip, with the fun of staying at a new place each night.

If you're a white-collar girl, you're probably a city slicker as well. You're tired of restaurant food, of running your life by an alarm clock. You want the thrill of doing as you please and having meals at any old time. You can have a lot of fun dabbling in light housekeeping on your vacation. If you're young and strong, a camping trip will be just the thing, and nowhere in the world will you find better spots for mountain hikes, canoe trips, etc., than in Canada. Jasper and Banff in the Rockies, Algonquin Park, Timagami in Ontario, and the Quebec Laurentians are just a few of the high spots.

If you feel a bit too frail for rugged outdoor life, why not rent a cottage and share it with one or two congenial people who don't take their living arrangements too seriously? You want to make house-keeping as simple and painless as possible.

If your life during the winter is a whirl of activity—social, war work, clubs, etc.—your best bet is to collect all the books you've been planning to read and be an old escapist. Take yourself off to a quiet picturesque spot where slacks and swim suits are your only costumes. For this kind of holiday, Prince Edward Island, with its gorgeous scenery and its long stretches of quiet beach, would be ideal; or some of the *habitant* villages in Quebec, where you could brush up on your French in a lazy sort of way.

You may be a Polly-sit-by-the-fire and long for bright lights, laughter and gaiety for your vacation. You should take a nose dive into the middle of the smartest summer hotel your holiday budget will stretch to—before you lose confidence in your charm and in your ability to make new friends. Or take a city vacation if you have friends to help you have some fun.

Whatever kind of holiday you choose, it should leave you rested, satisfied and eager to get back to your everyday life. There should be friendships to remember, a broader mental outlook, and a new design for living.

When Is A Holiday Not A Holiday?

It's no holiday when it leaves you weary and depressed, with a hangover of frazzled nerves; when you dread going

back to work. And don't think that can't happen to you, because it can! That is, if you disregard that old warning about biting off more than you can chew.

For example, Mary and John Smith have planned a motor trip. They decide that in their two weeks vacation they can cover a terrific amount of country by driving about four hundred miles a day. John has a passion to stick a pin in the map and—come what may—reach that point before they stop for the night. In order to keep up with John's schedule, they drive about twelve hours a day. Nighttime finds them so tired and cross that they haven't the strength for sight-seeing or for taking any interest in their surroundings. As far as getting new ideas from their trip, they might just as well pass through the country under an anaesthetic. All they'll remember is how weary they were and how their bones ached at the end of each day.

Joan and Peter Brown, on the other hand, have a much more irresponsible, carefree approach to the whole thing. They start off with no iron-bound itinerary. They stop when any place attracts them. They discover charming spots off the beaten track. They laugh a lot, rest a lot and drive on only when the spirit moves them. Their plans are mercurial. It's the inspiration of the moment that counts. They travel a quarter of the distance covered by the Smith family, but they have the time of their lives and come home refreshed, full of amusing stories about their trip, and altogether they're very happy about the whole thing.

Another way to put the kibosh on a perfectly good holiday is to spend it with uncongenial people. You may be a martyr all the rest of the year about people you have to see a lot of, and who aren't really much fun, but do stiffen your spine, harden your heart and slough off any parasitical acquaintances or relatives who are determined to trail along with you on your vacation. It's a good thing to get a rest even from your best friends, so you'll appreciate them all the more when you meet again. In fact, there's one school of thought that says married people should take separate holidays, for part of the time anyway. Your husband should go off with the boys and you should visit your cousin or your uncle or your aunt. There's




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Never overtake a car unless you are sure there is ample space ahead. Remember you and any approaching car are coming together at probably ninety or a hundred miles an hour.

Never pass on a curve or hill. Slow down when approaching all intersections.

Slow down at night. There is no substitute for daylight.

Slow down when roads are wet. Roads are especially slippery when rain first starts.

Do not drive when tired. If possible have more than one driver on a long trip. Make frequent stops to take coffee and some food. Chocolate bars give quick energy. A brisk walk for a few minutes will rest you.

Watch railroad crossings. Look both ways. If the view is clear for a long distance, go across. If you cannot see, stop, creep up close and look before you attempt to go ahead. A train can come a quarter of a mile in ten seconds. Motor vehicle laws of Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and Quebec require you to come to a full stop before crossing railway tracks. In Ontario you must slow down to twenty miles an hour.

Lock your car when it is parked. Never leave valuables in car when parked in a street or in garage.

Entering another province. In all provinces, except British Columbia and Alberta, you may drive without being registered for periods varying from three to six months. In British Columbia and Alberta you must register with a provincial police officer within twenty-four hours after you enter the province. You will then receive a permit good for six months.

Make Your Trip Aid War Effort

Canada needs American dollars to help to pay for our purchases of war materials in the United States. Without these we cannot buy the airplanes, machine tools and other materials we need to win the war. The best way to secure these precious dollars is to encourage Americans to spend their vacation money in Canada. In this you can help. Why not write your American friends and invite them to drive to Canada and join you on your trip. Remind them that they will get \$1.10 for every American dollar they spend here, which means one free day for every ten they are in Canada. Assure them that they will have no difficulty at the border. The only identification they need for entry into Canada and return to the United States is a voter's registration certificate, a birth certificate or other evidence that they are American citizens. The need is urgent. Make this part of your war work.

☆

The Federal Budget presented to the House of Commons since this article was printed, imposed a new tax of three cents per imperial gallon on gasoline, effective April 30. This tax would add about \$4 to \$5 to costs of gasoline and oil shown on page 12 in "Estimated Average Costs for Two Weeks Trip for Four Persons."

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Please Don't Live in YOUR SLACKS

By CAROLYN DAMON

THE PRETTY girl stood in front of the shop mirror, turning about and admiring herself. She did look smart in her well-tailored slacks with the sport jacket to match, and simple little shirt tucked inside.

"The reason I want them just so," she said smiling at the saleswoman, "is because I intend to just live in them this summer."

It was after she'd gone out with the box tucked under her arm that the woman who has been selling sportswear for females ever since they went into long pants, shook her head. She said:

"I hope she doesn't mean that—that she's going to live in them. Nice girls just don't do that."

And she went on to explain what she meant.

She said that since women have been accepted in shorts and slacks, they find them so easy to get about in that they overdo it all the time. A girl who'd never think of going to an informal din-



ner in a low-cut evening dress, will get out of a car in a busy city, and wander along the business streets in slacks.

"It marks her as being—well—not quite as knowing about clothes and clothes behavior as she might be," the saleswoman said.

Wear slacks—she said—for driving in the country, or on the beach, or tramping out of town, or even golfing on a resort golf course. But don't wear them downtown in the city, or at dinner in a hotel, or to parties in town.

Wear shorts for tennis, for the beach, for hiking, for bicycling, or for lounging at home.

But not into the drugstore for sodas, or down to the corner store for the groceries.

If you want to wear shorts for motor-ing, she added, try one of those three-piece outfits with shorts, skirt and blouse. You can button the wrap-around skirt on as you're getting out of the car.

And if you get a culotte (a divided skirt) as being a little more modest than either shorts or slacks, see that it fits perfectly and that it is always smartly pressed and cleaned.

This year, slacks are cut more softly, and with more femininity.

Shorts are longer, often pleated. Culottes are made with pleats or hip-fullness, smartly cut and tailored. ■



A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING,
DECORATING AND FURNISHING
Editor, EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



MAKE IT Yourself

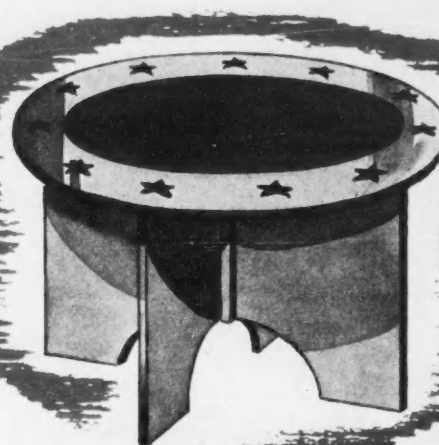
By EVAN PARRY

I CANNOT think of any more satisfying hobby in these days of war strain, than making something for your home in the city or country. Those of you who have tried it know the relaxation that comes from working yourself, or with your young sons and daughters, to create something which will add to the attractiveness and beauty of your home.

There are more opportunities than ever these days, with the developments in exploded wood fibre and resin-bonded plywood. These materials are easy to work with, inexpensive—and the possibilities, as the sketches on this page show you, are numerous.

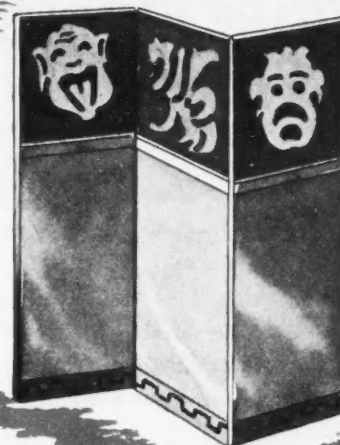
You can make a dinghy and surf board; a tennis table; folding screens for summer cottage or your town home; porch tables to encourage longer hours out-of-doors—these only indicate some of the interesting opportunities.

The next thing you ask is "How come?" "Elementary, my dear Watson." Let us take the surf board first. It is constructed of resin-bonded plywood, very buoyant, easily handled because it only weighs forty-five pounds, yet of simple and strong construction. The plywood is processed with phenolic resin and is proof against ply separation in marine use. The hand rope is secured by a brass or galvanized eye bolt, and the tow rope is led out from the bottom from a short length of brass tubing turned over at the edges to prevent chafing. A vent at the rear should be provided to allow for air pressure, humidity and drainage. ☆ Continued on page 57



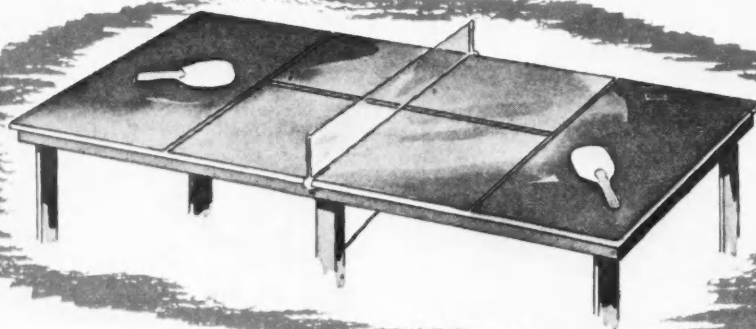
Top of page, right—This surf board weighs only forty-five pounds, is simple to make, yet strong enough to ride the highest waves.

Lower—If you have the circular top cut at the mill, this porch table can easily be made at home.



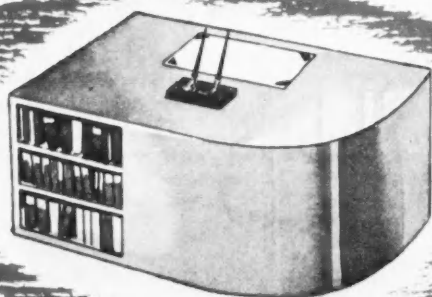
With the handy screen shown above, you can make two rooms from one, when extra accommodation at the cottage becomes a problem.

Make a ping pong table, for sunny days on the beach or rainy days indoors.



Top of page, left—Believe it or not, this family-size dinghy is easy to make and light enough to be carried on the top of the car.

Lower—A tool box is a "must" in every home workshop, and even a beginner can make one.



Use exploded wood fibre materials, and you will find the construction of this modern desk and bookcase a simple matter.

The articles on this page are shown through the courtesy of International Fibre Board Ltd., with the exceptions of the dinghy and surf board, which appear through the courtesy of B. C. Plywoods Ltd.

MOM SAYS THERE'S NO EXCUSE WITH CRANE PLUMBING



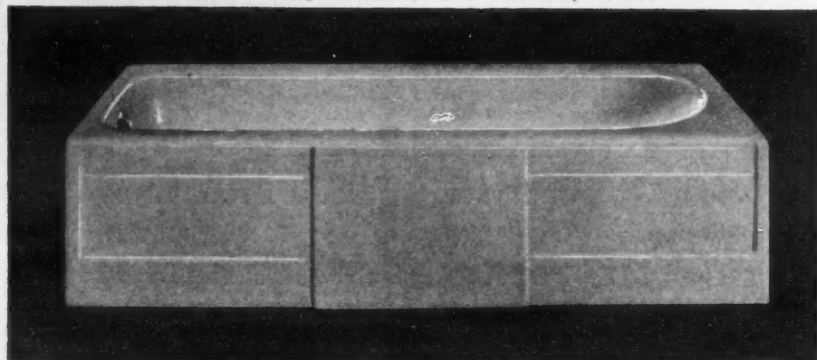
Above: Crane Drexel Lavatory — vitreous china with shelf back and semi-oval basin. Lever action waste. Chromium plated metal towel bars and legs.

CLEANING up is not such a chore when you have CRANE bathroom fixtures gleaming an invitation. With CRANE fixtures you can be certain of modern design, sure action and long life. The range is wide as to style, colour and price. Ask your architect, builder, master plumber or any Crane branch for full information.

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another school that disagrees heartily with that idea. It thinks that you and your spouse should share your good times—that when you're away from household cares and in brand-new surroundings, you'll hardly recognize each other in your bright holiday mood. Of course, it goes without saying that neither of you can be a grouch or a kill-joy.

One pitfall for unmarried folk to avoid is taking a chance on a casual person, whom you've known only for a short time, as a travelling companion, whether it's a camping trip, a motor trip or sharing a room at a summer hotel. Sometime during the holiday things are bound to go a little wrong, and it's pretty tough if your girl friend turns out to be a whiner and a poor sport. It's much better to go off alone than to run the risk of getting involved in squabbles and general unpleasantness.

Holiday Taboos

The most important thing of all is your health. You can't have any fun unless you're feeling well, so here are a few "don'ts" which doctors insist upon if you want to get the most out of your vacation.

Don't overeat. Keen air, new surroundings, a change of food, are apt to make the pangs of hunger twice as sharp and, if suddenly you burden your digestive system with twice as much as it's accustomed to, there's sure to be trouble. If the urge to nibble between meals gets the better of you, one doctor advises you to drink fruit juice with a couple of tablespoonfuls of dextrose

maltose No. 1. This is quickly assimilated, provides energy and takes away that gnawing sensation, with no ill effects.

Clothes have an important psychological effect on any woman's holiday. Don't rely on those riding britches you wore on your honeymoon, which are skin-tight now, or some dresses that aren't good enough for the city. Get yourself some snazzy, comfortable sport things—slacks, shorts, jackets—because when your husband arrives for the week end, complete with well-groomed guests, you're going to feel pretty rustic without benefit of dry cleaners or laundrers. Choose things that wash easily and are noncrushable.

Don't overexercise. If you've done nothing more strenuous than walk up and down stairs all winter, it will play hob with your muscles and perhaps with your heart if, suddenly, you start mountain climbing, horseback riding, two rounds of golf a day, violent sets of tennis, or long-distance swims. If you know that your holiday is going to be active, start getting into condition a couple of months in advance and always, *always*, stop when you feel tired. If you're all keyed-up and nervous when you start your vacation, it's better to take your exercise walking and swimming rather than playing golf and tennis, because there's so much concentration and competition necessary when you play games, that your nerves haven't a chance to rest.

Don't lie in the sun long at first. Creep up gently on your sunshine—a few more minutes each day. A bad sunburn or sunstroke can ruin your whole holiday. ■

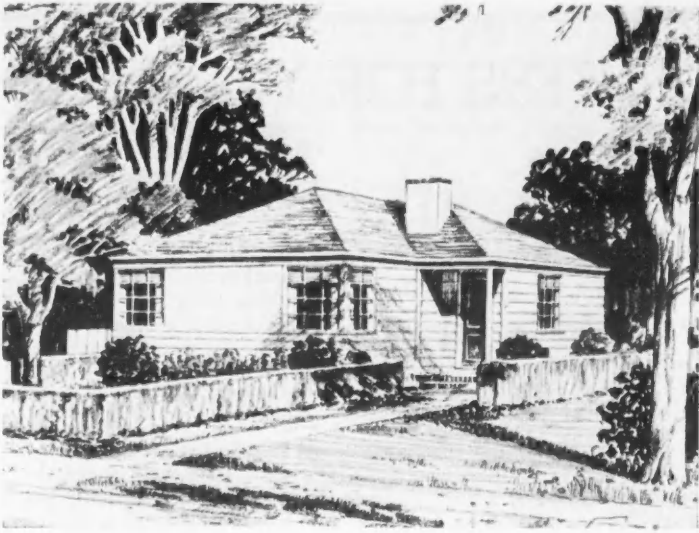
SHOULD MARRIED PEOPLE TAKE HOLIDAYS APART?

"Yes," says Dr. Ruth Franks, well-known Canadian psychologist. "Separate holidays are terribly important, for at least part of the time. Why? Because of the necessity of getting away from it all, even from your family, and because it's going to take the first couple of weeks for you to get in a holiday mood. Then, if your vacation is long enough—a month is ideal—you can join each other for the last two weeks."

Dr. Franks was one of the authorities Adele White interviewed in preparing her article on holidays.



Dr. Ruth Franks



This delightful little residence takes every advantage of natural light and, as may be seen by the plan, provides maximum unbroken wall space. (Courtesy Canadian Johns-Manville Co. Ltd.)

To Buy or Build

By EVAN PARRY



TO BUY or build successfully it is necessary first to give the whole matter a great deal of thought. Buying requires more careful looking, and building the most thinking. The two methods cannot be compared, because buying is merely a substitution. Yet it is the method commonly used by the majority of us, as a result of faintheartedness or circumstances beyond our control.

Almost anyone who can draw sufficiently well to set forth his ideas, can make plans from which a house can be built; in fact, one does not necessarily require drawn plans at all to build, but to build a house of charm, of beauty and real satisfaction is another matter. After suitability of design the next point to consider should be durability. Asbestos, asphalt, stone and brick are just as permanent as nature allows, although in some cases wood is quite permissible. Nevertheless, there is practically no maintenance such as required by stucco or wood. Both of the latter require painting, the latter more frequently both to preserve it and to keep its appearance. The deterioration of stone and brick in our climate is largely a result of frost.

Beware of these snags. Cements and mortars very often cause heartaches. It should be impossible to drive a nail in cement mortar or into a good cement floor.

Damp or wet cellars are generally hopeless unless you know what to do to overcome the difficulty, but more often than not it is too late. A leaky roof comes within this category also and is hard to remedy. If the house is to be built or is built on a clay soil, it is pretty safe to say that there will be trouble unless some precautions have been, or are, taken—such as weeping tile around the foundation and connected to a drain. In addition walls below grade should be waterproofed.

For the average house wood joists are the logical choice. Wood partitions should not be used for floor joist supports except on the top floor. Cracks at the

junction of walls and ceilings are usually from shrinkage or settlement. Those near the centre of the ceiling from deflection or twisting of ceiling joists. Partition cracks are usually from one or the other, sometimes both. Hemlock should be avoided as a framing material—it has a tendency to twist.

Asbestos, asphalt, and copper are now used for roof coverings, but wood shingles still retain a great deal of charm. Copper nails should be used for fixing the shingles.

Copper should be used for flashing against chimney stacks, for valleys and gutters because its use adds at least ten years to the life of the roof.

The quality of interior trim is easily judged by the workmanship. Birch is a very suitable wood for a stain finish, white pine for panelling, either stained or painted. There are numerous plaster boards and insulating materials to which plaster can be applied.

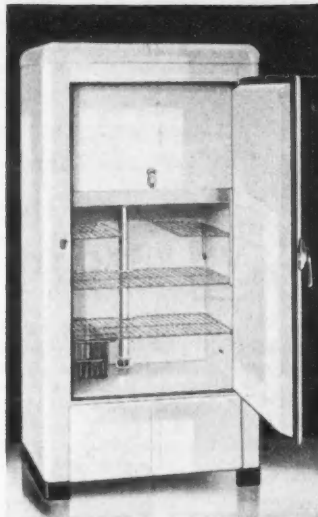
The garage attached to the house has many advantages over the isolated unit. The space above can often be used for a maid's room, sleeping porch or playroom, as part of the house.

It is always possible to build just as cheaply as one can buy, with the added comfort of knowing exactly what one is paying for and avoiding high maintenance cost on cheap materials. ■



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MADE IN CANADA



Planning for LIVING and DINING ROOMS

By EVAN PARRY

HOMES ARE getting smaller, servants harder to get, and occasional help is becoming more the rule than the exception. This may account for the growing tendency to limit space.

There are some basic principles which should be studied before building or remodelling a living room. The most important of these are, the relation of the length to the width and the height of a room. Then there is the matter of the scale of fireplace to the size of room; and the placing of doorways to give easy access to other rooms of the house.

It is possible to so design a room of comparatively small size that it will actually give an impression of having more living space than a much larger room. This can be done by proportioning the width to the length and so spacing the openings in the walls that the furniture fits into the room properly and leaves generous space for moving about.

For a living room to be successful it must be a labor-saver, which means the elimination of all unnecessary ornament.

There is a growing tendency to have fewer but larger rooms which is particularly noticeable in various types of combined living and dining room space. A careful analysis of a family's real living necessities frequently makes the omission of the dining room a simple and intelligent thing to do. However, there is a strong sentiment in many cases against this change and it is very hard to get the majority of people to accept it.

Many houses have small living rooms

and small dining rooms whereas if they were opened up and made one room greater comfort, convenience and dignity would be given to both.

There are two schools of thought on planning living rooms and dining rooms, one favors the dead end room with a minimum number of doors, the other favors a living room that opens up into the dining room or onto a terrace. Each type has its advantages, one satisfying those who prefer seclusion and intimacy, the latter appealing to those who like freedom and openness. Never lose sight of the fact that the living room has a dual purpose—it is the centre of family life and the centre of social life where friends and guests are met and entertained.

Those who favor the combined living and dining room base their argument on the following points—there is a feeling of greater size in the smaller house if the two areas are thrown together to make one large room, where it makes possible the use of the dining room space for other purposes than just serving meals and so adds to the continually useful space available.

On the other hand, there are effective arguments against combining the living and dining room. It is often difficult to plan the dining area with sufficient privacy. It robs dining and entertaining of some of the formality which many people enjoy. Often, too, it makes the living room harder to furnish. In any case you must decide which is actually better and best suited to your family's peculiar needs. ■

In this one-room apartment, a lighted niche behind the sofa bed holds books and ornaments; and the coffee table is raised to dining height by concealed rods.

(Designed by Virginia Conner, New York.)



Make it Yourself :: Continued from page 53

A small ribbed rubber mat fastened on the back portion of the deck will provide better foothold. When completed, the board can be sandpapered smooth and given three coats of good marine paint or varnish.

Bill of Material for Surf Board

Plywood—hot-pressed resin-bonded weather board.			
Planking..... 1/4-inch weather-board, Sound 2 Sides 2 pcs. 36" x 72".			
Lumber			
Nose and Stem Block.....	1 pc. 2" x 3"	5' 0"	
Framing.....	1 pc. 1" x 3"	10' 0"	
	3 pcs. 3/4" x 1 1/2"	10' 0"	

Note—Not included in this bill of material are screw nails, paint, etc.

The writing desk can be made of pressed wood, which is processed exploded wood fibre, and the frame of poplar. The advantage of this material is that it can be cut and worked with most everyday woodworking tools. All nails used in the construction should be driven perpendicular to the surface of the board and into the poplar framing. Never toe nail into the edges of the boards and do not use the pressed wood as a nailing base.

The procedure for making this useful piece of furniture is to assemble top and bottom frames. Screw upright pieces to bottom and top frame. Attach outside and inside end pieces of pressed wood with small wood screws. Bend the wood a little at a time into part of the curve and screw tightly to frame. Repeat this operation until the back is securely in place. Insert partition and shelves, using quarter-round molding where more support is needed, then apply the top.

The merits of this material are that it will not chip, crack, or check and can be painted any color to blend with any scheme of a room.

Bill of Material for Writing Desk

No.	Thick- ness	Width	Length	
1	1/4"	27"	48"	Tempered Pressed Wood
1	5/8"	26 3/8"	33 3/8"	
1	1/8"	27"	28 3/4"	
1	1/8"	28 3/4"	57 1/2"	
3	1/8"	26 3/8"	27 1/4"	Pressed Wood
1	1/4"	12 1/4"	27 1/4"	
3	1/4"	12 1/4"	18 3/4"	
3	1/4"	12 1/4"	8"	
6	1/8"	8 3/4"	18 3/4"	
6	1/8"	8 3/4"	8"	

The tennis table can also be constructed of pressed wood and poplar. Here are a few things that must be borne in mind when making it. Fasten each half of the top to the frame with screws from underneath, making sure that the edges are true. On middle of frame, legs should be six inches in from edge of frame—to pass corner legs when folded. Use large steel hinges, 3/8 inches wide by 3 inches long on each flange. When completed the table can be painted to choice, also the court lines.

Bill of Materials for Tennis Table

No.	Thick- ness	Width	Length	
2	5/8"	48"	48"	Pressed Wood
4	7/8"	3"	47 1/2"	Poplar
4	7/8"	3"	45 1/4"	Poplar
6	1"	4"	31"	Poplar

The threefold screen is made of two thicknesses of pressed wood screwed on a poplar frame. Take great care to see that the frame is exactly square or the screen will not fold. For neat edges, bind them with passpartout and wide enough for 1/4 inch turnover on each edge. Both back and front can be covered with fabric to match the drapes in the room.

Bill of Materials for Screen

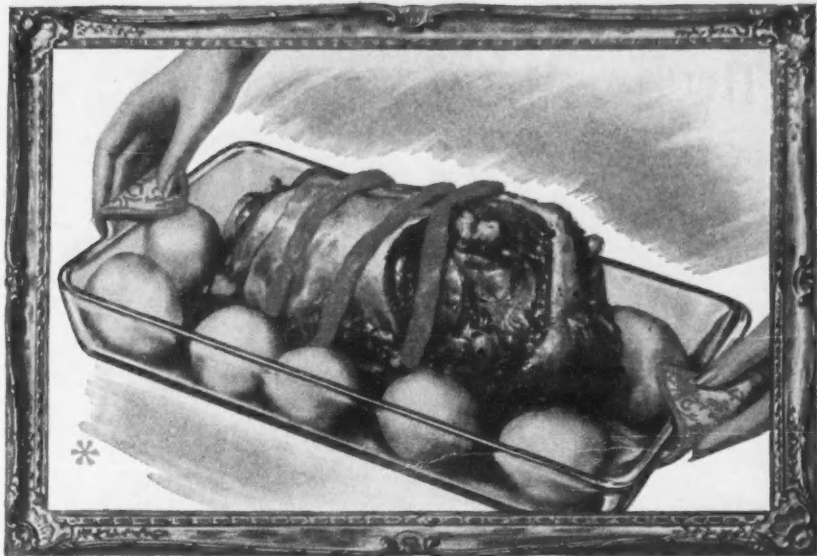
No.	Thick- ness	Length	Width	
6	1/8"	69"	18"	Pressed Wood
6	1/2"	69"	2"	Poplar
12	1/2"	15"	2"	Poplar
6	2-way hinges and screws.			

When making the porch table, you may find it necessary to have the top cut at the mill because it is circular. Be sure that each slit in the leg is exactly the same length, otherwise the legs will not fit perfectly. When the legs are put together, screw in the quarter round supports, then slip in the frame, screwing it firmly from underneath, and paint and decorate the finished article to suit your taste.

Bill of Materials for Porch Table

No.	Thick- ness	Width	Length	
1	5/8"	26"	26"	Pressed Wood
2	5/8"	22"	26"	Pressed Wood
4	7/8"	3"	15 1/2"	Poplar
4	1"	1"	17"	1/4 Round

Who says a bride can't cook?

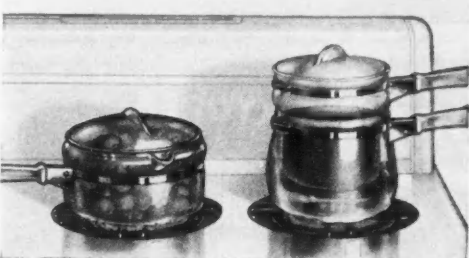


... she can easily if you give her modern Pyrex Ware

ANY GIRL can be a better cook with Pyrex ware. This miracle glassware actually bakes faster. Food browns more evenly. She can watch its progress through the clear glass sides. She even saves on dish-washing! She'll cook and serve and keep, in the same gleaming dish. If you really want to please her, plan a Pyrex ware shower today! You can get a whole set, gift-boxed, for only a little over a dollar!

And 75% of Pyrex dishes today are priced even lower! Why not round out your own Pyrex ware needs while you're remembering friend bride?

* THE TREND to oven meals makes a handy utility dish (shown above) a necessity. It will hold a good-sized rolled rib roast and the potatoes and vegetables as well! Serve the whole meal in the actual dish it was cooked in! Two handy sizes;

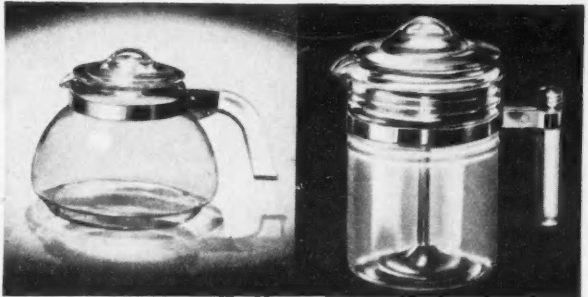


GET ACQUAINTED

with Pyrex Flameware dishes! They're new and smart. The latest thing! Wide, flat bottoms really fit stove tops. Spouts are designed especially for easy pouring. See the food cook. Boost your own cooking efficiency with this 32-ounce Flameware saucepan (above), and don't be without the 32-ounce size double boiler beside it. Both wash sparkling clean in less than a jiffy!

EXPERTS AGREE

coffee tastes better brewed in clear, sparkling Pyrex Brand Glass! . . . because it can't burn, become rancid or leave a disagreeable "pot" taste. And to see is to want this Flameware Utility Tea-Kettle that can't ever rust or tarnish . . . has dozens of uses. Both these Pyrex ware items fit your budget!



MEET 90%

of all your baking needs with this 17-piece Home Baker set. Leading home economists have proved you can! . . . includes measuring cup, utility dish, loaf pan, pie plate, two cake dishes, four deep pie dishes, six custard cups and a handy wire rack. (Items can also be purchased separately.)

Sole Canadian Distributors
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LIMITED—TORONTO



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MOTHER



HOSTESS



WAR WORKER

● To the three-fold responsibility of Mother, Wife and Hostess of war added the inspiring activities of war effort. No wonder Canadian women seek by every means to save time and money and energy for these surpassing services.



"MY GREATEST HELPER"

Now I prepare my vegetables, salads, pastry-dough, desserts, etc. whenever I have the time and in larger quantities. They keep perfectly in my electric refrigerator—there is no waste—and no last minute rush.



"AWAY WITH WASHDAY"

Since I turned to my new electric washer, I save hours of time and have cleaner clothes. They last longer, too, and I am not fagged out.

"I'M SORRY FOR YOU — IRONING THE OLD WAY"

Setting the correct heat on my automatic iron, saves all kinds of time and trouble for me. The heat stays "put" for each kind of fabric and that is a life saver for the clothes—prevents excessive temperature and scorching—and it takes only half the energy because it is so light in weight.

"WAGING WAR ON WASTE"

Canadian women are saving waste materials—paper, metal, rubber, fabric. Help the war effort by co-operating with your local salvage campaign. If not organized in your town, write for information.

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE Monthly Bulletin

including useful wartime suggestions, recipes and menus, etc. They're free. No obligation. Just write Miss Anna May Cornell, Canadian Westinghouse Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.



Westinghouse

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

WORK. SAVE. LEND. Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

POINTERS FOR YOUR HOME



To prevent new varnish on furniture sticking to your clothes—assuming that the finish is in good condition—rub the surface lightly with very fine sandpaper; wipe off the dust with alcohol, being careful of fire, then finish with a coat of good quality quick-drying varnish.

Drainboards should never be painted. Soaking the wood several times with raw linseed oil is the best treatment for wood drainboards. When the board is dry, give it a soaking coat of oil. Wipe off the surface after an hour or two; three applications will be sufficient.

Never try to repair the decayed wood sill of your summer cottage. Once decay has set in coating the wood with a preservative will not stop it. It is advisable to cut away the rotten area down to the sound wood. Use a preservative such as creosote to prevent further decay.



When replacing broken glass windows putty should not be applied to bare wood because the oil in the putty will be absorbed. Before putty is applied, a coat of linseed oil or thin paint should be put on the wood to seal the pores.

To clean painted woodwork, clean the surfaces with a soap jelly. This is made by mixing one cupful of flakes or shavings of a mild soap with five cupfuls of hot water, allowing the mixture to stand until the soap dissolves. Then apply with cloth dampened in warm water and rubbed until a froth is raised. The surface is then wiped with a soft cloth dampened in clear water, and rubbed dry.

Spar varnish will prevent wood from absorbing moisture.

Graphite paint is suitable for use on smokestacks, bitumastic paints can also be used for the same purpose.

Shrunken fabric in sheet form can be stretched, after making it wet and placing it on a curtain stretcher, then leave it until dry. Do not stretch too much at one time.

If your front door has cracked, fill the cracks with wood putty and then finish the door with a good quality paint; or if the door is varnished, apply two coats of high quality varnish. Ordinary varnish will not do.



The best way to get rid of scrub around your summer cottage is to grub out the roots. Cut off all growth above the surface and continue to cut new growth as it appears. This will eventually kill the roots.

Dutch doors cannot be made from ordinary doors. It would mean rebuilding each half of the door, and the cost would be greater than that of a new door.

To take out stains made by water on a waxed hardwood floor, remove the wax down to the bare wood with turpentine. Then apply a hot solution of oxalic acid. Leave this on the surface overnight, then rinse two or three times with clear water to remove all traces. Allow the wood to dry thoroughly, then rub down with fine sandpaper, wipe off dust with turpentine and finish with varnish and wax.



Gilt frames can be freshened by rubbing with oil of turpentine. Surface dirt will come off with the oil. Then wipe over the frames again with clean oil which is allowed to dry on. Afterward, rub with a clean cloth.

Travel Light :: Continued from page 39

instead of the jacket. They're sort of ultra for the young crew.

As for the shirt, you might substitute blue or white if your skin and hair aren't happy about yellow. They get sulky and let you down if they're not. But especially for the dark gal, all tuned up for a rhapsody in suntan, this copper and soft yellow is a knock-out combination.

2. Rocky Mountain blue crepe dress and redingote (about seventeen dollars). This, by the way, is your have-them-eating-out-of-your-hand outfit. Soft and dainty enough to make you look like a flower in the wilds, or a dewy blossom in the city's heat. Put it on very fast-like after you've been romping around in hail-fellow-well-met sport things all day. See if he doesn't look amazed and come out with, "Why, you're ten different women in one!"

It's a soft dressmaker dress with a full bodice, unpressed pleats (you'll caress them when you shake them out of a suitcase and forget there's such a thing as an iron), and a grosgrain ribbon binding on the redingote. The neckline is purposely feminine, as an offset to your sports stuff.

3. Heaven blue rayon dress coin-dotted in copper tan with blue angora jacket (about fifteen dollars).

Here's your maid-of-all-work outfit that will see you through thick and thin. Everything from the motor trip there to tea on the terrace. Or the boat. Or the plane.

It's a 1941 shirtmaker dress with soft unpressed pleats, again. (We're a pushover for them in a suitcase.)

The set-in belt gives a nice waistline and draws the fullness to a nifty bloused effect at the back. And look-see the new open throatline. And the enchanting little sweater—can you stand up to being thought fragile? This will do it.

The way we've worked it, you're out about thirty-nine dollars all told. You can do it for twenty, if you wish, or go as high as you like.

How to Get the Eight-Way Stretch.

You've got three outfits to begin with.

4. You spill the picnic pickles down the copper-tan jacket that matches your slacks. All right—wear the little blue angora jacket from outfit number two with it.

5. Wear the slack jacket (copper-tan) with the coin-dot dress. You'll like this almost as well as the original coin-dot setup.

6. Take the blue redingote from your dress-up blue dress and wear it with the coin-dot-one. You could go to the governor's for tea in that.

7. Wear dress number three—the blue crepe—with the copper-tan jacket from your slack suit. This will tone down the dressy look and make it into a semi-sports outfit.

8. For really knock-out fragility, try the devastating angora jacket with the blue crepe dress. Grand for informal dancing.

Where to Wear Them.

For Travel. The slacks or the coin-dot dress if you're motoring, or on the boat. The coin-dot dress for the train or plane.

For Sports. Slacks for tramping, boating and golf if you like. More and more women wear slacks for golf, especially on the resort courses. You

could use the coin-dot dress for golf, too. It has an easy-action back and good wide skirt.

For tea, dinner or informal dancing. Here's where your blue crepe comes in. The coin dot will spell it off for less formal occasions.

For big parties. The blue crepe again.

What to Add.

You'll notice we haven't put a coat in. You're not likely to buy a coat now—so make your spring one do, for all you'll wear it. One of those checkered or plaid sports jackets would be a nice extra, especially in brown and blue tones with a bit of yellow.

Just as a P.S., especially if you're going to a really swank place, you might add the pale pink evening dress we've shown you. If you choose something like this (at around sixteen dollars) it will fit like a glove with the rest of your clothes.

In the way of accessories.

A casual tailored hat in copper tan or blue would be good with your slacks and coin-dot dress. Or a fabric turban in grosgrain ribbon or crepe in either color would be grand for travel.

Try a natural straw with a blue band for the blue crepe dress, and you can wear it with other things too.

A slender two-or three-strand necklace of pearls, or of those frosty white summer beads, would add the final note to any of the outfits.

If You're Older.

If you think slacks are too juvenile for you, get two or three crisp cotton dresses that launder easily. Remember, though, slacks come up to forty-four now. Or there are culottes—those divided skirt outfits. But they need to be kept well-tailored. Instead of slacks you might get one of those three-piece suits with shorts, skirt and blouse. You can wear the skirt motoring and slip it off for lounging on the beach.

The most important changes in our three-piece wardrobe—if you're older—would be to get soft necklines and good hiplines.

Necklines should be soft, preferably V'd, **sleeve lines** simple and not too tailored or tight. **Hip and skirt lines** should be designed of proper length and fullness to give you good proportions.

Grandma used to take a trunk and two big bags on her annual trek to visit Cousin Ella. She'd say this was pretty amazing.

We're proud of it too.

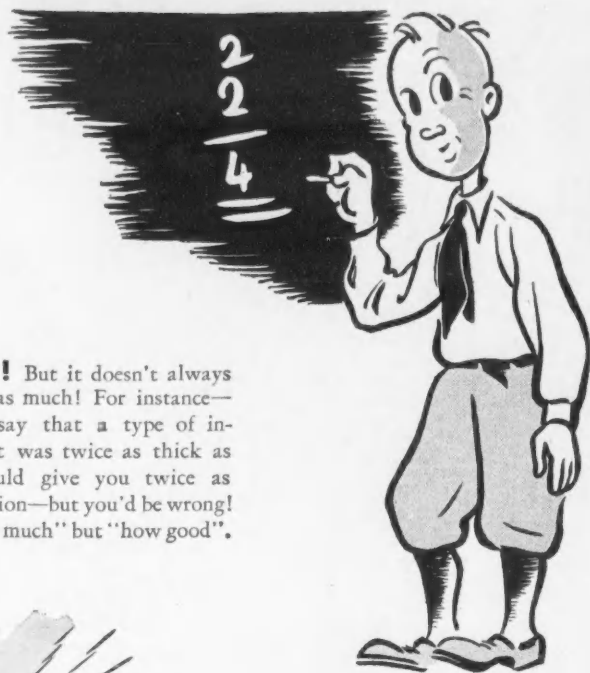
Because the whole three outfits will slip smoothly into something not much bigger than an overnight bag.

And remember—she travels fastest who travels in one suitcase.

And gets farther. ■



Do 2+2 always make 4?



Sure does! But it doesn't always make twice as much! For instance—you might say that a type of insulation that was twice as thick as another would give you twice as much insulation—but you'd be wrong! It isn't "how much" but "how good".



Rigid fibre board is the most practical form of home insulation yet devised. In its tough and sturdy wood fibres are millions of tiny dead air cells that act as lasting barriers against heat and cold. So don't confuse thickness with efficiency when you buy or build. Specify Ten/Test rigid fibre board.

Ever think of this? A thick bulky type of insulation may sag and settle between the walls of your house. In come the cold drafts—out goes the heat generated by the coal you pay for. No wonder many home owners wish they'd chosen the time-tested, scientifically devised form of insulation called Ten/Test.



Ten/Test is stronger. Ten/Test not only insulates your home. It adds structural strength. It can be used either as sheathing within the walls or as an insulating base for the plastered walls. No unsightly cracks—no loss of heat. Think of the saving in fuel bills!

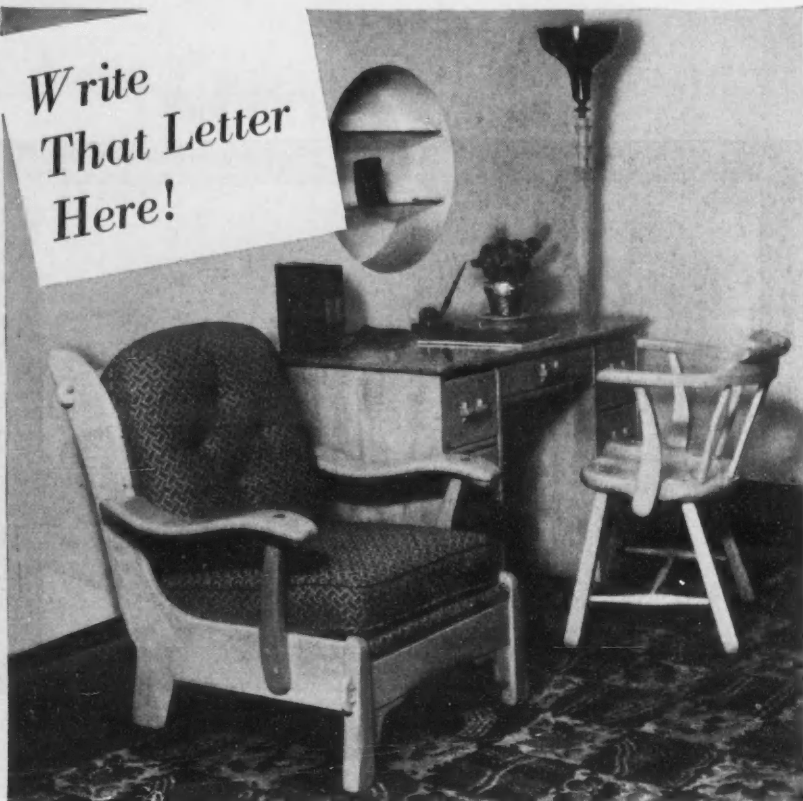
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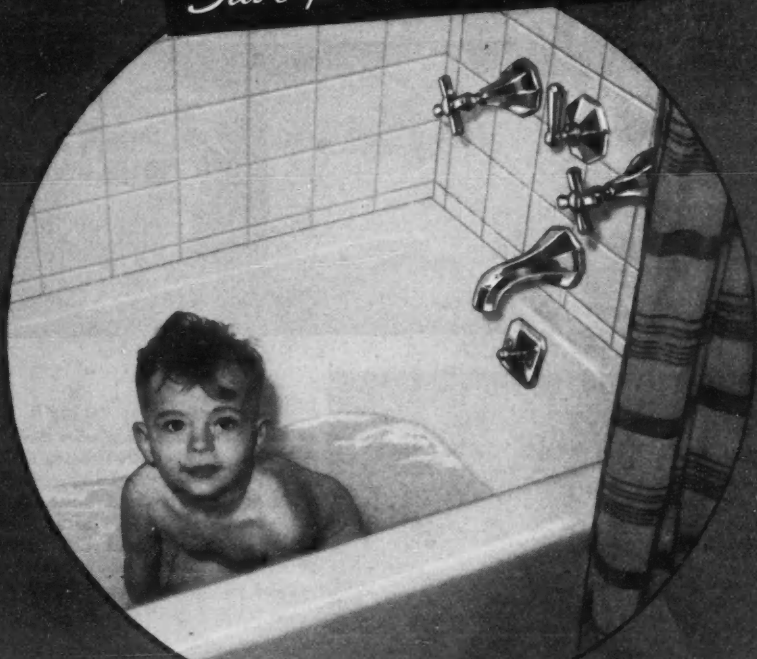
● The rich mellowness of the Imperial Loyalist wood, the time-scuffed edges and the authentic styling give you a lasting sense of luxury and a deep feeling of comfort. See these Imperial Loyalist pieces now.

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Save you Money in the End!



WALLACEBURG

SHOWERS AND FAUCETS

ASK YOUR PLUMBER

For a holiday at the lake, a dinghy is welcomed by all members of the family especially when made out of resin-bonded plywood, weighing only 115 pounds complete. This boat is roomy enough for four persons, ideal for fishing trips and

light enough to be stored on top of the car or a two-wheeled trailer.

To protect the life of the wood and to preserve its appearance, give the entire boat three coats of good quality marine paint or spar varnish.

Bill of Material for Dinghy

Plywood—hot-pressed resin-bonded weather-board

Transom and Seats	$\frac{3}{4}$ " Weather board Sound 2 Sides 1 pc. 36" x 60"
Bottom Planking	$\frac{1}{4}$ " Weather board Sound 2 Sides 1 pc. 48" x 120"
Side Planking	$\frac{1}{4}$ " Weather board Sound 2 Sides 1 pc. 48" x 96"
	$\frac{1}{4}$ " Weather board Sound 2 Sides 1 pc. 48" x 48"

Lumber

Sheer, Seat and Chine Battens	6 pcs.	$\frac{3}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ "	12' 0"
Rub Rails	2 pcs.	$\frac{3}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{4}$ "	12' 0"
	2 pcs.	1"— $\frac{1}{2}$ " round	12' 0"
Frames	4 pcs.	$\frac{3}{4}$ " x $1\frac{3}{4}$ "	10' 0"
Skeg	1 pc.	$1\frac{1}{4}$ " x 5"	4' 0"
Keel Batten	1 pc.	1" x $1\frac{1}{2}$ "	10' 0"
Stem	1 pc.	4" x 4"	1' 8"
Breast Hook and Knees	1 pc.	$1\frac{1}{4}$ " x 6"	3' 0"

Note—Not included in this bill of material are screw nails, paint, lumber for items such as assembly jig and floor boards, etc.

Full working particulars of all these can be obtained for the asking.

The House Clinic

Queries should be addressed to Evan Parry, F. R. A. I. C., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



Question—I want advice regarding the redecoration of my kitchen. At present all the woodwork, walls and cupboards are ivory, ceiling white. The linoleum is cream, ivory and tan background with two-tone green pattern; stove ivory and cream with black trim; curtains cream with green and gold flowers.

Could the woodwork and cupboards be done over in a light oak and finished with clear varnish? What colors would you suggest? The ceiling is very low, about seven feet, so wouldn't one color for the wall be better than the division? The inside of one cupboard is a pretty green with black trim.

The room is east, west and south lighted.

Answer—Paint the walls from floor to ceiling one color, a light peach. This would harmonize with the floor covering, curtains and stove.

Do not grain the woodwork and cupboards a light oak varnish; it would look much better if painted in the same color as the walls, which would include trims and baseboard. Paint the doors, chairs and table a blue-green.

* * *

Question—I am about to place a cement floor under my garage which is 12 x 20 feet. Would you tell me the amount of gravel, sand and cement required for this purpose. How thick would the floor have to be and would any additional thickness have to be provided to act as a footing for the walls. The garage is of frame construction.

Answer—The floor for garage should

be four-inch broken stone or gravel and two-inch fine gravel, sand and cement, and mixed in proportions of one of cement to three of aggregate, the footings of the walls 12 x 18 inches.

* * *

Question—I would like your advice about redecorating a room for two boys sixteen and thirteen years of age respectively.

The room is 11 x 11 feet with one door, and window faces north. We are thinking of twin beds, desk, chair, chiffonier, easy chair and bookcase and thought of buying the furniture unpainted. The floor is soft wood and painted.

Answer—Use bunks of maple; boys are always interested in them. Sea green paint for walls and trim, and the door a soft blue flat enamel finish, would blend nicely with the maple furniture. The linoleum of old rose color laid on asbestos paper would give a fillip to the room. Lastly, cover the chair with one of the handcraft striped fabrics of rose and cream.

* * *

Question—I want advice on repainting the outside of our house. It is a frame bungalow, painted white, with green roof, door and trim. We are undecided whether to continue with these colors, or have a change. What colors would you suggest?

Answer—I would recommend that the roof be painted a dark blue, all the exterior trim and woodwork ivory white, entrance door and shutters (if any) light blue-green. ■

HOUSEKEEPING

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT
CONDUCTED BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL



THE FAMILY GOES TOURING

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

(Photo, courtesy Ontario Travel and Publicity Bureau.)

MENUS FOR A THREE-DAY MOTOR TOUR

FIRST DAY

Breakfast

At Home

Lunch (on the way)

Egg, Onion and Potato Salad (in paper cartons)
Brown Bread and Butter
Mock Devilled Ham Sandwiches
Carrot Slivers
Chocolate Brownies Fresh Fruit in Season

Dinner (prepared at camp)

Chilled Apple Juice
(carried from home in vacuum bottle)
Wiensers or Sliced Canned Meat
(head cheese, tongue, chicken, corned beef)
Canned Spaghetti and Tomatoes
Lettuce with Dressing
Fresh Berries Cookies
or
Rhubarb Pie or Butter Tarts (carried from home)
Tea Coffee Milk

SECOND DAY

Breakfast

Canned or Fresh Fruit
Scrambled Eggs
Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa

Lunch

Lettuce and Salmon Sandwiches
(prepared at breakfast time)
Radishes Celery
Packaged Biscuits
Fruit in Season or Ice Cream Cones
Tea Coffee Bottled Drinks

Dinner

Broiled Minute Steaks or Hamburgers
Tomato Catsup or Pickles
Baked Potatoes
(baked in the coals or portable oven)
or
Potatoes Cooked in Sour Cream (put a half pint
of cream in your hamper when you leave home
— and let nature take its course)
Carrots
Toasted Rolls Bananas or Other Fresh Fruit
Cup Cakes
Tea Coffee Milk

THIRD DAY

Breakfast

Cherries, Melon or Other Fruit in Season
Bacon or Sausage
Toast Jam
Cocoa Coffee

Lunch

Pea or Mushroom Soup
(carried in vacuum bottle)
Hard-cooked Eggs (cooked at breakfast time)
Lettuce Sandwiches Green Onions
Doughnuts Fruit
Tea Bottled Beverages

Dinner

Tomato Juice (chilled or piping hot — accord-
ing to the weather and facilities)
Baked Beans with Brown Sugar and Mustard
(a three to one mixture of sugar, and dry mus-
tard; let everyone help himself)
Brown Bread and Bacon Sandwiches
Sweet Pickle Celery
Fresh Pineapple Cookies
Tea Coffee (Continued on page 65)



PARTNERS FOR LIFE!

**You trust each
other—and both
of you can trust
Magic for light,
fine-textured
cakes**

"LIKE as two peas in a pod"
—playing and working together... You're lifetime partners, trusting each other.

How reassuring to know you can both trust Magic for all your cake baking—can always count on it for delectably fluffy, fine-textured cakes!

3 out of 4 Canadian mothers and daughters already insist on Magic. Canada's leading cookery experts feel the same way

about Magic—invariably use it in their famous, taste-teasing cakes and other recipes.

Set your youthful partner a fine cake-baking example. Ask your grocer for dependable Magic Baking Powder today. In doing so, you set an example in economy too, since enough Magic for an average baking costs less than 1¢!

FREE COOK BOOK! When you bake at home use the new Magic Cook Book. Over 300 recipes. Address—**Magic Baking Powder, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2.**

MADE IN CANADA

A Day in London :: Continued from page 16

paper and tissue wrapping inside the packet, are about thirty cents for twenty. In view of the gasoline shortage, you'll be surprised to learn that you can still buy fluid for your cigarette lighter.

Much of the merchandise in store windows and on counters looks somewhat the worse for wear. As supplies get low, storekeepers have to bring out their old stock. Of all merchandise on display, books seem to be the most shop-soiled. Except for cheap editions there are few new books coming out, and booksellers have perforce to do their best with tattered oldies.

With movie houses and theatres closed, what to do in the evenings is a problem. You have a choice of going dancing at a restaurant, or staying at home. Most Londoners choose the latter: (a) because they prefer not to go out during the blackout and air raids; (b) because night club prices don't suit the pocket of the average person. But they can still go round to the local pub—the war hasn't closed those down.

If you stay at home you have the dubious pleasure of listening to the radio. There are two London stations, broadcasting from seven a.m. to midnight. Except for special war programs, the BBC is turning out much the same type of stuff as they broadcast before the war. But what is noticeably different about listening-in to the radio in England now is the number of German stations on the air. At only two points on the dial do you come across English programs, but practically everywhere else you turn the switch it's "Germany Calling."

After having seen so many photographs of conditions in the underground stations, which were virtually taken over by London air-raid shelterers when the air-blitz started, you'll be interested in seeing what things are like there now. One of the many improvements that have been made is that the tube stations have been fitted out with bunks.

They're three-deckers and each bears a number. Shelterers may reserve bunks. They bring their own rugs and blankets and usually take up their positions at nightfall. But those who aren't lucky enough to secure bunks still have to lie on the concrete floors or on the stairs.

So that each person may assure himself of a maximum of floor space, most of them sleep on their backs. The result is that the snoring is terrific. The atmosphere is fetid and a goodly proportion of the shelterers are mouth breathers—a combination that is hardly conducive to good health. But surprisingly enough the epidemics and general ill health that were expected in the shelters this winter have not eventuated.

Many Londoners spend their nights in the shelters even when there is no enemy activity overhead. They have grown to like the communal life there. Before they go to sleep they play cards, have chats, hop on one of the passing trains and visit friends at a near-by station. I noticed two old men squatting on the concrete platform, deep in a game of chess and quite oblivious to the trains that came whizzing past them at regular intervals.

But in comparison to those who remain in their homes during air raids, those who spend every night in the shelters are a small proportion. So to

give you an idea of how the average Londoner regards the air-raid menace I'll describe my first experience of London during a visit by Nazi bombers.

I'm living in a private home near Regent's Park. We were seated at dinner when the air-raid sirens sounded. The sirens are located in various districts throughout London. One sounds, and then another takes up the call, and then another. The high-pitched wail lasts for well over a minute, and there is no doubt but that everyone knows there is an alert on. They don't call them air-raid warnings any more—the term "alert" is much less frightening. My friends at dinner did not rush for the shelters. They merely said, "There's Jerry again," and went on with their meal. "Don't people go to shelters any more?" I asked. "Some people do," was the reply; "but most Londoners have got into the way of thinking that if you're going to be hit you're going to be hit, so it doesn't make much difference where you are."

You'll probably be tempted to go outside and see what it feels like to be a target for Nazi bombers. I was. I jotted down the name of my next of kin in Canada, gave it to my host and went out onto the street. It was deserted. I was on the point of looking up to see what could be seen, when something came clattering down on the sidewalk a few yards away from me. I scurried indoors. It had been a piece of shrapnel and had it hit me on the head my number would have been up. No one in the house had a tin helmet, so on my next visit out-of-doors I wore on my head one of those old-fashioned silver-plated meat covers. Not exactly designed for the purpose, but it will serve until I get a tin hat.

It is a strange feeling, standing there in the night looking up into the sky and knowing that there are hundreds of enemy planes there, out to wreak as much destruction as they possibly can on people and property below. You can't see the planes. They're too far up. But you hear the incessant drone of their engines. In fact there is far more to hear than to see in an air raid.

There were so many different noises that I just stood there bewildered. But in a minute or two an air-raid warden passed by, and I asked him to enlighten me as to which sounds were which. He



"I wore a silver-plated meat cover."

was able to tell me where the planes were, what direction they were going in and what type they were. He also told me that the longer screech a descending bomb makes the farther it is away. When one is coming down on top of you, you don't hear it—three seconds and it's all over! ■



BREAKFAST		
17	Stewed Cherries Bread and Milk	Jelly
	Scones	Tea
18	Tomato Juice Poached Eggs on Toast	Tea
	Coffee	
19	Apple Juice Cereal	Honey
	Graham Gems	Tea
20	Cereal with Strawberries	Marmalade
	Toast	Tea
21	Rhubarb Cereal	Jam
	Toast	Tea
22 (Sunday)	Fresh Pineapple Cream Waffles Maple Syrup	Tea
23	Tomato Juice Cereal	Jam
	Toast	Tea
24	Melon Slices Cereal	Jelly
	Corn Muffins	Tea
25	Sliced Bananas Bacon and Eggs Toast	Tea
26	Apple Juice Cereal Grilled Kidneys Toast	Tea
27	Pineapple Halves Grilled Small Fish	Jelly
	Toast	Tea
28	Cereal with Berries Stewed Fruit	Tea
29 (Sunday)	Chilled Melon Cereal Parsley Omelet Toast	Tea
30	Apple Juice Cereal	Syrup
	French Toast	Tea

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER		
	Shepherd's Pie Catsup Canned Pears Frosted Spice Cakes	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Ramekins of Creamed Fish and Vegetables Lettuce and Asparagus Salad Cakes (left-over)	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Vegetable Soup Sliced Fresh Bologna Lyonnaise Potatoes Chilled Watermelon	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Brown Toast Stewed or Canned Fruit	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Mixed Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Sliced Bananas and Cream	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Cream of Mushroom Soup Crackers Relishes Chocolate Eclairs	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Creamed Eggs on Toast Lettuce French Dressing Pineapple Plain Cake	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Pork and Beans Tomato Catsup Green Onions Fruit Trifle	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Clear Soup Cold Meat Plate Brown Rolls Rhubarb Tapioca	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Mustard Pickles Pear, Cheese and Ginger Salad	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Scalloped Salmon Brown Bread Lettuce Sandwiches Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Scrambled Eggs and Mushrooms Duchess Potatoes Hot Scones	Jam Cocoa
	Tea	
	Asparagus on Toast Celery Sponge Cake with Crushed Strawberries	Cocoa
	Tea	
	Club Sandwiches Pickles Vanilla Blancmange Cookies	Cocoa
	Tea	

DINNER		
	Kidney Stew Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream Wafers	Tea
	Coffee	
	Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Green Peas Chocolate Chip Bread Pudding	Tea
	Coffee	
	Curried Lamb Rice Ring Buttered Asparagus Rhubarb Cream Pie	Tea
	Coffee	
	Fried Fillets of Fish Creamed Potatoes Mixed Salad Greens Gingerbread Hard Sauce	Ginger Ale
	Coffee	
	Asparagus Soup Grilled Fresh Ham Riced Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Blueberry Roll	Tea
	Coffee	
	Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beans Fruit Salad Cream Dressing	Tea
	Coffee	
	Baked Sausages Scalloped Potatoes Dandelion Greens Steamed Rice and Syrup	Tea
	Coffee	
	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Chocolate Bavarian Cream	Tea
	Coffee	
	Fried Trout Buttered New Potatoes Spinach Fresh Strawberry Shortcake	Tea
	Coffee	
	Oven-cooked Steak with Brown Gravy Baked Potatoes Cauliflower	Wafers Tea
	Coffee	
	Cream of Tomato Soup Vegetable Plate (Potato au Gratin, Whole Kernel Corn, Green Beans, Sliced Buttered Beets)	Tea
	Coffee	
	Liver and Bacon French-Fried Potatoes Peas Pineapple Bread Pudding	Tea
	Coffee	
	Vegetable Soup Sliced Jellied Tongue Macaroni Salad Pickled Beets Baked Custard Caramel Sauce	Tea
	Coffee	
	Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Fried Tomatoes Lemon Foam	Tea
	Coffee	

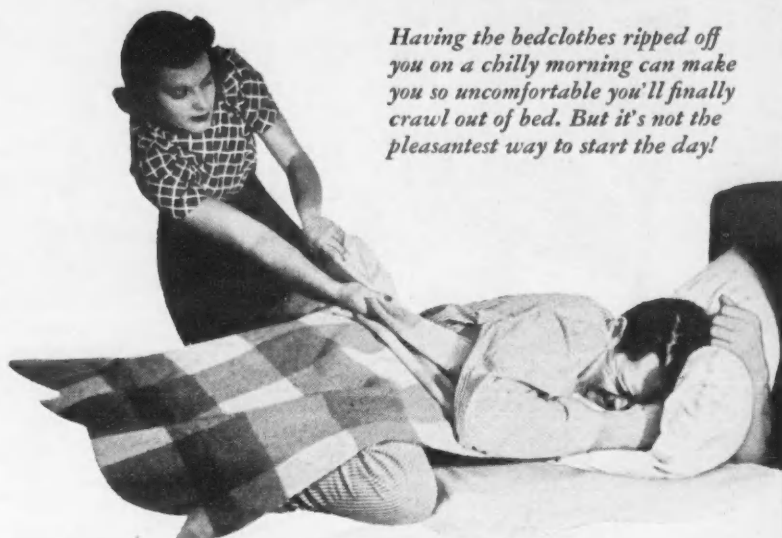
SPANISH OMELET—Omelet served with a tomato sauce to which chopped onion, green pepper, celery and mushrooms have been added.

BRAISED CELERY—Diced celery cooked in a little gravy or bouillon until tender.

CHOCOLATE CHIP BREAD PUDDING—Recipe on page 74 of your April Chatelaine.

POTATOES AU GRATIN—Cubed, cooked potatoes heated and served in a cheese sauce.

PULLING THE BEDCLOTHES OFF YOU CAN WAKE YOU UP



Having the bedclothes ripped off you on a chilly morning can make you so uncomfortable you'll finally crawl out of bed. But it's not the pleasantest way to start the day!

Wake up Smiling

WITH RICH, ROASTER-FRESH CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE



If you want to wake up feeling it's a wonderful world, make the "wake-up test" with a golden, tangy cup of rich, ROASTER-FRESH Chase & Sanborn! Have it before you get out of bed, if you can. If that isn't practical, get down to the table and Chase & Sanborn as soon as possible — and get happy!

Packed at its flavor-peak, its zippy, tantalizing, taste-teasing richness gets the old grin on your face, warms up the engine, gets you going in high! Wake up tomorrow faster, happier with rich ROASTER-FRESH Chase & Sanborn!



Roasted and packed in Canada in pound and half-pound modern vacuum tins, Drip or Regular grind

Listen to Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy on the Chase & Sanborn Radio Program every Sunday over C.B.C. Network

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

Now They'll Cheer for Muffins!



KELLOGG'S OLD-FASHIONED ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 cups Kellogg's All-Bran 1 egg
 ½ cup molasses 1 cup flour
 1½ cups milk ½ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon soda

Add All-Bran to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt and soda together and combine with All-Bran mixture. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Yield: one dozen muffins, 2½ inches in diameter.

Here's a grand recipe sure to brighten breakfast. And, better still, these crusty, nut-sweet muffins made with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN will brighten your whole day by keeping you "regular". For ALL-BRAN is just as effective in muffins as when served as a cereal. It provides a better way to correct constipation due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in your diet.

Keeps You
Regular...



...NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages; restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"Serve by Saving! Buy War Savings Certificates"

Meals of the Month

for June



1 BREAKFAST

(Sunday)
 Tomato Juice
 Cereal
 Bacon and Eggs
 Toast

Coffee Tea

2

Rhubarb Juice
 Cereal

Toast Jam
 Coffee Tea

3

Stewed Fruit
 Poached Eggs
 Toast

Coffee Tea

4

Tomato Juice
 Cereal
 Corn Bread
 Coffee

Syrup
 Tea

5

Baked Rhubarb
 Cereal
 Brown Toast
 Coffee

Marmalade
 Tea

6

Cereal with Bananas
 Toast
 Coffee

Stewed Fruit
 Tea

7

Half Grapefruit
 Bread and Milk
 Bran Muffins
 Coffee

Honey
 Tea

8

(Sunday)
 Pineapple Slices
 Cereal
 Grilled Ham
 Coffee

Jelly
 Tea

9

Sliced Bananas
 Cereal
 Toast
 Coffee

Jam
 Tea

10

Apple Juice
 Scrambled Eggs
 Toast
 Coffee

Conservé
 Tea

11

Stewed Rhubarb
 Cereal
 Currant Muffins
 Coffee

Marmalade
 Tea

12

Chilled Prunes
 Cereal
 Bacon
 Coffee

Toast
 Tea

13

Half Grapefruit
 Griddle Cakes
 Corn Syrup
 Coffee

Tea

14

Sliced Bananas
 Cereal
 Toast
 Coffee

Jam
 Tea

15

(Sunday)
 Unhulled Strawberries
 Cereal
 Shirred Eggs and Kidneys
 Toast
 Coffee

Tea

16

Cereal with
 Chopped Dates
 Bacon
 Coffee

Marmalade
 Tea

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Chicken and Celery Salad
 Brown Bread
 Individual Peach Shortcake
 Tea

Ginger Ale

Baked Stuffed Potatoes
 Brown Rolls
 Pear and Cottage Cheese
 Salad

Tea Cocoa

Cream of Corn Soup
 Beet and Celery Salad
 Jam Turnovers
 Tea

Cocoa

Spanish Omelet
 Brown Toast
 Jellied Prunes with Cream
 Nut Wafers
 Tea

Cocoa

Bacon
 Baked Potatoes
 Lettuce
 French Dressing
 Fresh Pineapple
 Tea

Cocoa

Pea Soup
 Welsh Rarebit
 Apple Sauce
 Molasses Cookies
 Tea

Cocoa

Cold Cuts
 Waldorf Salad
 Pickles
 Toasted Muffins
 Chocolate Blancmange
 Tea

Cocoa

Asparagus with Hollandaise
 on Toast
 Radishes
 Celery
 Fruit Salad
 All-Bran Cherry Bread
 Tea

Cocoa

Mushroom Soup
 Sardine and Egg Salad
 Canned Cherries
 Tea

Cocoa

Liver and Bacon
 Creamed Potatoes
 Lettuce Salad
 Cherry Cup Cakes
 Tea

Cocoa

Pan-fried Small Fish
 with Lemon
 Raw Vegetable Salad
 Stewed Prunes
 Tea

Cocoa

Spinach and Poached Eggs
 Brown Toast
 Sliced Bananas with Cream
 Plain Cake
 Tea

Cocoa

Spaghetti and Tomato
 Sauce
 Lettuce Salad
 Canned Fruit
 Cake
 Tea

Cocoa

Lobster Chowder
 Cheese Toast and Bacon
 Fruit Cup
 Tea

Cocoa

Tomato, Vegetable and
 Cottage Cheese Salad
 Brown Rolls
 Butter Tarts
 Tea

Punch

Bean Soup
 Egg Sandwiches
 Cup Cakes
 Tea

Cocoa

DINNER

Tomato Bouillon
 Roast of Lamb
 Mint Sauce
 Mashed Potatoes
 Spinach Molds
 Maple Bavarian Cream
 Coffee

Tea

Consommé
 Grilled Sausages
 Creamed Potatoes
 Beet Greens
 Chocolate Pudding
 Coffee

Tea

Roast of Beef
 Browned Potatoes
 String Beans
 Raisin Cup Cakes
 Brown Sugar Sauce
 Coffee

Tea

Celery Soup
 Cold Roast Beef
 Reish Pickle
 Potato Cakes
 Buttered Carrots
 Strawberry Tart Pie
 Coffee

Tea

Veal Stew
 Baked Potatoes
 Shredded Cabbage
 Marshmallow Custard
 Coffee

Tea

Pan-broiled Fresh Herring
 French-Fried Potatoes
 Creamed Green Onions
 Chilled Rice with
 Fresh Pineapple
 Coffee

Tea

Minute Steaks
 Mashed Potatoes
 Buttered Beets
 Rhubarb Betty
 Coffee

Tea

Tomato Juice
 Chicken and Dumplings
 Potato Balls
 Mint Ice Cream
 Chocolate Sauce
 Coffee

Fruit Punch

Browned Hamburger
 Scalloped Potatoes
 Spinach
 Quick Maple Pudding
 Coffee

Tea

Barley Broth
 Vegetable Plate
 (Mashed Potato Nests with
 Green Peas
 Buttered Corn)
 Coconut Cream Pie
 Coffee

Tea

Roast Stuffed Pork
 Shoulders
 Boiled Potatoes
 Cole Slaw
 Lemon Snow
 Custard Sauce
 Coffee

Tea

Vegetable Soup
 Cold Roast Pork
 Lyonnaise Potatoes
 Asparagus
 Strawberry Shortcake
 Coffee

Tea

Boiled Fresh Salmon
 Egg Sauce
 Parsley Potatoes
 Braised Celery
 Grape Juice
 Coffee

Tea

Loin Lamb Chops
 Mashed Potatoes
 Green Beans
 Vanilla Blancmange with Jelly
 Coffee

Tea

Consommé
 Rib Roast of Beef
 Duchess Potatoes
 Glazed Onions
 Fresh Pineapple
 Sponge Drops
 Coffee

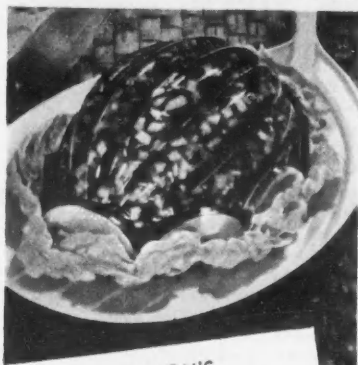
Tea

Cold Roast Beef
 Baked Potatoes
 Buttered Carrots
 Coconut Tapioca Cream
 Coffee

Tea

LAZY! DAISY!

2-in-1 Treat!



**MRS. KNOX'S
SALAD-DESSERT**
(Serves 6; uses ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine	¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice
½ cup cold water	2 tart apples, cut in small pieces
1 cup hot water	½ cup chopped celery
½ cup sugar	¼ cup chopped pecans
½ teaspoonful salt	

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt and hot water, and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice or vinegar, and mix thoroughly. Cool. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, celery, and chopped pecans. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. Unmold on lettuce; garnish with half-circles of apple, and serve with mayonnaise. Vegetables may be substituted for fruit.

NOTE: Don't confuse Knox Gelatine with factory-flavoured gelatine desserts which are about 85% sugar. Be sure to use pure Knox Gelatine.

MOUTH-WATERING TREATS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

FREE: Dozens of pages of salads, desserts, candies—the grandest ever! Send for Mrs. Knox's Recipe Book. It's crammed with easy-to-make, good-tasting dishes. And because they're made with plain, unflavoured Knox Gelatine, they can be packed with fresh flavourful fruits and vegetables. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. C, 140 St. Paul St., W., Montreal, P.Q.

KNOX GELATINE
IS PURE GELATINE—NO SUGAR

Chatelaine Service Bulletins

Fortunes in Teacups—An entertaining study of the art of tea-leaf reading. Bulletin No. 200—price 15c.
Telling Fortunes by Cards—How to enjoy this popular hobby in Bulletin No. 201—price 10c.
The Art of Palmistry—An explanation of this fascinating pastime in Bulletin No. 202—price 15c.

Order by number from
Chatelaine Service Bulletins
481 University Avenue, Toronto

**PARIS
DATÉ**
*The Tasty, Dainty
Sandwich Spread*



The Family Goes Touring

Continued from page 61

What Equipment Do You Need?

Requirements depend on where and how you're touring. If you buy all your meals en route and call at refreshment booths whenever you're thirsty, you won't need much in the way of camping equipment. But certain items are essential for those who like to compromise between the simple life and an easy one, having breakfast where they put up for the night, preparing their own roadside lunch and stopping at some nice place for a good hot dinner in the evening. Campers' supply stores offer efficient and compact conveniences even for those who like a real nomad life, taking advantage of the fine facilities for cooking provided by many camps and cabins, or carrying their own equipment to be independent of time or place.

There are all sorts of aids to comfort and enjoyment on your travels—folding beds, chairs and tables with spiked legs to hold them steady—for those who like the comforts of home; light waterproof tents and cushions with waterproofed covering; collapsible stoves, even those with ovens, so that you can have the aroma as well as the flavor of outdoor meals; tiny refrigerators to set on the running board or fasten on the back of the car; all kinds of pots and pans and kettles which fit together and take a minimum of space, fireless cookers, vacuum bottles and wide-mouthed jugs and a variety of serving equipment.

When you're outfitting your car for a few days travel, see that there's a flashlight with good batteries tucked away in a safe place. A little first-aid kit had better go along too—just in case of mosquito bites. And a camera, so that you can relive your trip all over again and get double value for your money. But don't take pictures of prohibited areas and run yourself into trouble.

What Will You Eat?

Seasoned campers take to the road with menus planned in advance and hampers carefully packed. They have the staples on hand—and accessible—and lists made out for perishable foods to be bought en route each day. Thus they avoid the two evils of forgetting something and taking a lot of superfluous things. Camp fare need never have monotony about it, not in these days when canned and packaged products offer such a wide range of delicious food. You'll have your own specialties, of course, and never will food taste so good as when the open air gives you a lusty appetite.

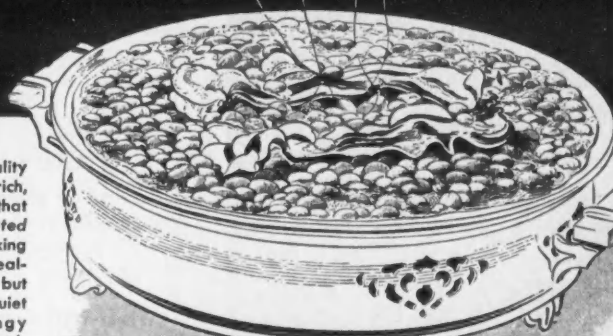
Building a Fire?

If you're going to build a fire, begin by picking a suitable spot for it, a clear open space and a hard surface where there's no danger of setting trees, grass or moss aflame, but with the wood not too far away.

Before starting the fire, build a shallow well of stones to serve as your fireplace. Keep it small, for a large fire is harder to handle and you're more likely to cook yourself as well as the food. Let it burn down to a nice bed of coals, so there are no flames to blacken pots and pans, smoke your food and burn your hands. A wire rack laid across the stones holds kettle, frying pan or coffee pot, or

These

● Think of it... top quality beans drenched in a rich, golden brown sauce that has actually penetrated every fibre. The cooking process has to be a jealously guarded secret, but no one could keep quiet about the rich, tangy flavour of Van Camp's Pork and Beans!

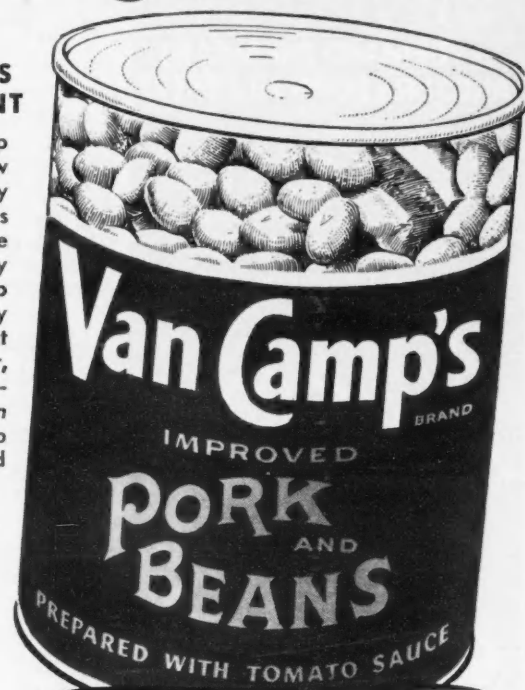


This is the tin that holds the beans with the tantalizing flavour!

TAKE 40 SECONDS TO PROVE A POINT

Just slice a cold Van Camp bean. See for yourself how thoroughly that creamy smooth, secret sauce has penetrated every fibre clear to the centre! Every firm yet tender Van Camp bean is just as consistently drenched with that piquant tomato flavour. Remember, thanks to a patented cooking process, nobody else can cook beans the Van Camp way! Ask for the big red tin today.

Made in Canada,
at Essex, Ontario

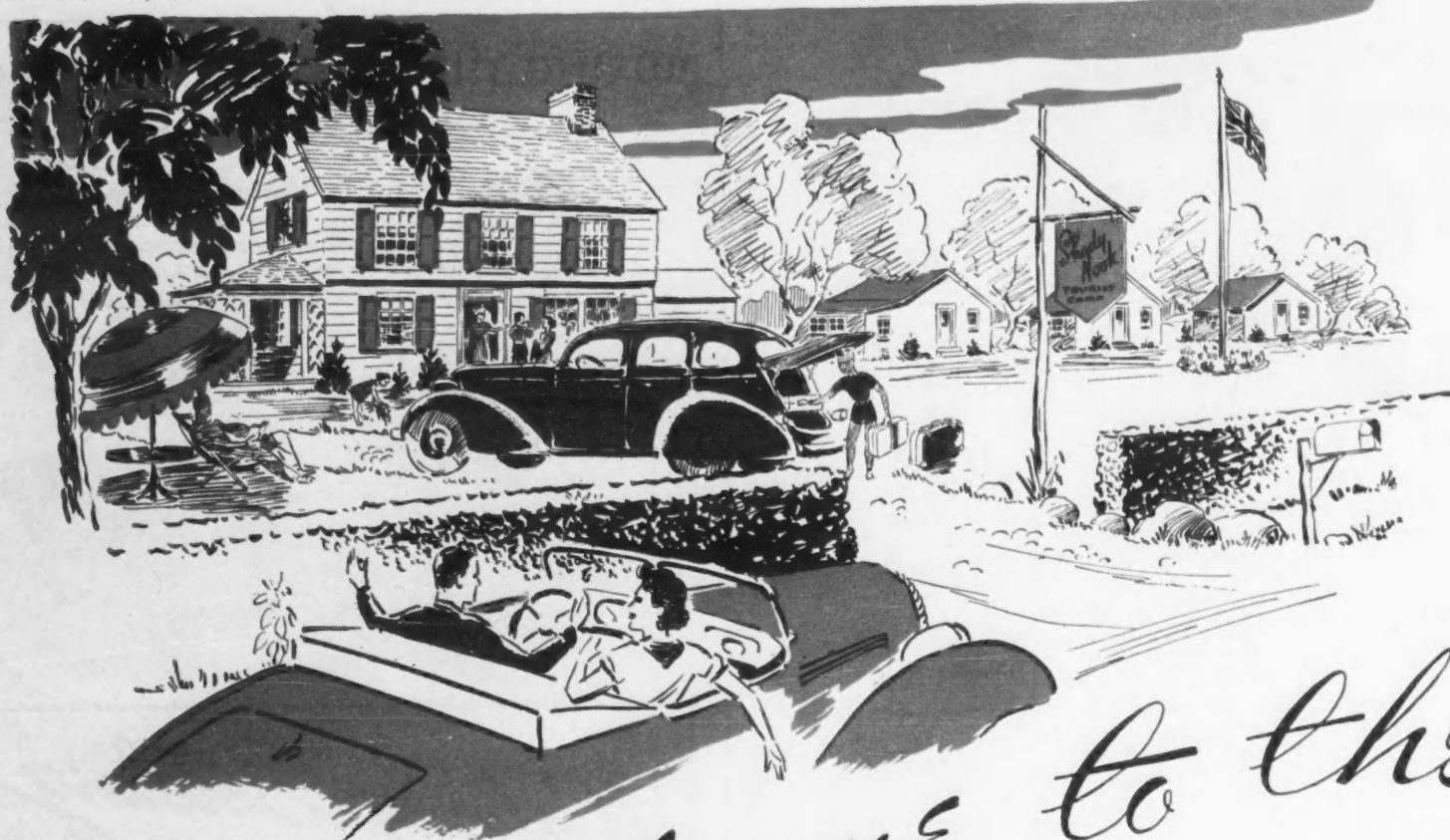


**AND I'M THE GUY WHO
CAN'T GET ENOUGH
OF THE FLAVOUR THAT
NO OTHER BEANS
CAN TOUCH!**



P.S. . . Van Camp's are just the ticket for these "opening-up-the-cottage" week-ends!

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES REGULARLY



A Welcome to the TOURIST

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

VERY soon now thousands of American tourists will drive across the border for a change of scene, a change of food and a holiday that's a bit different. Thousands of Canadians, too, will hop in the car to see their own or another province and take their summer vacations on turning wheels. And thousands more will make it their business to look after these refugees from routine.

It won't be long now till the highways and byways are full of people seeing the sights in upholstered comfort and looking for a nice place to put up for the night.

There's just time left before this friendly invasion to give the house, the cabins and refreshment booth a fresh coat of paint, to house-clean the spare room, put up screens at the windows, rake up the yard or camp ground and give the whole place and surroundings a spick and span air. You can't expect to attract trade merely by hoisting a couple of flags and putting up a "Tourists Welcome" sign; a neat trim spotless look is much more effective in making the touring world beat a path to your door.

What, as a good host—or hostess—will you offer your guests when they get there?

Courtesy—The smiling friendly kind that makes your welcome sign mean something. I know you're busy, but you can answer a few questions, can't you, and be nice about it. Suggest an inspection of your rooms without waiting for folks to ask to see them, then if they like the look of things and decide to stay, don't be afraid of doing those little favors which cost next to nothing and make a big hit. Friends of mine are still talking about the pot of tea delivered to their cabins ten minutes after they got there. And you know how welcome a pitcher of ice water would be after a hot trip, or a clothesbrush after a dusty one. If you're "full up" when tourists arrive, do help them find another comfortable place with one of your neighbors. Some of them will do as much for you some time.

Cleanliness—and not the lick-and-a-promise kind either. Clean tablecloths, clean rooms and clean bathrooms (well screened), clean sheets, crisp curtains, and fresh towels of a decent size—the tourist ranks these above rubies and considers that the quality of cleanliness is at least the equal of godliness and proof of it. So put a shine on.

Good food—good Canadian food, well cooked and attractively served without having to wait all day for it. You can't make up for poor cooking by fancy names, and hungry travellers appreciate simple generous meals rather than a string of elaborate concoctions. If you make some dish particularly well, feature it as well as other specialties of your district—French-Canadian pea soup, Digby scallops, Lake Ontario whitefish, Prince Edward Island potatoes, Restigouche or Fraser River salmon, Winnipeg Goldeyes, for example. What about Canadian apple juice, Canadian lobster, English-style roast-beef on the menu? Don't think you have to serve chicken à la Maryland, beans à la Boston, or something else à la some other state, just because you are entertaining Americans. It will make them feel at home, you think, but I don't believe they want to feel at home right now or they would have stayed there; what they're after on their holiday in Canada is the Canadian "atmosphere." Play up your local fruits, vegetables, fish and so on, and stress Empire products when planning your meals.

Use restraint in the garnish of your dish, but go all out as regards the temperature of what you're serving—cold foods *cold* and hot dishes *piping*. No halfway measures here.

Let the coffee be clear, fresh, strong, and hot as Hades. Margaret Smith tells you the secrets of a good brew on page 68.

Serve the tea *hot* or iced, fresh made from freshly drawn, freshly boiled water.

Drinking water must be safe and clean and should be as cold as Christmas.

Good beds—with comfortable mattresses, clean sheets and clean blankets. Try touring all day if you don't realize how important this is, or how much profanity a lumpy pillow can call forth. It's lovely in the country in the early morning, I know, but not so lovely that a tired traveller wants to be wakened with the sun in his eyes at the crack of dawn. So watch where you place the bed in that east room; directly opposite the window can't be the only location.

In the interest of a quiet night, move the grandfather clock out of the upstairs hall—for the tourist season anyway. Time marches on, but no one wants to lie awake all night listening to it.

Entertainment—Tell your guests about any entertainment that you provide or that the district offers them—fishing, swimming, dancing, tennis, croquet, golf and so on. They may like to hear about points of historical interest, and they're likely to be interested in Canadian handicrafts. Can you manage to arrange some amusement for a rainy evening—cards, home movies, Chinese checkers or other games? Even the croquinole board will be a hit and a book of popular songs—old and new—will get the crowd around the piano for a singsong.

The Union Jack—Fly your flag—from sunrise to sunset. We like to see it ourselves and it emphasizes that Canadian character of the surroundings our guests enjoy. They're in a foreign country here and part of the charm of a foreign scene is the flag that belongs to it. Don't put up the Stars and Stripes as a commercial advertisement; that's no compliment to anyone.

Canadians when they go to the States like to see Old Glory waving and Americans in a British country like to see the Union Jack.

Reasonable Prices—No one minds paying a fair price, but everybody goes away disgruntled if they feel they've been overcharged. And why shouldn't they? You can't expect to see them again either if your signs are misleading; if, for instance, you advertise a chicken dinner for so much and then tack on a lot of extras. Give them their money's worth—with the full premium on American funds—to send them on their way happy, and to get them back on a return trip. ■



COLD COMFORT

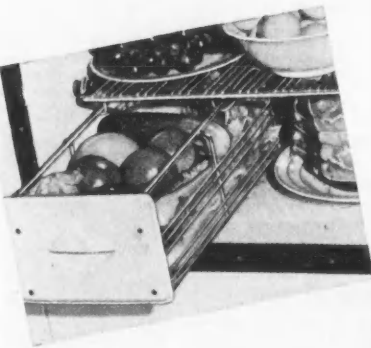
By Helen G. Campbell

Modern refrigerators are designed to provide cool comfort for warm days. These are some of their interesting features:

Ample facilities for making ice cream, storing meats and fast-frozen products are provided by this electric refrigerator. The interior of the freezer chest permits of many different arrangements to accommodate a variety of foods and the door opens downward to form a temporary but handy shelf.



This ice refrigerator has fruit or vegetable baskets which slide out smoothly to display their delicious contents and make them easily accessible.

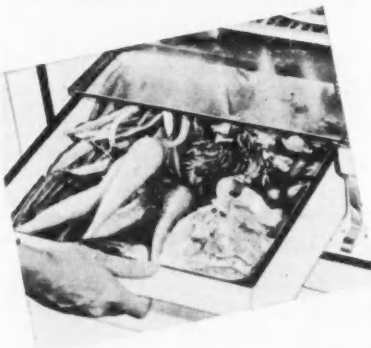


This electric refrigerator places the temperature control device outside the food compartment in position for easy adjustment.

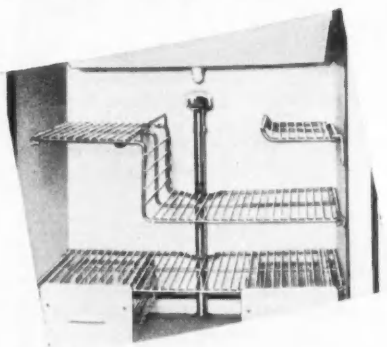
Humidity is maintained in the special section devoted to fruit and vegetable storage. The shelf above provides a permanent cover and the drawer conveniently slides out from under.



Gas refrigerators provide commodious storage facilities for perishable foods. In two deep porcelain glass-covered trays the atmosphere is cold and moist—ideal conditions for preserving the color, flavor and crispness of fresh fruit and vegetables.



Near-freezing temperature and humidity conducive to satisfactory storage of meat and fish is maintained in a special compartment of this electric refrigerator. The shallow tray can be inverted over the lower pan to give greater depth and roominess for Sunday's chicken or roast.

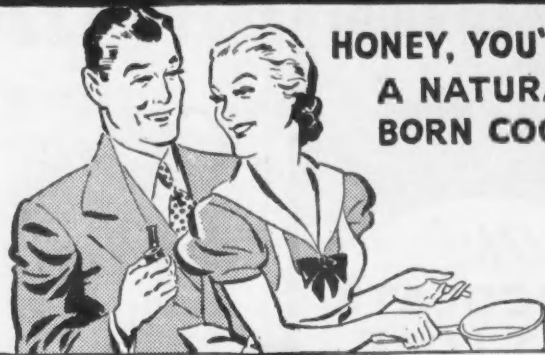


This modern ice refrigerator shows convenient and flexible shelf arrangement. There's a choice of three positions for the pull-out baskets and when desired the small upper shelf turns back to make room for large items.

The glass trap is within easy reach for periodic cleaning.

WHY HE CALLED HER A WIZARD

HONEY, YOU'RE A NATURAL BORN COOK



SILLY, ANY WOMAN CAN MAKE MEAT DISHES SCRUMPTIOUS WHEN THERE'S BISTO AT HAND.



SAY JOE, WHAT'S BISTO?



NEXT DAY

BISTO IS ONE OF THE BEST THINGS IN MY STORE, IT WORKS WONDERS WITH ALL MEAT AND FISH DINNERS.



FAVORITE DISHES GAIN NEW FLAVOR

Any kind of meat or fish dish becomes extraordinarily appetizing when Bisto is used. Bisto adds wonderful flavour. It makes rich, delicious gravy, smooth and thick, without any of the bother of using flour. It improves soups, stews, meat pies and fish dishes almost beyond belief. Helps you to prepare better meals at less expense. Get a package from your grocer.

BISTO IS A CEREBOS PRODUCT, MADE IN ENGLAND

BISTO

IMPROVES ALL MEAT AND FISH DISHES

FREE SAMPLE and a USEFUL BOOKLET

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LTD.,
10-18 McCaul St., Toronto.

Please send me the Bisto booklet, "What Shall we have for Dinner Today?" and a generous FREE sample of Bisto.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



M4

NEW! UP-TO-DATE!

WAR MAP



OF THE BALKANS and ITALY

Printed in six colours this new War Map shows Italy and all the Balkan countries. On the reverse side an important political history and detailed information of each of the Balkan countries is given, together with another map showing the complete European theatre of war. Map folds up neatly into an attractive cardboard cover.

At All Newsstands

35¢

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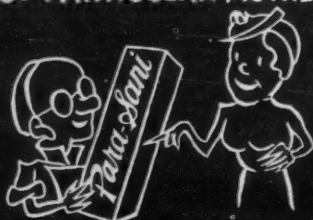


AS MILK'S JUST AS PURE
AS THE BOTTLE IT'S CAPPED IN

SO FOOD'S JUST AS SAFE
AS THE PAPER IT'S WRAPPED IN



AND THAT'S WHY A HOST
OF PARTICULAR MOTHERS



... DEMAND PARA-SANI
AND TURN DOWN ALL OTHERS

Be choosy about waxed paper as you are of foods -- waxed paper touches what you eat. Use Para-Sani -- a new sheet every time.



Para-Sani
PURE-HEAVY
**WAXED
PAPER**
AN APPLEFORD PRODUCT
MADE IN CANADA

Modern equipment
caters to the tour-
ists' needs.



Equipment, courtesy
the Robert Simpson
Co. Ltd.

you can buy a grate with folding wire legs to plant in the ground.

And be sure that fire is out—completely—before you go on your way.

What Will You Drink?

That clear sparkling stream or ice-cold spring water may be as pure as it looks, but unless you're sure you'd better boil it for ten minutes before you quench your thirst. Or stick to bottled beverages or a thermos filled up before you start off for the day.

Clearing Up

If garbage cans are provided at camp or on your picnic ground, make use of them. If not, gather up your refuse and bury it, or dispose of it in the first receptacle for waste you come to. Don't litter the countryside with paper or scraps, or chocolate wraps, and don't throw tins and bottles in the lake. Put out those matches and cigarette butts before you leave them. Use the ash tray in your car, instead of the window, and never throw a used match away without breaking it; if it's cool enough to hold in the hand while you do this, there's no danger that it isn't out.

☆

Recipes For Family Tour Menus

Mock Devilled Ham Filling

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of quick-cooking tapioca
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- 1 Cupful of hot water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sweet or mustard pickles, chopped
- 1 Tablespoonful of grated onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of cooked ham, minced

Combine the first six ingredients in the top part of a double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring frequently, until the tapioca is clear—about fifteen minutes. Add the pickles, onion and ham, and mix well. Cool. This makes about two cupfuls of filling for sandwiches.

Chocolate Brownies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of butter
- 2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
- 2 Eggs, unbeaten
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped nuts, if desired
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 2 Squares of chocolate, melted

Cream the butter, add the sugar and continue creaming until well blended. Add the eggs, and mix well. Sift the dry ingredients together and combine with the first mixture. Add the vanilla, the chocolate and nuts, if desired, and stir until well blended. Spread in a greased pan one half to three quarters of an inch thick and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for twenty-five minutes. Let cool and then cut in squares. Makes about thirty or forty squares, which keep well—if you hide them.

Potatoes Cooked in Sour Cream

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings
- 6 Medium potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced
- 1 Onion, thinly sliced
- Salt
- Sour cream, about one cupful

Melt the butter in a heavy frying pan, add the potatoes and onion in layers, sprinkling each layer with salt. Half cover them with the sour cream, put a lid on the skillet and cook slowly, turning the potatoes occasionally, until nearly tender. Remove the lid and continue to cook until the cream is absorbed. Six servings.

Holiday Hash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of onion, chopped
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of diced cooked ham
- Salt
- Pepper

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the onion and cook until tender—about five minutes. Add the flour and stir until well blended. Then add the milk gradually, and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Combine this mixture with the potatoes, ham and seasoning. Reheat slowly and serve at once on toast points. Six servings.

Gingerbread Sandwiches

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Cut your favorite gingerbread into slices about three eighths of an inch thick and put together with softened cream cheese. Or mix the cheese with a little shredded pineapple or pineapple juice. Or spread one slice with marmalade and the other with cheese. Cut in squares or oblongs. ■

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How to Pack

By ALICE SHARPLES

"I HAVE to pack—" How blithely you say it, as vacation beckons with its promise of adventure; how wistfully the words leave your lips as the gay days draw to a close and the holiday is over.

Whether you're a family woman charged with the responsibility of transplanting your household for the summer, or a careerist off for your precious two weeks, intelligent packing will play a large part in the success of your holiday, so let's give it a little thought.

There are two things to be considered—what you are taking and what you are taking it in. The relation of these two factors depends to a certain extent on circumstances. If you are moving the family to the summer cottage for the season, obviously what you take is of first importance—even if your removal arrangements are lacking in dignity and style. There is no use going without anything you may need for the next two or three months, because you may have to put up with a little inconvenience on two journeys. On the other hand, if you intend to be travelling continuously throughout your holiday, the size, quantity and convenience of your luggage is a very important consideration, not only because neat luggage is a kind of letter of introduction to the strangers you will meet, but because the expense of transporting it will be quite an item in your budget, and because, to really enjoy yourself, you want to be as free as possible of the chore of packing and unpacking.

What To Take?

So the first step is to sit down quietly and think it all out. If your memory is a weak sister, keep your pad and pencil handy and make lists. Decide what you must have. If you've been to your destination before, this is fairly easy. If you haven't, consult someone who has—and use your imagination. Now you try and estimate the luggage space you will require. With the new-style luggage carrying so many dress hangers, so many shoe departments, so much hat space, this is not too difficult; but don't estimate too closely—allow a margin. Now you have the answer in terms of luggage space required—what pieces will best serve your purpose? What

should you take? Frankly, in the case of a general family move, the answer is probably every trunk, bag, box and hold-all you've got—even including the ancient "Saratoga" that came back with Great-uncle Ted from the South African War!

But for a trip, especially if it's "on your own," try to get into three bags, even if it means leaving some extras at home.

Three Bags Full

Having decided, like "Ba-ba Black Sheep," that "three bags full" of holiday clothes will be sufficient for your needs, organize your luggage to that end. Of course to be very smart, your three bags should match up. The new airplane type cases come in ensemble sets covered in canvas in chic tweed effects, or in the fashionable natural rawhide that is so light and serviceable, and form the ideal travelling "setup."

The baby is the dressing case, preferably not fitted with your best toilet silver, but with some of the sturdy composition sets more suited to the wear and tear of travelling. If your trip is of several days duration, you live in this case until your arrival. Next comes the combination hat and shoe box, a luxury if there ever was one. While the largest and most important is the wardrobe suitcase. Very attractive luggage of this type is made right here in Canada and is not expensive.

The dressing case and wardrobe suitcase should serve for short trips, but for anything over a week the three pieces are more satisfactory. There is really no particular point in crowding into two cases. "Red-caps" can handle three bags as easily as two, one in the right hand, one in the left and the little case under the arm. On the other hand, a fourth bag means two boys or two trips for the porter. If you're travelling at all extensively, you'll be surprised to find the amount of time and money that extra bag would mean. If you really have four bags full of wardrobe that has to go, better consider a taxi-wardrobe trunk and a dressing case.

In Edwardian novels, the heroine was frequently discovered "on her knees before a partly packed trunk." With the exception of Great-uncle Ted's

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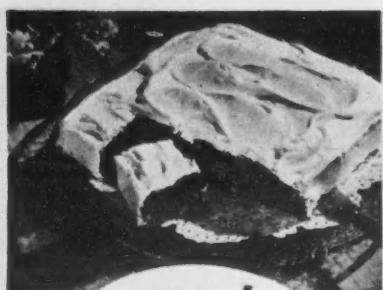
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Coffee Please!



by
Margaret Smith



THEY MAY overlook a bit of dust on the furniture, a clock that's ten minutes fast, or even a pup that chews their morning paper, but they'll never forgive you for a weak, lukewarm cup of coffee. And why should they? Making good coffee is no magic trick; it's just a matter of knowing the essentials of a good brew, having the right routine and sticking to it.

You can make super coffee in any type of maker—vacuum coffeemaker, dripolator, percolator or coffeepot—but each type has its own method of brewing. So whichever one you choose, find out how to use it, how to keep it clean, then follow the rules and you'll turn out potfuls of hot clear coffee with a grand flavor and a heavenly aroma that has everyone saying, "Another cup, please."

The Rules:

1. Use fresh coffee—Stale coffee loses its flavor, so don't buy more than a week's supply at a time. The brand and the blend are important too. You may have to experiment a bit to find the one that suits you—when you do, stick to it.

2. Have a clean coffeemaker—and this means clean—with absolutely no coffee odor about it. Wash it with hot soapsuds, rinse well and let it air between times. Use a small brush to clean the spout. If your maker has cloth filters, rinse well and keep them in cold water when not in use.

3. Measure accurately—Measure just as carefully as you would for your favorite but rather tricky cake. Use a standard measuring cup and tablespoon. Two level tablespoonfuls of coffee to one cupful of water will make a good cup; not strong enough to hold your spoon up, but not wishy-washy either.

4. Time carefully—From five to ten minutes, depending on the size and type of maker, is the usual range of time. If it brews too long you'll have a bitter flavor—ugh!

5. Serve immediately—Freshly brew-

ed, piping hot coffee has what it takes. Let it stand and you'll lose the flavor.

Pointers for the use of the main types of makers:

Vacuum Coffeemaker—

Use a very fine grind of coffee. Follow carefully the directions that come with the maker. Start with boiling water. When the water has risen to the top bowl, stir well and remove from the heat immediately.

Dripolator—

Scald the pot. Use careful measurements. Have the correct grind. Pour freshly boiling water over the coffee according to the directions that come with the pot.

For an even brew, stir before serving.

Keep hot by setting over the open top of your tea kettle or on an asbestos mat over a low flame.

Percolator—

Use regular grind of coffee. Don't try to make more coffee than your pot'll hold. You have to allow for some swelling of the grounds in the basket. Put the measured coffee in the basket and the freshly boiling water in the bottom.

Set over the heat; when it begins to "perc" turn the flame down so that it just bubbles through. Violently percolated coffee will be bitter. Percolate from five to seven minutes, depending on your taste.

Steeped Coffee—

Bring the water to a lickety-split boil. Stir in the coffee vigorously.

Let stand over low heat from seven to ten minutes.

Don't boil.

Strain through a very fine strainer.



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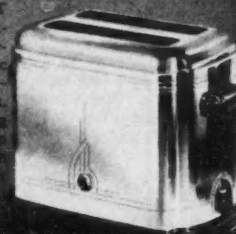
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Annuals for Every Fancy



By
Frances C. Steinhoff,
C.S.L.A.



Color Combinations for Your Garden

CAN WE ever be grateful enough for those magic boxes of little annuals that come popping out every spring to bless the gaping spots in our borders and to dazzle the eyes in midsummer?

It's a small property indeed that can't boast at least one area ablaze with vibrant color. Not that we want them strung all over in places better used for other purposes. But we can usually find a particular spot that suggests brilliant high lights of color, and then we turn joyfully to our obliging annual friends.

As we all know, the majority of annuals prefer full sun. Theirs is a brief and exciting career, and the more favorable growing conditions we can provide, the more thrilling the results. Soil should be finely prepared and enriched with well-rotted barnyard fertilizer. Many gardeners help on the good work by applying liquid manure at intervals. Regular watering and cultivation to conserve moisture and keep down weeds are further helps. Planting thickly to keep the ground covered is another favorite device with experienced gardeners.

When it comes to selecting colors, we find almost a bewildering choice. Crimson and claret and maroon in verbenas, phlox and snapdragons; shell-pink stocks; rose petunias and zinnias; shimmering and opalescent blue nemesias and deep vibrant blue of lobelia; gold of nasturtiums and marigold—every color in the spectrum is at our disposal, all wrapped up in those innocent-looking little green seedlings.

Perhaps it is the fact that, when planted, no color is showing, that leads to so many later disappointments. Apparently many find it difficult to visualize eventual color effects. Else, why, oh, why, do we find so many unfortunate color combinations?

You've probably heard that stock phrase, "Oh, all flowers look well together out-of-doors!", just as often as I have. But repetition doesn't make it any truer. If it does, why not let us chuck everything in pell-mell and save ourselves a lot of fussing?

But you and I know that beautiful gardens don't just happen. They are thought out ahead of time. And in her innermost heart, every woman gardener is just dying to have a garden of distinction—not just a haphazard collection.

Distinctive Gardens

So here are a few hints to guide you this spring in working with annuals.

1. Avoid buying boxes of mixed annuals if possible—they give a blurred effect at a distance.

2. Buy generous quantities of self-colors and plant in equally generous groups. Less than six annuals in a group

fails to make any worth-while effect. Frequently in a wide border, two or three dozen of one color are used, in a group.

3. You will get more striking effects by using fewer varieties, but repeating groups of the same thing. For example, four drifts or colonies of pink snapdragons repeated on either side of an average garden will give a pleasant feeling of continuity and rhythm. Likewise repeated groups of Yellow Supreme marigolds will carry the feeling of yellow along where a predominance of yellow is needed.

4. If you want smashing effects, always feature a dominant color, supported by smaller quantities of supplementary colors rather than equal quantities. If you want a yellow garden, go in strongly for the various shades of yellow, and then round out your color with accents of orange and deep lavender-purples. Leave pink out of that picture. But if you want a pink garden, do the same thing with shades of pink and then introduce accents of mid-blues and deep maroon. Omit all yellows except creamy yellows. It is quite true that an expert can use almost any colors he wishes, but he works on a sound principle of proportion.

5. Always take note of the colors already established in the perennial border and try to harmonize your new annuals with them.

New Color Schemes

1941 is bound to see many new experiments in color combinations with annuals. That is half the fun of working with them. We can have a completely new scheme this season from last. Perhaps you would like to try some of the following combinations:

1. Background of tall pink snapdragons, mid-foreground of lavender stocks and edging of white alyssum.

2. Background of thickly planted *salvia farinacea*, growing two feet in height with sprangly spires of lavender; mid-foreground of rose zinnias, edging of silver blue petunias.

3. Background of tall maroon snapdragons, foreground of annual blue larkspur. Accents of rose lavatera, a valuable but little-known annual with mallowlike clear pink flowers two to three inches across. Grows nine to twelve inches.

These are but suggestive of the countless combinations that can be worked out with annuals. The one thing to remember is to think in terms of relationship. Be sure that adjacent colors harmonize. Never think in terms of just one block of color. Try to visualize the whole effect as you stand back and view the garden as a whole.



THE EIGHTH DECENNIAL

Census of Canada

June 2, 1941

THE Census is the stock-taking of the nation — of its men, women, and children; its agriculture, trade, and industry; its housing, and general social condition. By it, all Governments, — Dominion, Provincial and Municipal — are enabled to work more effectively and economically in the interest of every resident of the Dominion.



In these days of increasing Government responsibilities, no Government can give the best service unless it has detailed and accurate knowledge of the people and their varying circumstances. That is why we request the co-operation of all Canadian citizens in the taking of the Census. When the Government's Enumerator calls at your door, receive him courteously and give him all the information for which he asks.

Remember that he is in your service. Accuracy and despatch in your replies will promote good administration in your country, now under stress of war and facing crucial post-war reconstruction.

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It is compulsory by law to answer the questions, but you will be assisting your Government in these difficult times by giving the information readily and accurately in the spirit of good citizenship.

Issued by authority of

The Honourable JAMES A. MacKINNON, M.P.,
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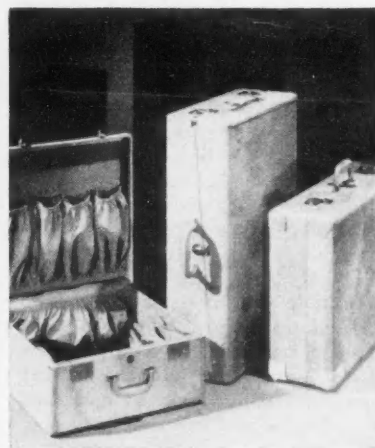
"Saratoga," or similar relics which persist in most families, those days are happily gone forever. Modern luggage has evolved to a point where packing as it existed in the knee-bending, back-breaking, heavy things at the bottom, lighter things on top, everything will be crushed when it comes out of the trunk school has ceased to exist. Plane travel, with its regulations as to weight, has been largely responsible for this simplification of so many old problems.

Your Dresses

In packing dresses, lay the frock lengthwise, fold the sleeves or ruffles to the width of the hanger. Then insert it at about the waist of the dress. To fold coats, take a tip from your tailor and lay out the coat right side up. Then fold the sleeves back along the shoulder seam so that they lie side by side in the centre of the back. Fold front and back one above the other. The coat is now wrong side out. Insert the hanger at waistline. In the case of pleated skirts, if they are wider than the width of the hanger, remember to fold always in toward the centre, not out, as that tends to spread the pleats.

With wardrobe cases, there is practically no danger of crushing or creasing, so see that your frocks are pressed before you leave. One of the nicest of the new features allows you to detach the dress you wish from the hanger bracket without disturbing the others—and as you can remove the whole contrivance to the cupboard where it hangs by a single cord, your dresses hardly know they have been unpacked.

To return to the family move: For this form of sport, the modern version of the old-fashioned "hold-all" is something to be recommended. Such bags today are of the collapsible type in light canvas with zipper fastenings.



—Photo courtesy the L. McBrine Co. Ltd.

To be very smart, your luggage should match up.

It's really a good plan not to count your hold-all when you're making your packing plans, but to keep it triumphantly in reserve for all the last-minute oddments that can be safely plunged into its capacious depths. This will save you from the humiliation of paper parcels that tend to turn a respectable family into a caravan.

Above all, whether it's a trek or a trip, do your packing early. You'll take all the edge off your enjoyment of your journeying if you've been up till the small hours the night before. And your nerves are frazzled. Plan to finish the bulk of your packing the day before—not the day of your departure—and set out feeling properly rested. It will make all the difference. Bon Voyage and happy packings! ☺

OF INTEREST TO YOU! NEW CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS



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CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
suggests ways and means of
making yours a bring-up affair

By Miss C. Thompson

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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



THEIR ESSENTIAL DIET

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

GERMS GROW more rapidly when they are warm, and for this reason you should always put the milk in the refrigerator as soon as you get it. It is always safest to boil for three minutes the pasteurized or evaporated milk and water mixtures which you prepare for your baby, but it is especially important to do this in warm weather. During the hot summer a baby's digestion is not as efficient as usual, and for this reason many physicians reduce the strength of their feedings during the summer months. In other words, baby is fed a little more water and a little less milk. He won't gain so rapidly when this is done, but your main aim is to get him through the hot weather without any digestive upsets.

Babies need a tremendous amount of water or fluids. If we adults required as much in proportion to our weight, we would have to drink twenty-five pints a day! In the summer, give your baby all the boiled water he will drink between feedings. He will be most apt to take it half to one hour before his next feeding. You should boil the water for all your family if there is any doubt about its purity.

One or two sponge baths with lukewarm water, besides his daily tub, will help to keep him comfortable and healthy during the hot weather. In the daytime, on hot days, a sleeveless cotton shirt and a diaper are about right—on very hot days a diaper alone is sufficient. If your baby is so warmly dressed that he is damp with perspiration, you can be sure that he has too much on. Slip your hand down his back to see if his skin is damp. On hot nights a nightgown and diaper are sufficient, but you must be careful to put a cover on him when the temperature drops during the night. If his feet and hands are cold and his lips blue, you know that he needs more clothing.

It is doubtful whether ice cream should be given to children under five, since many digestive disturbances have been traced to its use. To be on the safe side, give little youngsters only home-made ice cream, largely made of milk. It should be served occasionally as a dessert, not eaten between meals.

Summertime is also fly time. House flies are notoriously filthy in their

habits. Not only can they contaminate food with their dirty hairy feet, but also the specks which they vomit up or excrete may be loaded with germs. Keep them out of your house by every means possible and never let them alight on any of your baby's food or utensils. Cover his carriage with mosquito netting when he sleeps outdoors. Elastic run around the lower edge of the netting makes it easy to put on and take off.

THE ESSENTIALS OF AN IDEAL DIET

Children, over two, and adults should eat the following foods daily:

1. Milk.

1½ pints for growing children and expectant or nursing mothers;
½ pint at least for other adults.

If desired, cheese can be substituted for some of the milk.

2. Fruits and Vegetables.

(a) One good helping of a food rich in Vitamin C daily. You get this if you eat one orange, or one large ripe tomato, or half a grapefruit, or three ounces of canned grapefruit or orange juice, or four to six ounces of canned tomato juice, or a cup of raw cabbage.

(b) Fruit, raw if available, at another meal; jam or marmalade not to be counted as fruit as they are seventy-five per cent sugar.

(c) Two vegetables besides potatoes. The green and colored vegetables and dried legumes are especially good. A small salad daily is excellent.

3. Whole-grain porridges, cereals and flours.

One good serving of these porridges or cereals and at least half of your breadstuffs in the whole-grain form.

4. Meat, eggs, fish, cheese.

One serving or more of these. Liver and kidney are especially valuable foods and deserve to be eaten once a week. Children, expectant and nursing mothers should have eggs at least three times weekly. An egg a day is an excellent plan.

5. Vitamin D.

Growing boys and girls and

It's lucky I made it with

MAGOG *Fastest* FABRICS

that wash so beautifully



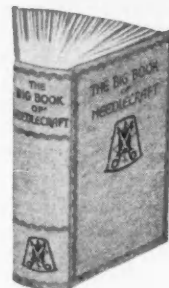
... and it's such a relief to be sure that even after frequent washings, the material still looks like new. The Patterns this year are so smart and Magog Fastest Fabrics so colourful that your dresses and the children's frocks will sparkle with originality, style and quality.

SUNFAST • TUBFAST

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"Very useful book to hand on to my girls."

—MRS. L.R.T., Nova Scotia



A BOOK of exceptional practical value, that sells regularly for \$2.50; will pay for itself many times over as a handy and reliable reference on needlecraft problems. Written by experts in clear understandable style; nearly 600 pages profusely illustrated with clear-cut diagrams and special photographic section; bound in art canvas with figured endpapers and dustproof top edges. An invaluable book for every woman who is interested in any form of needlework. Approved "as a reference-text for Home Economics classes" by Department of Education, British Columbia.

THE BIG BOOK OF NEEDLECRAFT

SOME OF THE CONTENTS:—Children's Garments; Dainty Lingerie; Simple Dressmaking; Embroidery; Applique; Fancy Stitchwork; Cross-stitch; Crochet; Knitted Lace; Children's Millinery; Quilting; Layettes; Knitting; Upholstery; Home Rug-making; Leathercraft; Glove-making; Smoking; Cutting Garment Patterns; Needle Weaving; Toys and Mascots; Handmade Flowers; Household Renovations; Curtains, Blinds, Pelmets—in addition contains a Sixteen-page Photographic Supplement showing examples.

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The BIG BOOK OF NEEDLECRAFT is so different—so superior to anything of its kind we have ever seen, that we find it difficult to describe the book with full justice.

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"Have seen your BIG BOOK OF NEEDLECRAFT a friend has. Please send me one for myself."—Mrs. W. C., Enid, Saskatchewan.

"Today I received your splendid BIG BOOK OF NEEDLECRAFT. It is a wonderful book!"—Mrs. L. R. E., Stony Lake, Alberta.

"I think The BIG BOOK OF NEEDLECRAFT is a wonderful book for a present."—Mrs. C. H., Burford, Ont.

MISS HELEN CAMPBELL, Director of Chatelaine Institute says:

"A useful reference book for any woman in the business of housekeeping—full of ideas for delightful and profitable handicrafts."

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The BIG BOOK OF NEEDLECRAFT is a wonderful Gift—either for yourself or a friend—for any occasion calling for a remembrance; a Gift that will be appreciated by every woman, young or old, for its lasting and practical value. We will mail Gift copies for you, for delivery on any date specified, with an attractive Gift-card enclosed carrying your name and good wishes.

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WILL THE WOMEN OF CANADA

Help?

By
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

★
Here's work you can do
— to answer a special
call for help from
Herbert Morrison, Sec-
retary for War Services.



CAN YOU SEW? Can you knit?

Do you want to help the gallant people of Britain? Here's another chance. And it comes as the result of a very special call for help from Herbert Morrison, who as Minister of Home Security is in charge of Britain's Civil Defense Services—air-raid wardens, war police, auxiliary firemen, ambulance drivers, rescue squads, and men and women in other fields of war endeavor.

"Our men and women need knitted comforts badly," he says. "They are working under incredible difficulties and dangers to save their fellow men and women. They are fighting fires; driving ambulances; doing rescue work; caring for the injured; digging out the victims; Day in and day out. Many of them have been bombed out of their own homes. All of them work ceaselessly. The civilian men and women are

standing side by side with all of our fighting forces."

They need warm clothes. They need woollen caps to fit under their steel helmets. Warm sweaters to help fight the damp and chill of long nights under bomb-fire. They need heavy stockings. And gloves. They need clothing of all kinds.

The women of Britain are working superbly to help the bombed-out civilians. The women of Canada have sent most generously. But the need is growing greater week by week. The men and women of the voluntary services need more—and more—and more.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

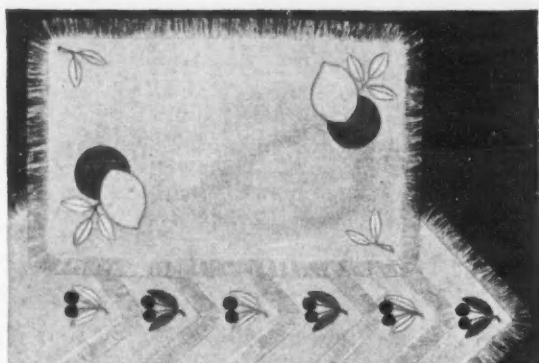
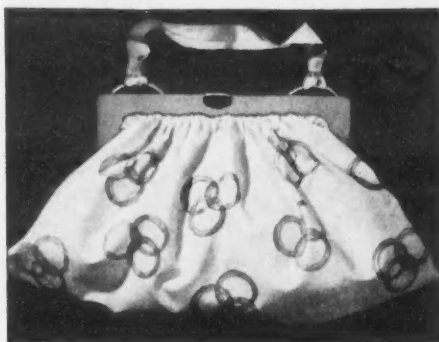
Will you set aside a definite time each day during the long summer days and evenings to knit or sew for these men and women who need what you can send them so much? Knit sweaters, Balaclava ☆ Continued on page 74

START WORK NOW. GET YOUR FRIENDS WORKING
*Knit and sew for those who are in the Voluntary
services and for the bombed-out civilians*

Holiday Handicrafts

By Marie Le Cerf

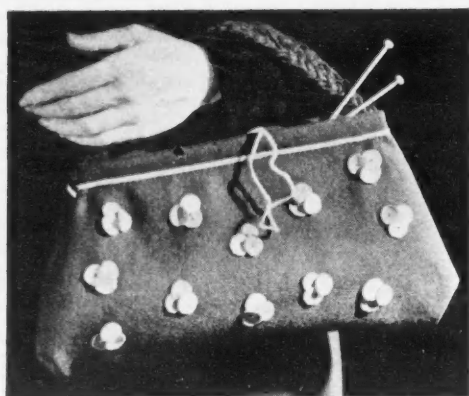
C831 — Summer purse in heavy Irish linen. "Rings of Fortune" design stamped on white, cream, Wedgwood blue, dusty pink, pale green or deep yellow — the rings to be worked in three rows of chain stitch, in three colors or all in one color as preferred. Bag can, of course, be taken off top and washed when soiled. In the new large size, about 9 x 15 inches, complete materials including lining and polished wood top, \$1.



C827 — Appliqué beverage set. These small pieces are so easily laundered and look so modern and different. A charming and useful little set—large tray cloth, 14 x 22 inches, with six demi-serviettes, 7 x 10 inches. A single hemstitching or double

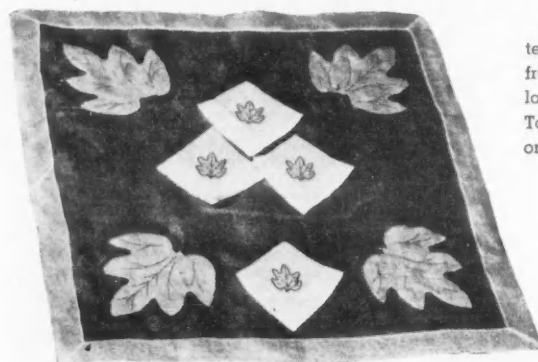
row of chain stitching is necessary before fringing. Stamped on finest Irish linen in white, cream, green or yellow, with appliqué in red and yellow, and cottons for working, \$1.

C826 — Neat but gay — stamped on art felt in summery colors, this knitting bag will add to the charm of your light summer frocks. Can also be supplied in darker colors if preferred. The little circles are of art felt in contrasting colors, and are attached by a French knot in the centre of each. In forget-me-not blue, cerise, queen's royal blue, wine, rust, sand or navy — size finished about 8 x 14 inches. Complete materials, including lining and pliable bones for top, \$1.



C828 — Organdie luncheon set in appliqué. The cloth is stamped on 45-inch organdie in white, yellow or peach, with four 15-inch serviettes. Wide hems make this dainty set even more attractive, and the leaves (which are in linen and come in green or white for the white set, but in

green only for the colors) give the necessary weight to keep the corners down. Leaves are appliquéd to the wrong side, showing through cool and shimmery. Please state color of set and leaves. Complete materials, with cotton for working, \$2.50.



These are Chatelaine Patterns, Handicraft Series. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can be supplied. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.

1. GASPS AS TOMMY'S TOY AIRPLANE UPSETS ASHTRAY ON FRESHLY VACUUMED RUG

2. BUT SAYS, "WHY VACUUM AGAIN? MY GRAND NEW BISSELL WILL DO A QUICK, THOROUGH CLEAN-UP!"

3. ELATED AT WAY BISSELL'S EXCLUSIVE HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL ADJUSTS ITSELF INSTANTLY TO NAP LENGTH OF ANY RUG, GETTING EVERY SPECK OF DIRT

4. THINKS "HURRAH FOR BISSELL'S 'STA-UP' HANDLE THAT STANDS BY ITSELF AS SHE RUNS TO SEE IF THE ROAST IS DONE

5. PATS SELF ON BACK FOR GETTING EASY-EMPTYING BISSELL FOR ALL DAILY CLEAN-UPS...SAVING VACUUM FOR GENERAL WEEKLY CLEANINGS

6. See the Bissell Leaders \$445 to \$745 — and others even lower

THE "SWEEPMASTER" \$6.45

Made in Canada

BISSELL SWEEPERS
SWEEP QUICKLY—EMPTY EASILY
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Bring New Excitement To Your Bridge Parties A Chatelaine Bulletin No. 101 — Only 15 Cents

Are your bridge parties always really successful? What about setting up the tables? Arranging players? Serving refreshments during the game? Prizes? What will you serve to eat after the morning, afternoon or evening party? All the important details in making your bridge parties successful from every point of view are given in this Institute Bulletin. 15 cents. Write

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO



**YOU, TOO, can get
INSTANT RELIEF
from CORNS**

If you were consulting Dr. SCHOLL, world-famous Foot Authority, here is what he would tell you—

"The safe, sure method of relieving corns instantly and quickly softening them for easy removal is with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The cost is surprisingly small—a real bargain treatment for corns, callouses, bunions.

"The 25c package contains 9 Zino-pads. Also 15c and 35c packages. All are exceptional values. Always specify Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads."



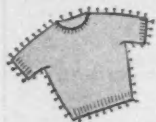
*If you're smart
you'll take no
chances—
unwashed
sweaters spoil
romances!*



Here's how to keep woolens dainty — new-looking

Wool picks up perspiration odor very quickly, and nothing threatens your daintiness more surely than a sweater worn for days.

Don't take this risk. Dip woolens in LUX frequently. LUX prevents perspiration odor, keeps wool fluffy and soft, protects the color and fit of your knitted things far longer. Be dainty with safety! Wash your woolies lots more often in LUX.



ONE—TWO—THREE—
LUX CARE FOR ME!

1. Whip up rich suds with fast-dissolving Lux and lukewarm water.
2. Squeeze garment gently through suds. Do not stretch or twist.
3. Pin into shape and dry flat away from heat.



Doesn't your
sweater **NEED**
a **DIP** in Lux
TONIGHT?
A Lever product

probably adults also should take one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil or equivalent amounts of the more concentrated fish liver oils in liquid or capsule form every day during the eight colder months of the year.

6. Iodized Salt—for cooking or seasoning.

When you have eaten these essential foods, you can satisfy your appetite with practically anything else, more of the essential foods if you like. Pre-school children, however, should not be given pie, cake, corn, cucumbers, pickles, tea, coffee or rich fried foods; candies should be allowed only as rare treats and then

just after a meal. School children should not have more than one small helping of candy after one meal a day. Even less is better. If they are brought up on this routine, and if the unpleasant consequences of eating candy between meals are explained, such as bad teeth, poor appetite and inferior growth, they usually will abide by the rules. If they don't, you will have to admit that your training has not been so good.

Questions regarding the care of your children may be sent to Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson, care of Chatelaine. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Will the Women of Canada Help?

Continued from page 72

helmets, scarves, mittens, socks. Make warm skirts; underclothing; slacks—anything you think would be useful for a man or woman fighting under the conditions you know they are facing.

Will There Be Room to Ship Them?

All day and every day a representative of the Canadian Red Cross is watching the shipping at Canadian ports, to see how many cases of Red Cross supplies can be put aboard each ship.

Herbert Morrison himself has described it effectively. He says:

"Greatly valued is the stream of comforts knitted by devoted hands all over the Dominion. Tucked away in the corners of ships among the munitions you send us, these comforts add a touch of warm human kindness to the grimmer contributions made by your great country to the common effort."

What To Do

Write or call upon your nearest Red Cross Branch, or the War Comforts Editor, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, for instructions and advice on how to knit the needed woollen comforts. Red Cross has patterns and suggestions for the clothes you plan to sew, or you can use your own patterns.

Ship your completed garment to your nearest Red Cross Branch. If you do not know which one is nearest to you, check with your local newspaper, or write to the Red Cross National Headquarters, 95 Wellesley Street, Toronto.

Will You Answer the Call?

Will you sew or knit now . . . in order

that the fighting men and women of England may have warm comforts in the coming winter?

The call has come direct to Canadian women!

It's a call you women can answer. *Chatelaine* knows from your response to other appeals for knitted comforts how eager you are to help. Now, more than ever, sew and knit for your fellow men and women in England. Now, more than ever, talk to your club organizations; get your friends to volunteer too.

Let Canadian women send over such a stream of warm clothing and comforts as has never been seen before in history!

Think what it means! The beautiful garments the women of Canada have been sending over do more than comfort and warm thousands of men and women. Think what they mean in the way of bolstering courage and morale. The bright colors; the well-made clothes; the evidence of loving care in making these clothes is already meaning much to the people of Britain. That is why the Red Cross has made a point of new articles only. No used or secondhand clothing can be accepted, as all available shipping space is filled with new goods.

"When the women of Plymouth opened the boxes of clothing sent by the women of Canada," said Lady Astor, "they stood watching with tears streaming down their cheeks."

"It fair breaks my heart," said a Londoner, "to think that the ladies of Canada are sewing for me."

"The warm bright quilts that come to our shelter give us all a sense of you in Canada caring personally for us," wrote an English mother. ■

AFTER THE GUNS

By ISOBEL McFADDEN

After the guns are cold again under the uncut grass,
After the earth is still again watching the seasons pass,
Our hearts will mark the miracle of Beauty being born
In bright continual color where the wounded places mourn.
Surely the kingdom of our dreams will grow in all the lands,
Sown in the quiet after strife, fashioned by eager hands.
They shall not hurt nor yet destroy on any square of soil,
Nor let a sack of shekels count for more than simple toil.
The strong shall spend their strength for beauty, and their
wealth for love;
The blind shall watch the morning come, the fettered limbs
shall move.
Softer than spring's returning tread over the melting snows,
Fairer than is her blooming where the pale arbutus blows,
Shall be the building of its courts after the battle's din,
Shall be the glory of their peace folding the nations in!



Mothers!

DON'T EXPOSE BABY'S SKIN TO BARGAIN COUNTER SOAP...

Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own Soap, because they know that baby's delicate skin is so thin and sensitive, that it is easily irritated by soap containing any but the purest and mildest ingredients.

Baby's Own Soap is pure, gentle, soothing especially blended to safeguard baby's tender skin . . . and for over 75 years has enjoyed the confidence of careful mothers. Such treasures are not found in bargain baskets.



The Beauty Soap of Precious Purity

Help Wanted!

WE NEED MEN AND WOMEN of all ages to act as our part time local representatives.

This work is dignified, interesting and profitable.

Whether you live in a small town or a large city, you can earn a substantial extra income from your spare time. Write today to

FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY
210 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Ont.

BABY'S TEETHING UPSETS QUICKLY CHECKED

YOUR BABY must "get a tooth". But he need not get a fever with it—if baby's mother is wise he won't.

Here is what one wise mother, Mrs. Archie Begbie, of Concession, has to say: "We have not lost one night's rest through teething as I always use my old standby, Baby's Own Tablets. They are worth their weight in gold."

And Mrs. B. A. Sebina, of Galt, Ont., says: "I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby girl since she was three weeks old and, although she cut her teeth rapidly (all four molars at once) she has never yet wakened us at night. I would not be without these tablets."

Give these safe, sweet-tasting tablets at the first sign of teething fever. Easy to take, prompt in action, yet safe. Analyst's certificate in every package.

Also effective in Constipation, Simple Fever, Diarrhoea, Upset Stomach, Colic, Simple Croup and Fretfulness. Get a box today. Sick-ness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if you are not satisfied.

A very dependable guide to quality and value in selecting merchandise is a manufacturer's use of "Cellophane". This is the reason: manufacturers package their goods in "Cellophane" because they wish to let *you* see them — and, at the same time, preserve the full good quality right up to the moment you buy. On this page we show a few of the thousands of fine Canadian products now protected by this up-to-date, transparent packaging material.

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As an Editor Sees it —

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS



WITH this photograph before me, I find it hard to concentrate on the business of the day, for I find myself yearning over the cloud-shadowed hills. This particular bit of old Ontario is one I know well. I chose it for this page, as it captures, I think, that lovely sense of holiday casualness, which seems more important than ever this year.

You are welcomed, this month, to *Chatelaine's* first holiday issue. (Already we are busy planning our second one for 1942!) We've dedicated this number to the importance of taking holidays, and to telling the story of Canada's beauty, as it is an important feature of these war years. As Adele White says, in her informative article on holidays on page 9—they're very definitely a part of keeping fit under the strain of our war tension.

The pretty holiday girl on our cover looks gay and happy enough. But we had a lot of headaches posing her in front of the bright group of provincial holiday booklets—so that each province showed. For the books were so small, and her summer hat so large, that though we posed her ever so carefully, and counted the provinces assiduously—if, for the final picture, she moved her head one inch—bingo went New Brunswick! As it is, the name Saskatchewan was obliterated from its holiday booklet because our model lifted her left shoulder slightly! But I assure all you who live in Saskatchewan that your beautiful province was not left out—your book is there behind her shoulder and her hair. Will you take my word for it, although all you can see is "days"?

This issue brings together an interesting group of Canadian writers. Captain Frank Reid is noted for his travel lectures and writing. It was his idea, based on his years of travel abroad and throughout Canada, to show that all the holiday beauty spots we used to travel abroad to find could be duplicated right at home. There were scores of other comparisons which couldn't be used—but you'll find some striking ones on pages 8 and 9. . . . Richard Heckman (*Voyage of the*

Heart) has sailed along the Nova Scotia coast line many a time, and his wreck episode is based on one of his father's stories. . . . Alice Sharples lives in Montreal; Adele White and Thelma Craig, in Toronto. Thelma, by the way, is one of Canada's best known newspaper girls, and is a good reporter. She was a teacher before she entered newspaper life. Lillian Millar who helps you with your motor trip budget, publishes a handbook on motor safety every year. . . . Wallace Reyburn, who left the safety of *Chatelaine's* editorial offices for a journey to London to "see for himself," as he put it, writes vividly on page 16.

Will You Help?

While you're in holiday mood, however, please remember the urgent call for help sent out in the news story on page 72. We have the Red Cross book of knitting instructions ready for you; or you may get them from your nearest branch of the Red Cross.

Here is work awaiting the response of every one of us. It is a work which is most necessary. I feel we have rarely, if ever, published a more momentous story of what Canadian women can do for their sisters across the waters.

Next Month.

What is needed in the salvage campaign? What is a waste of time to collect? Where can you send it if you're not affiliated with any particular organization? There are many, many questions, women are asking about this new phase of our women's war effort. We'll answer them in our July issue. You'll also find an important article by Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson—yes, the one who handles our Child Health Clinic—on the problems that beset those who want to send parcels of food over to England.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

CHATELAINÉ

Vol. 14

No. 6

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HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Director, Chatelaine Institute
EVAN PARRY, Editor "Your Home" Department
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WOMEN OF CANADA

your help is Needed Again!

LAST YEAR your Government told you Canada's lobster industry faced a serious emergency due to the loss of overseas markets destroyed by the war. We asked you to help the situation by buying Canadian canned lobster.

Your response was splendid! But we need your help again. If every woman will buy at least one can of lobster now ... it will mean much to this great Canadian industry.

To get the finest quality lobster, insist on "Canada Brand". ALL "Canada Brand" lobster is inspected and graded to strict Government standards. The "Government Inspected" emblem on the tin assures you of prime quality lobster ... the very cream of the catch from Canada's pure coastal waters.

You will enjoy "Canada Brand" lobster. It can be used in many inexpensive ways, and makes a tasty and appetizing meal for every member of the family.

You helped by your purchases of "Canada Brand" lobster last year ... we know we can count on you this year, too! It is still a war-emergency that we must meet.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, Ottawa
Hon. J. E. Michaud, Minister



THIS EMBLEM IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF DELICIOUS LOBSTER, GOVERNMENT INSPECTED AND GRADED

ALL "Canada Brand" lobster is inspected and graded by Department of Fisheries inspectors. The emblem on the tin is your assurance of quality. Only lobster bearing this emblem has been inspected and graded for quality by the Government. Make sure that the lobster you buy bears this mark.

"Canada Brand" lobster may be purchased in three qualities, graded "Fancy", "Choice" and "Standard". Plan now to serve "Canada Brand" lobster at least once a week. Send for the booklet "Economical Lobster Recipes". Use the coupon.

Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.

Please send me your new booklet: "Economical Lobster Recipes".

Name

Address

Ladies:
WRITE FOR FREE
BOOKLET



BUY CANADA BRAND Canned LOBSTER